

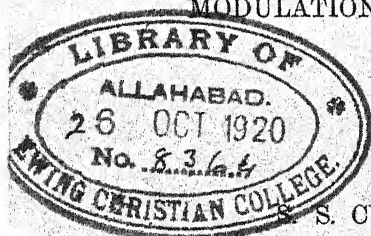
LESSONS

IN

VOCAL EXPRESSION.

Course I.

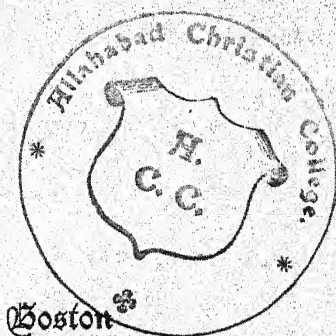
PROCESSES OF THINKING IN THE
MODULATION OF THE VOICE.



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INTRODUCTION.

EXPRESSION implies cause, means, and effect. It is a natural effect of a natural cause, and hence is governed by all the laws of nature's processes. The cause is in the mind, the means are the voice and the body.

Expression may be improved by stimulating the cause, by developing the organic means, — the voice and body, — by training them to be more flexible and responsive to the mind, or by bringing them under better control; and, lastly, by securing a better knowledge of right modes of execution and greater skill in their use. The process of improving the voice and making it a more adequate agent in expression is called Vocal Training. The process of improving the body and making it a better agent for the manifestation of the soul may be called Pantomimic Training. The manifestation of the actions of the mind through the body may be called Pantomimic Expression, and that through the voice, Vocal Expression.

The word "Expression" covers every possible revelation of a human being, and implies any means or mode of manifesting the conceptions or emotions, the conditions or dispositions of the soul. Every art is an art of expression. Expression also names the manifestation in animals of their instinctive actions and conditions.

Man has many modes of expression. His natural expression in speaking is composed of three forms: Verbal, or the symbolic representation of ideas; Vocal, or the manifestation of the processes of the mind, of feelings and emotions through the modulation of tone; and third, Pantomimic, or the manifestation of emotions and conditions through the motions and positions of the various parts of the body. The term "elocution"

is often applied to the whole of delivery, to all Pantomimic and Vocal Expression, and also to Articulation. Elocution is also used in a narrower sense as standing merely for the technique of Vocal Expression, and at times it is applied merely to right articulation or the utterance of Verbal Expression.

Vocal Expression, to which the present work is devoted, is that part of delivery which refers to the manifestation of the processes of thought and feeling, the emotions and relative conditions of the man, through the modulations of his tones. It does not include articulation, or pronunciation, which refer to the moulding of tone into words, and which will be included in the work on Vocal Training. Vocal Expression, as here used, refers simply to the modulations of the inflections, the textures, and the resonance of the voice, by the actions of the mind and the emotions and conditions of the man.

There are two modes in common use for the improvement of Vocal Expression. The first is by Imitation, which endeavors to improve Expression by making one man copy the speech of another who is supposed to speak better than himself. The other method endeavors to analyze the modulations of the voice as independent acts of the will, and to exercise the student upon them so as to give him conscious control over them. It professes to have discovered the right signs of emotion, and by teaching these signs professes to teach delivery objectively and scientifically.

Both of these methods are imperfect. Imitation overlooks the fact that men are different in temperament, in rhythm of thought, in the pitch of their voices, and in the texture and resonance of tone, and that they can never be made alike without superficializing and destroying individual elements of power. The second, or mechanical method, even if it recognized, as it does not, the true signs of emotion, causes the student to think of the modulation of his voice as an end and not as a means; to think of the sign rather than of the thing signified. The focus

of the mind is transferred by such a method from the centre or cause, the process of thinking, and placed upon the effect, or the mere mode of delivery. Those actions of the voice which in nature are always free and constantly varying according to the spontaneous effect of the process of the mind in thinking and feeling, have been made fixed and subject to rule. An artificial set of signs has been arranged which the student must learn and use in recitation and speaking according to rule. Moreover, many of the most important of the natural modulations of the voice have been overlooked and eliminated by this system, and the natural, free, and flexible modulation of inflection and changes of pitch have been interfered with and made monotonous and mechanical.

Both of these methods proceed from without inward, and not as nature always does, from within outward. They tend therefore to make men unnatural, and have caused prejudice against elocution in some of the ablest and most observant minds. The highest requisite of all expression, especially Vocal Expression, is that it shall be natural. It must be in some sense a direct and spontaneous result of its cause, which lies in the processes of thought, the earnestness, the purpose, the feeling, and the general attitude of the man who speaks. Vocal Expression, in fact, whenever it is true and adequate, is the nearest to nature, the most spontaneous and unconscious, of any actions peculiar to man. Many of the modulations of the voice are as involuntary as the twinkle of the eye. No method has ever yet succeeded in making them completely voluntary without making them superficial and mechanical. In short, Vocal Expression is the most subjective and spontaneous form of art; it is the most immediate manifestation of thought and feeling. It does not represent products, but manifests processes; it reveals emotions and conditions; it is the out-breathing of the life of the soul.

This book is an endeavor to meet the problem of delivery from another point of view, and to arrange some steps for its

improvement different from either of the two methods commonly in use. There is an endeavor to recognize the fact that the technical actions of Vocal Expression must be studied side by side with the actions of the mind, which they manifest. Everything proceeds upon the principle that in natural expression every modulation of the voice is the direct effect of some action or condition of the mind, and that very frequently wrong action of delivery can be traced to wrong action in thinking, such as one-sidedness, lack of control over emotion, lack of imagination, or the fact that conception is too abstract. Delivery is a question of responsiveness. A fault of delivery may be caused by inadequate or incorrect mental action, or by some hindrance to the transmission of this mental or volitional action through the organism; that is, by some constriction, lack of control, or misuse of the voice or the body; or it may be due to some misconception of the nature of delivery, or to bad habits resulting from such misconceptions, unconscious imitation, or weakness.

No problem of education presents more difficulties than the improvement of delivery. Some even doubt the possibility of its development. The student should, therefore, at his first step glance carefully over the whole field, in order to secure a correct general conception of the nature of the work he is undertaking.*

At first thought, delivery is a very simple thing. To the student it seems the most superficial part of education; but on mature consideration it will be found to be one of the most complex subjects with which the mind has to deal, one of the most difficult problems that education has to meet."

Only a few facts need be mentioned to show this. It is *subjective*. A flower can be held before the eye, torn to pieces, and part studied in contrast with part; but delivery is the utterance of the highest faculties and powers, the subtlest thoughts and emotions, the deepest intuitions and impulses of the soul.

* See "The 'Province of Expression,'" for a more complete discussion of various aspects of the problem of delivery.

Again, it is not merely a study of conscious and voluntary actions, but is dependent upon the unity of conscious and unconscious, voluntary and spontaneous impulses. Every power of the mind, as well as every part of the body, plays a role more or less distinct; but at the same time, the simplest act of expression calls for a natural, even unconscious unity of all the powers of the mind and agents of the body. To develop expression, therefore, the subtlest intellectual, emotional, and physical actions and conditions must be stimulated and trained.

Beside all this, the problem is different in many respects for every personality. No two men are alike; and the distinct peculiarities of every character modify expression. If in developing delivery all men are made alike, expression will not be improved, but will be made artificial and conventional.

Again the work is difficult on account of the universal misconceptions regarding it. Students begin their work with the expectation that some secret will be conveyed which will give the mastery of the whole problem. So many think that it is merely physical, that they are prejudiced against any reference to mental action. So many regard it as a mere matter of manner, that it is difficult to awaken any attention to causes. So many regard it as merely the exhibition of external feats, that it is not easy to get them to observe the unconscious and spontaneous actions of their nature or to stimulate and direct them. So many regard it as superficial and mechanical that it is hard to get them to study the action of the whole man.

The problem of delivery is so important and yet so often misconceived that the student should weigh well each of the following propositions, which could be easily expanded into a volume. They aim to show the nature of delivery and the possibility of developing its elements and power.

1. Delivery is adequate in proportion as it tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, by every agent or modulation of the body.

2. All delivery aims to make men hear, understand, think, and feel.
3. Speech interests and moves us in proportion as it reveals adequately the emotion, relations, or attitude of the speaker toward his thought, and also in proportion to the weight of his character or personality.
4. To improve expression, stimulate a more harmonious action of the mind, a more natural and responsive use of voice and body, and secure more thorough knowledge of strong modes of execution, and develop greater skill and mastery in their use.
5. To improve expression develop the three elemental languages of man,—not only his verbal expression, but the two natural languages of tone and action, and bring them into harmony.
6. Develop harmoniously the elemental faculties and powers of man and bring them into greater unity and harmony with each other, and also into more intimate relationship with the languages whose natural function is to reveal their actions.
7. Develop all the languages of man to act in accordance with their own nature: not only those which act through representation, but also those that act by manifestation; not only those which are voluntary, but those which are involuntary.
8. Delivery is composed not only of conscious and voluntary actions, but of involuntary and unconscious elements, which can never be made directly voluntary without developing artificiality and unnaturalness; hence, true training for delivery must develop all elements harmoniously, each according to its own nature.
9. Secure insight into fundamentals as distinguished from the accidents of delivery, and practise such exercises as will develop the elementals and bring them into unity and harmony.
10. Develop vigor in the fundamental cause of all expression,—the process of thinking,—secure power to concentrate the mind, and to hold it upon idea after idea till it becomes so vivid as to quicken the impulse and dominate all the agents of expression.
11. Study not only the act of thinking in reproducing the thought and words of another, but speak in your own words the results of your own observation and thought.
12. Study the best literature, and become conscious of true simplicity, repose and other qualities of the noblest art, and embody these elements in the rendering of selected passages.
13. Stimulate and train the imaginative and creative faculties of the man by the study of great art of all kinds, so as to awaken right artistic feeling and develop taste.

14. Develop the normal and the elemental actions of every agent of voice and body concerned in expression, and bring them into unity and harmony.

15. Relate and unite all technical action to the actions of the mind of which they are the expression. Study the natural expression of the noblest people whose expression is most pleasing, and contrast their modes of execution with that which is weak, so as to be able to appreciate right modes of execution, and distinguish them from that which is perverted.

TO TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

THE best exercises may be perverted by misuse. The study or diagnosis of delivery is one of the most difficult problems of teaching. The teacher, to develop it, must compare an infinite number of actions, and penetrate to that which is fundamental. It requires thorough knowledge of the actions of the mind and of the structure of the body; it requires knowledge of human nature and of the principles of art; it requires the most immediate application of the most advanced methods in education.

The lessons of this book are so arranged that the student is brought at once into contact with extracts from good literature. These are so arranged that illustrations can be found before the discussion, and others in different parts of the work can be selected, or it may accompany the Classics for Vocal Expression.

All theory must be made secondary to practice. The student must be set to reading, reciting, or speaking at once in order to make him conscious of his needs, and the necessity for training. The text-book is only a means of assistance, not an end in itself. The discussions have grown up in teaching, and are fragmentary, and are only meant to be read over by the student after performance or effort to express, to furnish additional light to what he finds from a study of himself.

Occasionally it is necessary to give a student a clear idea of some specific problem or exercise before he begins to read or practise, but it must be understood to be only a preliminary

hypothesis, to be proved or disproved by his own experiments in practice. The true scientific method is to have a preliminary hypothesis, and then experiment or observe for its establishment or disproof. The same principle is applicable to training.

One of the first difficulties to be met is to get a student to recognize the spontaneous activity of his own nature, and that this must directly cause all expression. The processes of his own thinking must furnish the basis, rather than any external rule.

All art consists primarily in doing, in execution; we cannot learn to swim without going into the water. The teacher must give his explanation in the very midst of practice. A student must be awakened to think. He must be given such problems as will reveal to him his own mistakes and imperfections, or make him conscious of attainment. The explanations are to be given to students to be read out of class. A part of the selections should be practised first with a few suggestions from the teacher, and others should be assigned for definite and special study, as laid down in the "Lessons." The teacher will be able soon to judge, by the way a student reads, whether he has observed the directions in his study or not.

At times, of course, the discussion of many points will be necessary, but too much theorizing and discussion will be injurious. A student must be kept in an attitude of execution. His understanding of the principles must be shown by his artistic rendering. Understanding is only a preliminary step. A student must first know, then do; and doing, he can become.

All the steps should be illustrated by reading, speaking, and by recitation. In the selections for recitation the student should always be brought into direct contact with literature. He should make his abridgments himself, and should in no case take a recitation from books of "Choice Selections." The student must be led to know and feel a whole poem before he attempts to recite a part of it, a whole play before he gives a scene, a whole oration before he give a paragraph, a whole novel before he can

give an abridgment. He must be taught how to read silently. This text-book can be used in many ways.

1. Cause the student to observe himself, to become conscious of his possibilities, of his ideal as well as of his actual, and to compare the one with the other.

2. Students must be led to observe and inspired to think at all hazards.

3. The student must receive before he can give; and the way truth is taken must determine the way it is given. Reception and manifestation, impression and expression, must be regarded as essential to each other.

4. Never give rules; awaken a conception of nature's processes and methods, and test expression by truthfulness to what is natural.

5. Give a few clear ideas, and hold students to the definite practice of an exercise which embodies these ideas. Remember, true practice is a struggle to realize an idea.

6. Study each student's peculiar power as well as needs. Remember that even the greatest critics have continually taken qualities for faults.

7. Interest and inspire students. Often change subject and form of literature, and correct any monotonous or mechanical relation to a subject.

8. Do not go too fast. Steps and lessons are divided in this book according to subjects, and not according to time to be taken: most students will require many hours of study and practice to master each step.

9. Have positive convictions and present the truth faithfully; but be sympathetic and receptive in regard to differences in modes of execution.

10. Remember that rarely do two people see anything from the same point of view. It is only the most exalted art that can reveal and determine a definite point of view.

11. Give students definite problems, and explanations of them, and prescribe long-continued practice.

12. State in a few words the results which have been found after each lesson, and indicate the point of advance in passing from step to step.

13. Allow students often to select what they best like in literature, and encourage them to express this in their own way.

14. Give great poems and literary masterpieces to be studied.

15. Never say that a certain piece must be given with a certain "tone." Thought and passion are greater than any tone. The poem is greater than its body. No two poems in the world can have exactly the same expression, nor any two men express the same poem in precisely the same way.

NOTE. — Poetry in this book is often printed as prose, to aid, not to hinder, the study of metre and rhythm and their expression through the voice.

1. TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer! I have heard, I hear thee and rejoice:
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering Voice?
While I am lying on the grass, thy twofold shout I hear:
From hill to hill it seems to pass, at once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale of visionary hours.
Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring! even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing, a voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days I listen'd to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways, in bush, and tree, and sky.
To seek thee did I often rove through woods, and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love; still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet, can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget that golden time again.
O blessed bird! the earth we pace again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place, that is fit home for Thee!

Wordsworth

2. THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones.
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Milton

Allahabad Khan College

I.

IDEAS AND ELEMENTAL RELATIONS.

I. STUDY OF NATURE.

IF we carefully study the two poems on the preceding page, we feel that noble emotion impelled the two authors to write them; that they simply gave their impulses voice and words. We find that we can read them merely as words, or statements of facts, and that in this case the reading is cold and mechanical. The expression, too, of both poems, — through the voice, its tones, inflections, and pitch, — can be made essentially the same.

As we study deeper, however, and become permeated by the spirit of the two poems, — when the ideas become visions in our own mind, and we become thoroughly filled with the emotion, — the vocal rendering of the two begins to differ more and more widely. Each of them begins to have a distinct and definite character. Thus in every poem there is not only a peculiar thought, but also a peculiar spirit, a specific impulse or feeling, which is somehow awakened in the heart of the reader, and which gives definite character to his rendering.

Art is founded upon the study of nature. Of all forms of art, Vocal Expression is the nearest to nature; for it is an art in which nature furnishes not only the impulse and the idea, but also the materials and the agents of manifestation. In all natural expression, man is impelled to speak as the bird is to sing.

Other arts have more or less of a mechanical nature. The mastery of them is primarily dependent upon the control of technical mechanical instruments: the painter must gain command of his brush, the musician of his instrument, the sculptor

{ of his chisel. The speaker, however, has no tool except his own voice and body; and although for effective expression he must thoroughly train and secure control of these agents, still they have been more or less under his control ever since his first childish struggle to command them. Besides, many of the actions of the voice are involuntary, if not unconscious. A genuine laugh is purely spontaneous: the chief effort of the will is to restrain it. In conversation, we adapt the expression of our thoughts and feelings; the inflections, the degrees of emphasis, and the length of pauses, are involuntarily, if not unconsciously, varied according to the understanding of our hearers. Everyone tells a story to a little child more simply than to a man. Anyone conversing in the midst of noise unconsciously increases his voice so as to make himself heard. The voice is modulated according to the size of the audience, the character of the hall, or the distance of the hearer.

Many elements of expression are so deep and mystic that they can be awakened only by stimulating their cause. They cannot be adequately performed mechanically, or by a direct, conscious action of the will. To secure them in all their plenitude and force, such an idea or situation must be created by the mind as will awaken the feeling that prompts them.

Vocal Expression is more intense and more adequately manifestive of life than any other art. It is a subjective art, whereas the other arts are objective; but though other arts have an objective, permanent body, and may live for thousands of years, and Vocal Expression dies the moment it is born, still, the transitory art includes more life, and a greater number of elements, than the statue or the painting. The subjective art makes up in intensity what it lacks in permanence. The plenitude of the momentary effect, the deep transfusion and manifestation of nature's life, compensate for the lack of permanent body.

From all this it is clear that, in order to improve expression, a direct and sympathetic observation of nature is fundamentally

necessary. The mind and the voice, the soul and the body, the fundamental modes of nature's actions, — all must be thoroughly understood.

As all art is founded upon nature, it follows that certain characteristics of nature are reproduced in art. The characteristics of the one must furnish the laws of the other. To improve expression it is necessary to observe the spontaneous expression of nature herself, and to find the elemental characteristics. What are the universal qualities of nature and art? What are the fundamental elements which are always found in nature's processes, and are reproduced in all true art, but which are always absent in poor, mechanical, or artificial art? Naturalness is considered the highest characteristic of reading and speaking. What do we mean by it? — what are its elements?

First, nature is full of life and growth. All natural impulses are an outgrowth, — they are *from within, outward*. Expression in nature is from a mystic centre to a manifest surface. The leaves of the tree express the plenitude of life welling up from the roots; the rosebud blooms from a pressure outward of inner fullness; the difference between an animal and a machine consists in the fact that in the machine force is applied externally to the mechanism, whereas in the animal there seems to be a centre of life and impulse, — the animal acts from within, the machine is moved from without.

Poor art has the characteristic of the machine, — noble art has the qualities of nature; and this is especially true of speaking. All noble, all natural speaking is from within outward. The central action of the mind is predominant, and actions of voice or body are subordinate; "it is the soul that must speak."

Again, not only does nature act from within outward, but the action seems to come from one centre. The highest product of physical nature is an organism. Unity is the highest law of art; all parts must seem to inhere. Every word of a poem must seem to be inevitable, — it must not seem to be possible to add

another word, or to change a word. If one part of a building does not seem to belong to the whole, the work is imperfect; every part must seem to be necessary to every other part. In the most mechanical product of art, as in the most graceful organism of nature, all parts must seem to have a direct relationship to one centre. Thus every true work of art must possess organic *unity*. The artist must assimilate the elemental modes of nature's procedure; he must so paint his picture or carve his statue that it shall seem to have grown. This is especially true of expression: it is the process of a living organism, and any inconsistency or violation of organic unity destroys it immediately. Now, organic unity in Vocal Expression can be secured only by awakening the right impulse. Each idea must be so vividly and intensely realized as to bring all man's agents and languages into co-operation.

Freedom is the opportunity granted to anything to accomplish the ends of its being. Nature is *free*: there is an impulse in a rose-bud to bloom; and if left alone, under normal conditions, the rose will unfold. Everywhere in nature the impulse to move manifests itself in great varieties, in surprising modes of motion,—an impulse of force flows out through the most open road. So it is with speaking. Not only do we speak from within outward, from one central conception of the mind, but there is always an element of freedom in the modulations of the voice. The subtle changes of pitch, the length of pauses, the length and direction of inflection, cannot be made subservient to mechanical rules. To be natural it is necessary to be free.

To be free and natural, however, does not mean to be wildly impulsive or extravagant. In nature, the toad never tries to expand into the ox; there is no impulse in the elm to change itself into an oak. On the contrary, the delicate rose is unfolded in a very firm cup, the leaves of the palm are stitched together most firmly to prevent the premature effusion of life. Freedom is not license, even in nature; but is obedience to spontaneous

impulses, harmoniously co-ordinated. The impulse to guide and direct, to regulate and restrain, is almost as spontaneous as the impulse to unfold: there is ever a simultaneous unfolding of the two impulses. Another most important quality of nature, therefore, is *harmony*, or temperance. These elements not only appear in noble and classic art, but they are also qualities of nature. We never find an oak leaf upon a willow tree: nature is always governed by a law of consistency or harmony. Accordingly, nature always acts from a centre spontaneously, freely and harmoniously outward; and, to be natural, the utterance, the manifestation of thought and feeling through the voice and body, must act in the same way.

In the development of expression, although the impulses of the heart are to be guided and regulated, yet the true art of speaking is not a substitute for nature: it must ever be founded upon nature. Nature's impulses must be studied and respected. There are right tendencies with which there must be no interference, and which must not be repressed by mechanical rules and regulations. In fact, the right impulses must be awakened as the very first step in developing Vocal Expression, or no adequate progress can be secured.

The impulse and struggle to express come to the child with the first thought and feeling. Expression as naturally follows impression as expiration follows inspiration in breathing. Is not expression, therefore, as near to nature as we can get? Is not expression dependent upon the most natural awakening of the spontaneous impulses of human nature? Does not its development, its power, depend primarily upon awakening a central impulse, upon giving it freedom, and a harmonious co-ordination of the complex impulses from all parts of our nature into unity, and into complete accord with the elemental modes of nature's proceedings?

Expression implies cause, means, and effect. Hence, the only methods of making expression possible, are by stimulating

the cause, developing and securing control over the organic means, or by accomplishing better effects. That is, to secure right thinking and feeling, to train the voice and the body to make them more flexible, responsive, and adequate agents, and to bring all their actions into the possession of the will; or, by a knowledge of the laws of effect in nature, to secure a better choice of technical actions and modes of execution.

The greatest danger in the development of expression is artificiality and affectation. To avoid these, the first step should be to stimulate and become conscious of the nature and force of the true spontaneous impulses of our own minds. It is necessary to distinguish between the spontaneous power of genuine life, and the plenitude of its expression in every part of the body: its noble simplicity and ease on the one hand, and on the other the mechanical forcing, or mere volitional execution of certain superficial and artificial acts of voice or body.

Art has been defined as "play under the influence of order." The element of art called "play" comes from nature; the element of order comes from the deliberative action of the human mind. Different arts possess these elements in different degrees. In the mechanical arts, everything is made according to measure; there is little if any of the free play of nature. The force that produced them acted like a machine, — the "order" is an external and a mechanical adjustment. The Fine Arts, on the contrary, have more of the free, spontaneous play of nature, but the "order" itself is not external, — it is hidden; it is a part of the life and the force, seemingly, that produced the art. The "order" itself is like the order of nature. In the conventional or decorative arts the element of order is more pronounced; but in all expressive art the regulation seems as hidden, as much a part of the play, as the noble, easy, and graceful restraint of a cultivated and disciplined human being.

In any endeavor to improve or develop an art like Vocal Expression, the question arises, shall we begin by securing

order, by developing the deliberative and conscious element, or shall we endeavor to stimulate the spontaneous play of nature? Shall we begin with the effect, in other words, or with the cause? Is not beginning with the effect, the method which is so common, the cause of the affectation and artificiality which so frequently accompany such instruction?

In beginning the study of music or painting, or any art which requires the use of a mechanical tool, it may be necessary to proceed according to Goethe's principle, — "all art is preceded by a certain mechanical expertness." In an art like Vocal Expression, however, we must remember that there is a tendency in the very impulse itself to dictate its own proper expression. It is nearer to nature, its very organism is a part of nature; its tool is an agent, — not an external or mechanical instrument, but a part of the same being in which the thought, the emotion, the impulse itself awakens. Hence, in developing Vocal Expression, it is well to remember the old adage, "We cannot learn to swim without going into the water." But, in the development of other forms of art, there would be less artificial and mechanical results if there was an endeavor to awaken the artistic nature, — to stimulate the artistic impulse, as well as to develop skill in execution.

Natural expression is simply the overflow of emotion, and as all art is founded upon nature, and as there must be material before that material can be regulated, and impulse before that impulse can be guided, a cause before the effect, the first aim should be to stimulate and to observe the impulse to speak.

Problem I. To develop Vocal Expression, therefore, become conscious of the impulse to express. Meditate upon some beautiful poem or passage of good literature, until something of the feeling that dominated the heart of the author is awakened, — then simply give it voice and become conscious of the spontaneous tendency of noble thought and feeling to dominate voice and body.

3 SOMETIMES on lonely mountain-meres, I find a magic bark;
 I leap on board: no helmsman steers: I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light! three angels bear the Holy Grail:
 With folded feet, in stoles of white, on sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision! blood of God! my spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides, and star-like mingles with the stars.
 The clouds are broken in the sky, and thro' the mountain walls
 A rolling organ harmony swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod, wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God! ride on! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange; by bridge and ford, by park and pale.
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide, until I find the Holy Grail.

"*Sir Galahad.*"

Tennyson.

II. SEQUENCE OF IDEAS.

- 4 UPROSE the merry Sphinx, and crouched no more in stone;
 She melted into purple cloud, she silvered in the moon.
 She spired into a yellow flame, she flowered in blossoms red;
 She flowed into a foaming wave, she stood Monadnock's head.

Emerson.

THE study of nature shows that to develop expression, actions must be traced to their elements, and faults to their causes; and that work must begin there. The fundamental element in expression is thinking; all expression is primarily an effort to reveal thought.

What are the primary elements of thinking? If we endeavor to recall the events of a day, or the objects we have seen in a walk, we find that the mind proceeds from idea to idea, by a series of pulsations. We rest a moment upon one thing, then leap to another, according to the law of association of ideas. This action of the mind is well illustrated by Coleridge: "Most of my readers will have observed a small water insect on the surface of rivulets, which throws a cinque-spotted shadow, fringed with prismatic colors, on the sunny bottom of the brook; and will have noticed how the little animal wins its way up against the stream, by alternate pulses of active and passive motion, — now resisting the current, and now yielding to it, in

order to gather strength and a momentary fulcrum for a further propulsion. This is no unapt emblem of the mind's self-experience in the act of thinking."

Professor James has shown that even in holding the attention of the mind upon the simplest object, there is this rhythmic pulsation. It is impossible to maintain continuity of attention without it: if we hold our attention upon an apple, for example, we observe first one thing, such as its color, and then another, — its size, shape, or perhaps its variety. So well attested is this experience, that it may be regarded as the most fundamental action of the mind in thinking.

These characteristics of the act of thinking will be seen by observing the difference between musing and thinking. In musing, the mind drifts from idea to idea, independent of the will. There is little concentration or direction of the mind: it moves passively from idea to idea. In thinking, however, there is an accentuation of successive pulsations. The mind concentrates its attention upon one idea, placing this in the foreground, and placing others in the background; then chooses another idea from the many possible associations, and directs attention to that. The prolonging of the concentration of the mind upon an idea is called "attention."

If we read a simple poem or story to ourselves, the mind forms one image, then another, so that there is a series of ideas. These ideas are clear, distinct, and adequate, and awaken the impulses of the soul in proportion to the degree of concentration, length of attention, upon each idea in succession. The apprehension or realization of the thought of the poem is entirely dependent upon the progressive transition of the mind.

The question now arises, what is the difference between the act of thinking alone for ourselves, and the act of thinking when we are endeavoring to convey our thought to others? One difference is, that when we are thinking for ourselves, the mind glides quickly from image to image; but when we are thinking

for others, there must be pauses, and greater intensity and vividness of each conception. An idea must not only be understood, but must also be vividly felt in order to be told so as to arouse interest in others. Expression does not call for a change in the actions of the mind, but simply for accentuation. Thinking for expression is the same as thinking at our desk, except that each leap of the mind is more accentuated, and each act of attention more prolonged; this tends to awaken the impulses, and to enable the mind to perform the additional act of suggesting it in words. The mind must conceive the ideas more vividly, and this vivid image is secured by giving preparatory attention to each thought. The less familiar the subject, the larger the audience, the more important the ideas, the longer will the mind be stayed upon the successive ideas, and the more regularly will it make these leaps.

We find this same difference between reading an extract for ourselves, and trying to read it to others. In reading to ourselves, the apprehension of the words is first, and then that of the thought; in reading to others, we grasp each phrase, and its underlying idea, before giving it expression. Reading to others, unless it is a mere calling of words, is much slower; for the pulsations of the mind are more pronounced. We always desire to read an extract to ourselves before reading it aloud, in order to become familiar with the steps which the mind must take in reproducing the thought, to convey it to another.

These two elements of thinking, attention and transition, — staying the mind upon one idea, and then leaping to another, — must both be accentuated in reading or speaking; but the first of these is the more apt to be slighted. The mind is apt to skim along, as in musing, without definite concentration. More faults of reading and speaking are due to uttering the words without first conceiving the idea, than to any other cause. The mind often merely takes the words, and completely identifies the ideas with these arbitrary signs. To such an extent is this

sometimes carried that thinking is destroyed. The mere pronouncing of words is not expression. Words must be given; but words alone, or mere talk for talk's sake, are the emptiest of all things. A mere continuity of words in utterance is, in fact, the most effective way to destroy thinking. Whenever there is a mere continuous stream of words, there cannot be a continuity of thought. The more intensely a man is thinking, the more closely are the words united into groups, and the more clearly are the pulsations of the mind revealed. When there is mere continuity of words, the mind is simply skimming and drifting, but not thinking; the definite attention, the strong pulsations, the progressive transitions, are all absent.

These actions, however, are dependent upon each other; for it is found that the more vividly one idea is taken, the more definitely will the mind advance to another idea. The most important step in reading is the grasping of the first idea. The idlest mind, when once started, will think: attention is easily applied where interest is awakened. The grasping by the mind of the first idea,—the lingering over it,—awakens interest, brings the powers of the mind into play, and stimulates another idea. If there is a vagueness and confusion at first, it is difficult for the mind afterwards to overcome such drifting over indefinite images. When the association of ideas is once established, continuity of thought is the result.

Here, then, are the fundamental requisites of reading and speaking, in accordance with the laws of nature and the human mind: impression must precede expression; the act of thinking must be accentuated; there must be developed the power to pause and hold the mind upon one idea, until a conception arises so vivid as to create a response. True expression is primarily based upon this mental action.

The first step that is required for the improvement of expression in accordance with these facts, is to take some simple extract, penetrating through the words to the successive

ideas, and holding the mind upon one. When this has been given, then grasp another. The mind must take before it can give; thought and feeling must determine expression. Expression must be simply transparent thinking. To improve expression, therefore, thinking must be made stronger. No superficial rules, no aggregation of artificial tricks, can ever furnish substitutes for the living act of thought. The mind must step firmly from idea to idea, and lead another mind along its own road. Though images may be different in different minds, this progression of thinking is similar in all men. The fact that all minds think according to the same law, makes human language possible; and the accentuation of the rhythmic element of thinking makes expression effective.

In reading extracts aloud, the aim at first must be not so much to read in a given way, as to think and enjoy, and to find the normal actions of the mind. Live in the enjoyment of one complete idea at a time, then give it, and so on, idea after idea. Let us take, as an example, an extract from Wordsworth, read it slowly to ourselves first, and watch what our minds do.

5 IN youth, from rock to rock I went, from hill to hill in discontent,
of pleasure high and turbulent, most pleased when most uneasy; but
now my own delights I make, my thirst at every rill can slake, and
gladly Nature's love partake, of thee, sweet Daisy.

Thee, Winter in the garland wears that thinly decks his few gray hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs, that she may sun thee; whole
Summer-fields are thine by right; and Autumn, melancholy Wight! doth
in thy crimson head delight when rains are on thee. In shoals and
bands, a morrice train, thou greet'st the traveller in the lane; pleased at
his greeting thee again; yet, nothing daunted, nor grieved if thou be set
at naught, and oft alone in nooks remote we meet thee, like a pleasant
thought, when such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret news the flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose;
proud be the rose, with rains and dews her head impearling! thou liv'st
with less ambitious aim, yet hast not gone without thy fame; thou art
indeed, by many a claim, the Poet's darling.

Wordsworth.

If we read this extract to another, we do not merely pronounce the words, putting before our minds a quantity of rules and modes of execution; on the contrary, we create every scene and idea, and go through an experience similar to that of Wordsworth. In reading such an extract, the mind naturally lives in each successive idea, gives it for its own sake, with only subordinate attention to what is passed, or what is to come. We feel primarily the force of a specific idea; the idea, however, being a part of a thought with relation to the other ideas.

- 6 We wander'd to the Pine Forest that skirts the Ocean's foam;
 The lightest wind was in its nest, the tempest in its home.
 The whispering waves were half asleep, the clouds were gone to play,
 And on the bosom of the deep the smile of Heaven lay;
 It seem'd as if the hour were one sent from beyond the skies
 Which scatter'd from above the sun a light of Paradise!
 We paused amid the pines that stood the giants of the waste,
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude as serpents interlaced,—
 And soothed by every azure breath that under heaven is blown
 To harmonies and hues beneath, as tender as its own:
 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep, like green waves on the sea,
 As still as in the silent deep the ocean-woods may be.
 We paused beside the pools that lie under the forest bough;
 Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky, gulf'd in a world below;
 A firmament of purple light, which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night, and purer than the day—
 In which the lovely forests grew as in the upper air,
 More perfect both in shape and hue than any spreading there.
 There lay the glade and neighboring lawn, and through the dark
 green wood
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn out of speckled cloud,
 Sweet views which in our world above can never well be seen,
 Were imaged by the water's love of that fair forest green:
 And all was interfused beneath with an Elysian glow,
 An atmosphere without a breath, a softer day below.

Shelley.

For another illustration, take the above extract from Shelley. The mind first creates and rests upon the 'pine forest;'—next 'the wind;' then the 'tempest.' Here is something more

complex: the wind is shown to be in a certain condition by the use of the word which brings up a subtle comparison, and hints at an idea by imagery. This also applies to the tempest, the waves and the clouds; but, through them all, we find the mind stopping a moment in the enjoyment of one picture or conception, and then leaping to another. We find also that where there is not this staying of the mind, there is little enjoyment on the part of the reader or hearer.

Problem II. Read a short selection with a simple sequence of ideas, study the action of the mind and then read it aloud and accent the pulsations of the mind.

Another helpful exercise is to tell a story. Concentrate the mind definitely upon each idea, each picture in the mind, and then step decidedly to the next one. Take some Folk-lore tale, a narrative poem, such as the "Lady of the Lake," or a play of Shakespeare's, and give the argument in a few words. Children like stories, because the sequence of ideas is so simple that their minds proceed from picture to picture without difficulty. Narrative and descriptive poems are the most popular for the same reason: each image is the result of easy or spontaneous association. The more profound an extract, the more subtle the attention which is required to secure adequate conceptions. Such poems are not enjoyed until the faculties that conceive such pictures are awakened and trained.

There are few good story-tellers. The ideas are allowed to drag, or are given confusedly, each successive one not being sufficiently vivid, or the order of ideas being imperfect. Much depends upon the preparation. All that is usually needed is to arrange the special points in proper order; and then, in giving the story, simply to live in each idea, and move regularly from one to another. This practice will do much to enable the student to use the mind normally in the presence of others. "To think upon the feet" is a fundamental requisite, not only of expression, but of all success in life.

Problem III. Carefully arrange the points of a story, and give them as simply and progressively as possible.

- 7 ACROSS a thousand leagues of land the mighty sun looks free,
 And in their fringe of rock or sand a thousand leagues of sea.
 Lo! I, in this majestic room, as real as the sun,
 Inherit this day and its doom eternally begun.
 A world of men the rays illumine, *God's* men, and I am one.
 But life that is not pure and bold doth tarnish every morning's gold.
Allingham.

8. WHERE GO THE BOATS?

DARK brown is the river, golden is the sand.
 It flows along forever, with trees on either hand.
 Green leaves a-floating, castles of the foam,
 Boats of mine a-boating, — where will all come home?
 On goes the river and out past the mill,
 Away down the valley, away down the hill.
 Away down the river, a hundred miles or more,
 Other little children shall bring my boats ashore.

R. L. Stevenson.

9. THE EDUCATION OF NATURE.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower; then Nature said, "A lovelier flower on earth was never sown: this child I to myself will take; she shall be mine, and I will make a lady of my own. Myself will to my darling be both law and impulse: and with me the girl, in rock and plain, in earth and heaven, in glade and bower, shall feel an overseeing power to kindle or restrain. She shall be sportive as the fawn that, wild with glee, across the lawn or up the mountain springs; and her's shall be the breathing balm, and her's the silence and the calm of mute insensate things. The floating clouds their state shall lend to her; for her the willow bend, nor shall she fail to see, e'en in the motions of the storm, grace that shall mould the maiden's form by silent sympathy. The stars of midnight shall be dear to her; and she shall lean her ear in many a secret place where rivulets dance their wayward round, and beauty, born of murmuring sound, shall pass into her face. And vital feelings of delight shall rear her form to stately height, her virgin bosom swell; such thoughts to Lucy I will give while she and I together live, here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was done: how soon my Lucy's race was run! She died, and left to me this heath, this calm and quiet scene; the memory of what has been, and never more will be.

Wordsworth.

FULL fresh and fair thy wreath to-day, old Newark's ivied tower;
 Still blooms the leaf and buds the spray in Yarrow's birchen bower;
 To many a breeze your sylvan song makes music, Linden beeches,
 Full many a streamlet trills along, bright Tweed, thy pebbly reaches.
"The Rose of Ettrick." *Henry Cholmondeley-Pennell.*

III. CONCEPTION.

10. THE sporting whitethroat, on some twig's end borne,
 Poured hymns to freedom and the noisy morn. *Bloomfield.*
11. THE little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives. *Lowell.*

IN reading the foregoing extract, and observing carefully the process of thinking, we find not only that the mind leaps successively from one idea to another, but also that the idea upon which the mind is concentrated becomes a conception, vividly and intensely realized according to the degree of attention.

If we examine the formation of a mental conception, we find that although a small part of the image may come to the mind through sense-perception, by far the largest portion comes from the mind itself. The small stimulus, or idea, which comes through the senses, is called "perception." The portion which comes from the mind itself, has been named "apperception." For example, we hear a rumble in the streets, and the picture of an electric car rises in our minds. We do not see the car, we hear only a low rumble; but we have before associated this noise with a great number of ideas of the car, such as the size, shape, structure, function, and relation of the various parts,—the form, color, motion, and uses of the whole. When any one of these ideas is brought to the mind by any mode whatever, there is a tendency for all to unite and form a complete picture, according to the law of association of ideas. The same is true

of all sense perception: the eye sees but little,—the mind supplies most of the picture. The same is true in thinking: consciousness seems to correspond with the action of the senses in observation.

All forms of expression are merely suggestions, and words are only symbols of ideas. If a word has previously been associated in the mind with a certain conception, it will at once evoke that conception when seen or heard; but if we have no such association, the word conveys no meaning. A familiar word becomes so united to the image it stands for that we are often unconscious of the effect it produces upon us in awakening the idea.

From this we can see the province of Vocal Expression: words may be spoken with such modulation of the inflections—itches or tone color of the voice—that not only the idea but its relations, the emotions it awakens, the experience of the human soul that conceived it, can be intimated. Apperceptions are awakened in the hearer which cause not only an image but a conception of the whole situation. Written words at best can suggest only the abstract conception. True delivery of these words stimulates a greater number of apperceptions, and more subtle associations.

Some modern thinkers, after investigating how conceptions are formed, find that there are some minds that act more freely when the stimulus comes to them through the eye; others are more responsive to the sensations coming through the ear; others are more sensitive to the touch; and still others seem to be more responsive to the sense of motion, or muscular resistance,—or rather, the mind seems always to act in correspondence with some one sense. Accordingly, thinkers are divided into four classes,—“visuals, audiles, tactuals, and motiles.”

After investigating many cases, these classes, however, are, in my judgment, abnormal. A person who uses one mode of conceiving ideas to the exclusion of the others, has in some way perverted the action of his mind; there has been some marked

one-sidedness in his education or occupation. In normal mental action these various modes are found in harmonious co-operation; a lack of any one of them is a great imperfection. As physical blindness or deafness is a misfortune, so is mental blindness or mental deafness.

For the development of Vocal Expression, the harmonious co-operation of all the perceptive powers is necessary; its beauty and power depend upon the living imaginative images which rise in the mind. The more vivid and adequate the conception of the speaker, the greater the emotion, and the more intense the feeling, the more real are the ideas, the quicker and stronger the response in the modulation of the voice and the flash of the eye. The number of significant modulations in voice, face and body, is in proportion to the vividness of the conception which the speaker is striving to convey. The same principle underlies all true artistic power. Orators, actors, painters, poets, or novelists, are great in proportion to their power to realize truth. Eloquence is due to the soul's response to the conception of the mind. It is said that Dickens could see a scene in his mind as vividly as he could see the objects of nature with his eye. In Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Milton, and the few greatest authors, we find these qualities still more marked; their pictures are as simple and strong as nature's own. Style is but the result of an effort to paint the picture in words, and the greatest struggle of style is to find the one word or phrase which will suggest the image to another mind.

In reading, a vague, indefinite, wavering image cannot stimulate right modulation of the voice, nor can it call forth the right word. Every phrase, or even word, of a great poem seems to be connected vitally with the idea from which it has grown, and from which it can never be separated.

This power of the mind to create vivid ideas and conceptions can be greatly increased by cultivation. It can be improved by storing the mind with a wide range of apperceptions, by a study

of art and nature, and also by stimulating and exercising the faculties concerned in realizing truth. One of the chief advantages of Vocal Expression in education, is that it causes the most direct action of the mind, and most clearly shows the adequacy or imperfection of the process of a given mind. Hence, Vocal Expression is a most important means of educating the creative and artistic powers of the man. Professor Norton, of Harvard, has long advised students to develop their artistic natures by memorizing and reciting simple lyrics, like those of Wordsworth. Many a student who has enjoyed the lectures of this great teacher can testify to the good result of such an exercise.

At the very beginning of such practice, it is well to remember that there are many dangers. A picture of the mind cannot be mechanically created: it must be a spontaneous result of the imagination. Even its degree of vividness cannot be determined by rule. If too much attention is given by the student to the details of his images, the picture will be mechanical and artificial. The laws of association of ideas, the process of forming mental images, cannot be consciously determined, or directed by will, without weakening their power. Moreover, no image can be copied from one mind by another; each soul's conceptions must be its own. Great art can only approximately express the conception in the mind of the artist; and the greatness of art consists chiefly in its power to awaken the apperceptions of the observer, rather than in portraying the details of the image in the mind of the producer.

There must not be too much effort to "make" mental pictures,—to "see" everything. The minds of some "hear" and "touch," so to speak, more readily than they "see." "Beauty born of murmuring sound" stirs more hearts than we know. The process must be left free in every mind. All that is needed is the intense realization of ideas and truth. In training for Vocal Expression, therefore, there must ever be a

trust in instinct, a reverent observation of spontaneous impulses, and an obedience to "the unconscious reason." No mind must cramp itself to "pictures," or to another's method of realizing ideas. To illustrate this, let us take the opening lines of Tennyson's "Bugle Song":

12 THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits, old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Here the poet, himself, only intimates indefinitely what pictures shall rise in the mind of the reader. 'The splendor falls on castle walls,'—what castle do we see? Tennyson may have had a specific castle in his mind; but he, like a true poet, leaves it undetermined. Had he named a particular castle, he would have appealed to memory,—not to the imagination. He would have been giving a history of his personal observations, and not suggesting an idea to awaken universal experience. History records facts; but art and poetry seek to awaken the apperceptive, the creative faculties of man,—they appeal to "the universal element in human life." Our castle, therefore, must be built by ourselves. Then again, what is the 'splendor'? It may be sunset, sunrise or moonlight,—this also is left undetermined; but it does not remain vague in the mind. When one feels prepared to read it, the conception has become more or less definite and vivid.

It is one of the peculiarities of poetry, that sometimes a general term is so given as to awaken a specific picture, or at least a specific experience; whereas, at other times, a specific term is so given as to create a general conception, or a universal experience. If we take the next line, "And snowy summits old in story," at once, if in a geographical frame of mind, we ask what particular summits? The one hundred and twenty seen from the Righi? How high? What direction? How many?—and the like. All this is left to the free, spontaneous

working of the mind: the reader must create his own peaks. Even if he endeavors deliberately to remember specific peaks he has seen somewhere, his image is apt to become artificial, and fails to thrill his own mind, or awaken the feeling of his hearers.

Take the third line, "The long light shakes across the lakes;" — what lakes? What light? that of the moon? sunrise or sunset? Here, again, the imagination must create its own image, its own idea. There must not be too much strain for a given effect, or the atmosphere of loveliness will be lost, and the passage will be read in a cold, mechanical tone. All the tenderness of feeling being repressed and unawakened, there can be no response in the color of the voice.

In the fourth line, "And the wild cataract leaps in glory," the mind must be trusted, and not dominated. If the creative faculties produce an ideal cataract, so much the better. Such a picture will not only stimulate deeper emotion in the reader's breast; but he will be more apt to awaken the creative power in the hearts of his hearers.

The process of realization must be free. It does not matter, for example, whether the mind seems to see the cataract, or to hear its roar, or to feel its mist upon the face, — or all these at once. What is needed is that the mind shall act, and act spontaneously, in such a way that the idea becomes realized. Conceptions must be awakened in our minds; the whole nature must be made attentive: the imagination and the feeling in the heart must be stimulated; for this is the aim of the poem. To try to draw our picture exactly like another's, will make all labored and artificial. The mind must ever be left free in artistic production.

Again, concrete, or individual conceptions must not be given at the expense of general ideas or thoughts; nor must a general idea or thought be given at the expense of vivid specific conceptions. These two, however, are not antagonistic to each other.

A specific idea cannot be too vivid so long as it is conceived also in relation to another, or to a general truth. The mind must not only be trained to hold individual ideas vividly, but also to hold them vividly in relation to a general truth.*

Problem IV. Vividly conceive each successive centre of the mind's attention in a selection having a natural sequence of simple ideas.

-
- 13 THE grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
 Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
 And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels
 From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels.

Shakespeare.

-
- 14 THE morn in russet mantle clad
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Shakespeare.

-
- 15 THE point of one white star is quivering still
 Deep in the orange light of widening morn,
 Beyond the purple mountains: through a chasm
 Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
 Reflects it.

Shelley.

Problem V. Exercise separately all the modes of the mind's action, see images, hear sounds, feel vibrations, and test the mind's power to conceive as the senses perceive.

-
- 16 How pleasantly the rising moon, between the shadow of the mows,
 Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!

Whittier.

-
- 17 SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
 Clasped by the golden light of morn.

"Ruth."

Hood.

18 BY day its voice is low and light; but in the silent dead of night,
 distinct as a passing footstep's fall, it echoes along the vacant hall, along
 the ceiling, along the floor, and seems to say at each chamber door,
 "Forever—never! never—forever."

-
- 19 No sweeter voice was ever heard in spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas, among the farthest Hebrides.

"The Reaper."

Wordsworth.

* See Classics, pp. 14, 79, 82, 83, 251, 269, 309.

20 It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
 The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
 Listen! the mighty being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder — everlastingly.

Wordsworth.

21 OFT, on a plat of rising ground, I hear the far-off curfew sound
 Over some wide-water'd shore, swinging low with sullen roar.

Milton.

22 THE soft, sweet moss shall be thy bed,
 With crawling woodbine overspread,
 By which the silver-shedding streams
 Shall gently melt thee into dreams.

Herrick.

Problem VI. Practise selections with various combinations of
 all these modes of conception.

23 THROUGH torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Goldsmith.

24 FAR along, from peak to peak, the rattling crags among, leaps the
 live thunder! not from one lone cloud, but every mountain now hath
 found a tongue; and Jura answers, through her misty shroud, back to the
 joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

Byron.

25 It is the hush of night, and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
 Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear
 Precipitously steep; and, drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

Byron.

26 CANNON to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front
 of them volleyed and thundered: stormed at with shot and shell, boldly
 they rode and well; into the jaws of death, into the mouth of Hell, rode
 the six hundred.

Tennyson.

27 MY soul is an enchanted boat, which, like a sleeping swan doth float upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing; and thine doth like an angel sit beside the helm, conducting it, while all the winds with melody are ringing. It seems to float ever, forever upon that many winding river, between mountains, woods, abysses, a paradise of wildernesses.

Shelley.

28. THE VOYAGE.

WE left behind the painted buoy,
That tosses at the harbor-mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fled to the South;
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore.
How oft we saw the Sun retire,
And burn the threshold of the night,
Fall from his Ocean-lane of fire,
And sleep beneath his pillar'd light!
How oft the purple-skirted robe
Of twilight slowly downward drawn,
As thro' the slumber of the globe
Again we dash'd into the dawn!
O hundred shores of happy climes,
How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark!
At times the whole sea burn'd, at times
With wakes of fire we tore the dark;
At times a craven craft would shoot
From havens hid in fairy bowers,
With naked limbs and flowers and fruit;
But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.
For one fair vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and night,
And still we follow'd where she led,
In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen,
And fixt upon the far sea-line;
But each man murmur'd, "O my Queen,
I follow till I make thee mine."

And never sail of ours was furl'd,
 Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn;
 We loved the glories of the world,
 But laws of nature were our scorn;
 For blasts would rise and rave and cease,
 But whence were those that drove the sail
 Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
 And to and thro' the counter gale?

 Again to colder climes we came,
 For still we followed where she led:
 Now mate is blind and captain lame,
 And half the crew are sick or dead.
 But blind or lame or sick or sound
 We follow that which flies before:
 We know the merry world is round,
 And we may sail for evermore.

Tennyson.

IV. ABANDON.

29 MERRILY, merrily shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WE have found that conception, or impression, causes expression; that possession of an idea precedes and determines manifestation; that reading aloud is simply thinking aloud; that improvement of delivery must begin with the cause; that natural expression is from within outward, and must obey the laws of development: that the mind must concentrate itself upon each successive idea, and enjoy it, creating a conception and situation which awaken the impulse to express. The action of this impulse needs further study. In all involuntary expression, an impulse from within causes all outward effect. A laugh, for example, has its cause in the mind. The mental action determines the agitation of the breathing, and all modulation of the vocal organs. All natural expression is spontaneous. The word "emotion," derived, as it is, from the

tendency of all feeling to cause motion, implies that the same is true of all expression in man. In true natural expression, the attention of the mind upon an idea awakens a conception; the conception awakens emotion; and the emotion awakens the vocal or physical actions. Expression is a physical action caused by psychic activity. To improve expression naturally, therefore, the central impulse needs to be stimulated. When this is not done, the result is mechanical and artificial.

There are two views of expression. According to one, a speaker conveys an idea, or expresses an emotion, by using his will to perform certain acts. According to the other, he holds the idea vividly before his mind, and thus causes it to awaken impulses from all parts of his nature. The will does not directly originate the physical acts of expression: it only directs, regulates, and guides these acts; its chief function is to sustain attention, — to restrain and to reserve emotion, rather than to impel.

The first, or mechanical view, is more common. Many regard expression as almost exclusively the product of volition. They often take the word in its literal sense, "to press out," and think that it implies only the execution of certain acts; as if the expression of thought and feeling were like the mechanical act of pressing the juice out of a lemon. According to the second view, expression is the outward pressure of inward life. As the life of a tree utters itself through its leaves; as the pressure from the root of the plant brings forth the flower; as nature everywhere has an outward pressure from inward plenitude, — has a force, "which, groping blindly above it for light, climbs to a soul in grass and flower;" — so man, though he has additional regulation and guidance, on account of his rational nature, yet he has spontaneous energies of thought and emotion which furnish the impulse to express.

The relation of reason and will to emotion, the deliberative and the voluntary to the involuntary elements in expression, is well illustrated by the relation of the driver to his horse, — the

horse furnishes the force, the driver only directs. So the spontaneous energies of the man furnish the motive power, while the will simply gives guidance. There is an analogy to this in nature: there is not only spontaneous impulse, but simultaneously spontaneous guidance. The delicate, unopened flower is enfolded in a rough calyx, and held tightly until the parts have grown strong enough to force apart the restraining shield. The outer leaves of certain palms are so stitched together as to hold them gently folded, till the younger leaves have grown strong enough to stand sun, air, and rain. In fact, nowhere in nature does spontaneity mean merely an inner impulse, but rather a co-ordination or co-operation of many elements. The inner impulse is fundamental, — others act in subordination. So, spontaneity in man means a co-operation of his whole nature. There must be not only impulse, but deliberation; there must be co-ordination of thought, emotion and will. Nothing is more natural to man, than a co-ordination of inward impulse and volitional guidance. As the spirit of the horse is not killed by being tamed, so true artistic training regulates but does not destroy emotion and instinct. True artistic training develops both the artistic impulse and its artistic direction.

Naturalness, or the highest characteristic of expression, implies that all parts act in unity. As life diffuses itself into every part of a flower or an animal, so naturalness in a human being means the harmonious responsiveness of every part of the body to the impulses of the soul. All parts may not move, but all are alive and responsive in texture. The essential requisite of naturalness and spontaneity is *abandon*. The mind must have a vivid idea, but there must be a certain passive yielding to the domination of this idea. Rational abstractions do not stimulate harmonious expression. True abandon is the giving of the whole nature to a subject. It is the giving of self to the natural, spontaneous, and harmonious co-operation of thought, emotion,

and will, — no one of these excluding or displacing the others, but all acting in unity. Such abandon results in the union of all impulses, and in that spontaneity which is the most charming quality of art. Such abandon often causes less motion, less external agitation; but it creates deeper and wider diffusion of energy from a normal centre of the body, and causes repose rather than wild impulsiveness. It makes expression harmonious and all-sided.

There are two general faults in expression. One of these is mechanical artificiality, which is caused by too much repression and regulation; the other is wild impulsiveness, which is not due to abandon, but is the result of one-sided and exaggerated action of some one element or faculty. These two faults, however, are nearer together than is often supposed. There is often repression, for instance, where it is not suspected. In fact, impulsiveness is not the result of spontaneity, but of the repression of the deliberative and guiding powers of the soul. Coldness and mechanical artificiality, on the other hand, result from the repression of the imagination and feeling.

The study of abandon brings us into contact with another fault, — drifting. Some confound abandon with this, but the best remedy, if not the only one, for the emotional vice of drifting, is abandon to each successive idea. The cause of drifting is abandon to the general situation, rather than to each idea, — to the time and place, and to the theme as a whole. This is not true abandon: true abandon is the giving of self to each successive idea; which is the fundamental requisite of all truthful feeling. False abandon, on the contrary, or drifting, causes a general indefinite ecstasy, which is not genuine emotion at all.

Notwithstanding these simple principles, there is an almost universal demand for rules, for something "definite and practical" which can be done by volitional action, even without thought. Repression, constriction, and imitation are adopted;

nature is not only not studied, but her most important principles are violated. The same danger is found in other arts, though possibly in a less degree. Students in learning to draw often become purely mechanical in working on technical execution. There is too often no attempt to awaken normal impulses, and to stimulate the imagination, or even a love for art. In any art work, all results will be limited, mechanical, artificial, and conventional, unless there is an awakening of the artistic faculties. There can be no true education of the human being without studying or obeying nature's own methods. All art work is dependent upon instinct, and it can be improved only by stimulating and trusting instinct. Only the false, the untrue, the unnatural, are to be repressed. Growth is primarily a spontaneous result; development can be secured only by stimulating nature's own processes. Man can sow the seed, improve the soil, and in many ways secure higher results, but the living impulse is from nature herself.

The development of expression demands that the mind be called away from wandering fancies, from conflicting ideas, and become concentrated upon a central idea, and the sensibilities will be brought into a response to this idea. Vague, indefinite feeling can be prevented only by giving the whole nature to one idea or situation. The definite abandon of the whole nature to each successive idea, is the only way to make expression truthful and strong. Few have any conception of what is natural; to many, whatever is comfortable is natural. An insight into the processes of nature is of great importance, in order to realize fully what is deliberative and what is spontaneous. A man may laugh, and may observe what he does without interfering with it; he may yawn against his will, and be conscious of what has gone on within, independent of his own choice. So a man may sigh and shed tears, and even modulate and inflect his voice, under the influence of emotion involuntarily, and at the same time be awake to what is taking place. One of the most diffi-

cult tasks in developing expression is to become able to observe ourselves, and not to interfere with the normal processes of thought and emotion.

This is a principle which applies to all training. We cannot distinguish what is natural until we can feel in consciousness the difference between what is done for us, and what we do ourselves. In other words, we must learn the difference between what is involuntary and spontaneous, and what is voluntary and deliberative. Naturalness is a proper union of the two, and prevents deliberative and mechanical actions from displacing spontaneous actions. True training stimulates both, and brings them into harmonious co-operation.

Whether there should be most work upon conscious and deliberative actions, or upon endeavors to stimulate the spontaneous impulses, depends upon the needs of the individual; but with many of the students of our modern schools, there is such an exaggeration of deliberative work, that the chief need is first to secure proper abandon, to teach the student to trust his instincts, and to have a consciousness of the force of involuntary impulses, in co-ordination with voluntary action.

In order to develop abandon and spontaneity, let the student take some extract full of simple ideas and noble emotion. Let him secure first an imaginative conception of the situation, and a sympathetic assimilation of the experience, until the impulses are awakened in his own nature,—and then let him abandon himself to these so as to give a simple, truthful manifestation. Conscious direction must be reduced to the minimum. The man must feel the co-operation of involuntary impulse with voluntary direction. Those who find it easy to become ridiculous will find that they act one-sidedly and at random. The great majority will find at once that emotion is a law unto itself; that thought and emotion, when not divorced by false education, are ever united;—in short, that thought, emotion, and will are three elements which inter-penetrate and comple-

ment each other in all the normal impulses of the human heart, and by proper education and proper stimulation may be more perfectly balanced and co-ordinated.

All emotions are not equally adapted for practice. It is never safe, for example, to begin with sorrow; for sorrow tends to drift into its counterfeit, sadness. Neither is it safe to begin with indignation, which the student always tends to degrade into anger. The noble emotions, such as joy, admiration of nature, or some form of love, must first be practised. When we come to Vocal Training we shall see additional reasons for practising these emotions, especially at the beginning. One of the most helpful emotions to practise for the development of spontaneity, is the love of nature. Admiration of nature is characteristic of all artists. Those lyrics which contain a genuine love of the objects and processes around us can be safely practised; they are the surest means of developing the artistic instincts of the human soul. Only noble emotion will stimulate spontaneity; sincerity is the first requisite of practice.

In the practice of simple lyrics many difficulties will be met. It is hard to see our own lack of abandon, or to point it out in others; students will be conscious that something is wrong, but will not be aware of the cause. To reveal this is the teacher's function, but the student must be made to discover it himself. By leading him to trust himself to a variety of emotions and situations, he can be made to realize his needs. Again, when a student undertakes such practice he is sure to make too much effort. All effort is the exercise of the voluntary muscles and agents, and is in many forms antagonistic to abandon.

Of the importance of abandon, too much can hardly be said. It is a spontaneous impulse struggling into conscious form, that is a universal characteristic of all eloquence, all poetry, all art. In fact, abandon is the greatest requisite to all art work. The greatest difficulty is to get a man to give himself up to an idea, to trust the co-ordinated impulses of his nature. "No man," says

Edward Everett Hale, "will ever make a speaker till he is willing to make himself a fool for the sake of his subject."

There are many special advantages in practice for the development of abandon. A man must feel that his impulses can be trusted, that they are strong, and tend ever, when right themselves, to produce right results. Such practice creates true confidence, and is the most helpful way to correct self-consciousness. Self-consciousness is the attention of the speaker to himself, instead of to the ideas which he is trying to convey. By concentrating the whole mind upon each idea, and abandoning himself to the situation, the great central impulses of the man are aroused; attention and consciousness become focussed, and the man in a true sense forgets himself.

Self-consciousness and other forms of lack of abandon need also for their correction a proper training of the voice and the body. A man often becomes self-conscious and constrained because the inner impulses of his nature have no freedom for out-flow through voice and body. Strange to say, exaggeration is rarely due to abandon, but more frequently to imitation of abandon. Exaggeration is untrue, because the man is untrue. Frank abandon is the most direct road to simplicity and truthfulness. Abandon shows the real man, — not only his habits, but his peculiarities, and his possibilities.

Again, true abandon is the secret of right feeling. The chief requisites of truthful emotion are simplicity, sincerity, and repose. The only way to have feeling is to concentrate the mind upon the pictures of the poem, and to hold ourselves in sympathy with the situation, giving expression to what awakens in our hearts with simpleness, truthfulness, and sincerity.

Abandon is a step which has to be practised from first to last in all work for development of delivery. It is the highest attainment, the last step; but it must also be the first. It is a great mistake to make a student work entirely by rule, to do everything artificially and mechanically, hoping that the real impulse

of the man will awaken later, and remove the evils of such a method. When the right steps are taken from the first, not only can the abandon be secured, but the evil of constrained habits can also be prevented, and even the technical actions be developed to greater correctness and power.*

Problem VII. Take some animated extract, vividly conceive each idea, and yield to its influence. *See, feel,* and then *tell* simply and naturally, only what has been seen and felt.

30 AWAY! away! our fires stream bright
Along the frozen river,
And their arrowy sparkles of brilliant light
On the forest branches quiver.

31. TO MY SISTER.

It is the first mild day of March: each minute sweeter than before,
The redbreast sings from the tall larch that stands beside our door.
There is a blessing in the air, which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees and mountains bare, and grass in the green field. . . .
Love, now a universal birth, from heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to earth; it is the hour of feeling.
One moment now may give us more than fifty years of reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore the spirit of the season.
Some silent law our hearts will make, which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take our temper from to-day.
And from the blessed power that rolls about, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls: they shall be tuned to love.
Then come, my sister! come, I pray, with speed put on your woodland dress;
And bring no book: for this one day we'll give to idleness.

Wordsworth.

32. It was a lover and his lass, with a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonino!
that o'er the green cornfield did pass in the spring-time, the only pretty
ring-time, when birds do sing hey ding a ding: sweet lovers love the
Spring. Between the acres of the rye these pretty country folks would
lie: this carol they began that hour, how that life was but a flower: and
therefore take the present time, with a hey and a ho and a hey-nonino!
For love is crowned with the prime in the spring-time, the only pretty
ring-time, when birds do sing hey ding a ding: sweet lovers love the
Spring.

Shakespeare.

* See Classics, pp. 12, 121, 240, 86, 272.

33. APPLE BLOSSOMS.

HAVE you seen an apple orchard in the spring? in the spring? An English apple orchard in the spring? When the spreading trees are hoary with their wealth of promised glory, and the mavis pipes his story in the spring! Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring? in the spring? And caught their subtle odors in the spring? Pink buds bursting at the light, crumpled petals baby-white, just to touch them a delight! in the spring!

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring? in the spring? Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring? When the pink cascades were falling, and the silver brooklets brawling, and the cuckoo bird is calling in the spring?

Have you seen a merry bridal in the spring? in the spring? In an English apple country in the spring? When the brides and maidens wear apple blossoms in their hair; apple blossoms everywhere, in the spring? If you have not, then you know not, in the spring, in the spring, half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring. No sight can I remember, half so precious, half so tender, as the apple blossoms render in the spring!

William Welsley Martin.

34. SELF-DEPENDENCE.

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send;
"Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer, —
"Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice ! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:

"Resolve to be thyself ; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery !"

Matthew Arnold.

V. RESPONSIVENESS.

35 THE day is done, and the darkness falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in his flight.

Longfellow.

36 ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.

Byron.

IT has been found that expression results from a spontaneous impulse ; that this is associated with ideas which succeed each other by a rhythmic law of association ; that expression depends for its effectiveness upon the vividness of each successive idea ; and that we must yield passive as well as active attention to them. It can next be seen that it is very difficult to tell spontaneous and natural expression from that which is mechanical. Mechanical dexterity is often mistaken for spontaneity. How can abandon be tested ? How can genuine responsiveness be distinguished from mere mechanical execution ?

Read or recite, as sincerely as possible, these two extracts. They differ in thought and feeling ; they should differ in ex-

pression. Do you tend to read them alike? The only way to judge a conception of the mind is by its effect upon the man; a comparison like this, therefore, furnishes a criterion by which we can judge the adequacy of conception, and the truthfulness of the response to it in emotion.

The practice of such problems also tests the response of the voice and body to feeling. If the modulations or changes in the form and texture of the voice are the same in both cases, either there is no imaginative realization, or no change in feeling, or the voice is rigid and unresponsive. Consciously or unconsciously, the reader must change his point of view; the thought must not be given as abstract, — there must be sympathy and genuine identification of himself with the situation. He must not only think, but give himself to his thought. There must be a response from the man's whole being; his whole mind and his whole body must sympathetically share in the process. That subtle, natural flexibility of the whole expression can hardly be mechanically imitated; it is a spontaneous responsiveness.

Aside from the hindrances to abandon, which would of course hinder responsiveness, being, as it is, but an effect or test of abandon, many others may be mentioned. There is, for example, a tendency to drift. Every emotion leaves a wake, whenever feeling is aroused, it tends to flow in a straight line; it is only modulated by the sequence of ideas. There must be a response from each successive conception, and the conception must be strong enough to cause this response. This is the secret of controlling passion.

Many persons have a very small gamut of passion. Some speakers have only one or two emotions in their delivery; some have none at all. The reason for this is not because they entirely lack passion, — they have genuine feelings in life — but because, when upon their feet they are unable to bring an idea into such vivid and sympathetic relations with feeling as to awaken any response in themselves. Some have an habitual and false re-

sponse; many confuse tenderness with sadness. In much of our public speaking, there is a failure to give definite emotion: there is a tendency to neutrality and monotony, with the elimination of emotion on the one hand; or, on the other, to drift passively into an ecstatic feeling. The practice of such contrasts as are here given as problems, enables the student to discover his peculiar tendencies, and to develop genuineness in feeling, and truthfulness in expression.

The whole question of expression is one of responsiveness. Expression is simply a significant change of voice and body, — a change caused by change in thought and feeling. A man may have clear ideas, and find no response to these on the part of the imagination; he may have vivid conceptions, but these may be divorced from all feeling; he may have vivid conceptions and response of feeling, but the voice and the body may be so rigid as to furnish a prison for the concealment and death of feeling and thought, rather than a flexible organism for the living incarnation of thought and emotion. These, and other points of response may be regarded as so many bridges over which thought and emotion must pass in expression. When any one of the bridges is down, true expression does not result. Or, to change the figure, expression implies an electrical current which is especially liable to be broken at these points, that is, between thought and emotion, or between emotion and voice, and only one break is necessary to destroy the current completely. The development of expression is dependent upon the discovery and correction of these breaks. Exercises in contrast form one of the most effective means of realizing a lack of responsiveness, and also of causing the response to be genuine.

These contrasts — or changes in response, point of view, situation, or feeling — are found in nearly every sentence in all the best literature. Noble literature is the expression in words of the union of thought and feeling, and Vocal Expression is the interpretation of this union through the living voice. Such

changes in response form a most important element in true delivery.

- 37 You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Ingelour.

In these lines, the bells and the lark, when genuinely conceived, cause a change in the expression. The mind even tends to change the direction of the supposed objects. Each has a situation of its own, so that the response and expression of each idea is entirely different.

- 38 CLOUDS and darkness are round about him:
Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of his throne.

When we read over these two lines, they seem at first to be the same; but when we read them over thoughtfully, and think of them, we find that there is a contrast in the point of view, and in the thought and feeling. To read them both in the same tone of voice, and from the same mental or emotional point of view, loses the real spirit, feeling, and even thought of the passage. The mind must change its point of view, and consequently the emotion and the texture and color of the voice.*

Problem VIII. Read two extracts with as much contrast as possible in thought and feeling, and observe the difference in Expression.

- ✓ 39 MERRILY, merrily goes the bark, before the gale she bounds:
So darts the dolphin from the shark, or the deer before the hounds.

Scott.

- 40 OH, somewhere, somewhere, God unknown, exist and be!
I am dying; I am all alone; I must have Thee.
God! God! my sense, my soul, my all, dies in the cry:—
Saw'st thou the faint star flame and fall? Ah! it was I.

Myers.

* See Classics, pp. 39, 43, 50; and pp. 34-37, 45, 98, 200, 305, 81.

41 THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn, to horse, to horse! halloo, halloo! His fiery courser snuffs the morn, and thronging serfs their lord pursue. The eager pack, from couples freed, dash through the brush, the brier, the brake; while answering hound, and horn, and steed, the mountain echoes startling wake.

"*Wild Huntsman.*"

Scott.

42 WHY so pale and wan, fond lover? Prithee why so pale? Will when looking well can't move her, looking ill prevail? Prithee why so pale? Why so dull and mute, young sinner? Prithee why so mute? Will, when speaking well can't win her, saying nothing do't? Prithee why so mute?

43 NOW leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet;
The startled river turns leaden and harsh,
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.

44 I WIELD the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under:
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

Shelley.

45 MY pipe is lit, and all is snug; old Puss is in her elbow chair, and Tray is sitting on the rug. Last night I had a curious dream: Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg. What d'ye think of that, my Cat? What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

"*The Bachelor's Dream.*"

Hood.

46 SLOW fades the vision of the sky, the golden water pales,
And over all the valley land, a gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all; the sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow, when I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine, nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread, of him who loved them well.
But beauty seen is never lost, God's colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven into my soul has passed—
A sense of gladness unconfined, to mortal date or clime:
As the soul liveth, it shall live, beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels shall bloom the home-borne flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow, with sunset hues of ours.

Whittier.

Problem IX. Study the change in emotion and thought in passing from one idea or situation to another in the same sentence or poem, and read so as to give true and harmonious expression to each.

- 47 No record Art keeps of her travail and throes.
There is toil on the steep; on the summits, repose.

William Watson.

- 48 In the hush of the autumn night I hear the voice of the sea,
In the hush of the autumn night it seems to say to me —
Mine are the winds above, mine are the caves below,
Mine are the dead of yesterday and the dead of long ago!
And I think of the fleet that sailed from the lovely Gloucester shore,
I think of the fleet that sailed and came back nevermore!

T. H. Aldrich.

VI. MODES OF EXPRESSION.

OBJECTS differ from each other in size, form, texture, structure, and color. They also vary in relation to the observer, according to distance, direction, and the like. Conceptions of objects differ in the same way. The question arises, how can these differences be conveyed through the voice? Let us look at the following extract:—

- 49 "God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plain echo, "God!"
"God!" sing, ye meadow streams, with glad some voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God!"

This can be read in two ways. In speaking the word 'God' I can imitate with my voice the torrents, the meadow streams, or the avalanche; or I can stand as an imaginary, imaginative, and sympathetic spectator, and manifest my feeling of awe and reverence as I recognize the meaning of the sounds.

Which of these is better? The first is the method of ordinary elocution; the other is a vital point in the method now being

unfolded. One can be applied only to a low form of literature; the other is more appropriate the higher the poetry. One is mechanical, the other is spontaneous; one is artificial, and calls chiefly for vocal skill; the other calls for imagination, and a sympathetic appreciation and identification with the scene. But will this second way make any contrast? It will make more than the other. The control, too, will be genuine, and in harmony with the true spirit of the poem. By the first method, true mental, imaginative, and emotional action tends to be eliminated; but the second method is the better means of securing the right attitude and actions of the mind, of awakening the right faculties, and of stimulating true emotion; in short, of securing poetic expression:

The symbolic mode of conveying ideas by words does not show these differences, and can give little conception of the difference between two ideas, except by adjectives and qualifiers, and even then only indirectly and suggestively. Each word is a representation of an idea, and will cause the idea to awaken in a mind that has already conceived it, and associated it with the word; but a word with which the observer or hearer is not familiar awakens no idea in the mind. Ideas are not so much dependent upon words as upon past experience, and past association of ideas with words. When the word 'swan,' for example, is spoken, there awakens in nearly all our minds a conception of a white swan; but the mental conception of one who may have been familiar with black swans will tend to correspond with his experience, — or one who has been strongly impressed with a black swan will tend to re-conceive it. Thus, for the most part, words are only artificial reminders of conceptions we have already had. Occasionally words may be combined so as to suggest conceptions more or less new. Though one has never seen a black swan, he conceives one when the word 'black' is added to the word 'swan.' In this way, words can convey knowledge.

There are certain essential differences between ideas which are shown by Vocal Expression, and those expressed by words. Some contend that the tone of voice can indicate the size or distance of an object; others even go so far as to say that, by the mere tone, we may indicate the time of day in which a situation or event is conceived. No one who has observed the facts of Vocal Expression can doubt that there is some truth in this. Let us see how the voice can manifest this difference.

By the ordinary clocutionary method, the voice shows these differences by representation, or "imitative modulation"; but Vocal Expression is not primarily a representative art. Painting can show the difference in size, color, and texture of objects; but Vocal Expression is confined to an entirely different and more important class of differences. As an illustration of this, take two lines from Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," and place them side by side:—

"Sail forth into the sea, O Ship,"

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State."

What are the differences between these two ships? They differ in size,—one carrying, say, a thousand passengers, the other about sixty millions; but the size is the smallest difference. Painting can reveal these objective differences,—it can represent, by means of light and shade and color, a scene or object objectively to the eye. Music is entirely different. While music may represent or imitate actions and sounds, this is not its primary aim. Descriptive music is of a low order; it is apt to become ridiculous. The "Barn Yard Symphony," for example, is a comical perversion of the true use and aim of music. The true function of music is to manifest subjective experience. Ideas have subjective as well as objective differences; they awaken different feelings and emotions in the human soul. The two ships referred to in Longfellow's poem have more important differences than size or shape. One is literal, the other is

figurative. The first ship awakens joy: as we see it glide out into the water, we rejoice at the triumph of man's power; but the other ship awakens the nobler emotion of patriotism. One ship has its vocation in commerce, the other in history; one is a part of man's business life, the other is a part of his deeper, spiritual, national life. The one will pass away, and grow old; the other is something which will last for centuries.

Now, of these two classes of ideas, with which is Vocal Expression more concerned? Like music, it is a manifestive art; like music, it only represents the object occasionally, and then as an additional association or suggestion. Vocal Expression manifests the feeling in the man who observes the object, and centres in the man. The true function of Vocal Expression, therefore, is to manifest the effect of a true and adequate conception of a truth as directly and simply as possible. Words are symbolic, but the voice is suggestive; and when the voice is cramped and strained to imitate or represent something objective, it is not acting in its highest sphere, and the result is artificiality and weakness.

One of the leading faults of Vocal Expression is that it is too objective. It is the most subjective aspect of art. Such subjective differences as are seen in the extract from Longfellow, with reference to the three ships, should be studied and rendered with perseverance until the subjective transitions spontaneously modulate the voice, and simply, directly, and truthfully reveal themselves. If Vocal Expression does not manifest such differences, — if it is made to represent objective things, — it loses its natural power to reveal such subjective differences, and becomes mere mechanical elocution. Instead of such an indirect method being weak, it is strongest, because it manifests the man. Words are representative of ideas; but tone, except occasionally and suggestively, shows the man himself. Tone manifests feelings and exalted ideals, which will only be degraded by representative methods.

In the four lines from Scott, No. 51, we have a true use of representative expression. Just as we have at times a place for true descriptive music, so here we have a sympathetic, suggestive use of vocal description. This, however, must never be strained. They must be imaginative, not imitative,—the result of sympathy, and not of mechanical copying.

In practicing such contrasts as were presented in the last lesson, therefore, the student should not strain to represent differences; he must, rather, sympathetically identify himself with each idea and situation. The differences will then be true, and not artificial. They will be far more suggestive and expressive, for they will grow out of the same heart in unity and harmony. Only by such practice can contrasts test the adequacy of conception, the directness and genuineness of response, and true and harmonious abandon. A mechanical and representative mode of practice will vitiate these ends. The student should centre everything in each successive idea: a response, and not will, must cause expression. Imitation is volitional and mechanical. Assimilation and sympathetic identification alone can cause manifestation and spontaneous expression.

Problem X. Take some sublime passage, keep the point of view of a sympathetic observer, and manifest the emotion which awakens in response to it.

50 SAIL forth into the sea, O ship! through wind and wave, right onward steer! the moistened eye, the trembling lip, are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life, O gentle, loving, trusting wife, and, safe from all adversity, upon the bosom of that sea, thy comings and thy goings be! For gentleness, and love, and trust, prevail o'er angry wave and gust; and in the wreck of noble lives something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! sail on, O UNION, strong and great! humanity, with all its fears, with all the hope of future years, is hanging breathless on thy fate! We know what Master laid thy keel, what Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel, who made each mast, and sail, and rope, what anvils rang, what hammers beat, in what a forge, and what a heat, were shaped the anchors of thy hope! Fear not each sudden

sound and shock: 'tis of the wave, and not the rock; 'tis but the flapping of the sail, and not a rent made by the gale! In spite of rock and tempest's roar, in spite of false lights on the shore, sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,—our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, our faith triumphant o'er our fears, are all with thee, are all with thee.

"Building of the Ship."

Longfellow.

Problem XI. Read some passage where the words represent certain ideas objectively, but keep such a sympathetic attitude that all objective representation shall be caused by a sympathetic identification, rather than by any conscious imitation. Let manifestation transcend representation.

51 TRAMP! tramp! along the line they rode,
 Splash! splash! along the sea;
 The scourge is wight, the spur is bright,
 The flashing pebbles flee.

Scott.

52 NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear, November's leaf is red and sear; late, gazing down the steepy linn, that hems our little garden in, low in its dark and narrow glen, you scarce the rivulet might ken, so thick the tangled greenwood grew, so feeble trill'd the streamlet through.

Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen, through bush and briar no longer green, an angry brook, it sweeps the glade, brawls over rock and wild cascade, and, foaming brown with doubled speed, hurries its waters to the Tweed.

"Marmion."

Scott.

53 POEMS are painted window panes.
 If one looks from the square into the church,
 Dusk and dimness are his gains;
 Sir Phillistine is left in the lurch!
 The sight, so seen, may well enrage him,
 Nor anything henceforth assuage him.
 But come just inside what conceals;
 Cross the holy threshold quite;
 All at once 'tis rainbow-bright,
 Device and story flash to light,
 A gracious splendor truth reveals.
 This to God's children is full measure,
 It edifies and gives you pleasure!

Goethe

54. IN BLOSSOM TIME.

It's O my heart, my heart, to be out in the sun and sing,
 To sing and shout in the fields about, in the balm and blossoming.
 Sing loud, O bird in the tree; O bird sing loud in the sky!
 And honey-bees, blacken the clover seas; there are none of you glad as I.
 The leaves laugh low in the wind, laugh low with the wind at play,
 And the odorous call of the flowers all entices my soul away!
 For O but the world is fair, and O but the world is sweet!
 I will out of the gold of the blossoming mold, and sit at the Master's feet.
 And the love my heart would speak, I will fold in the lily's rim,
 That the lips of the blossom, more pure and meek, may offer it up to him.
 Then sing in the hedgerow green, O thrush, O skylark, sing in the blue;
 Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear, and my soul shall sing
 with you. *Inu Donna Coolbreth.*

55 I HIDE in the solar glory, I am dumb in the pealing song, I rest on
 the pitch of the torrent, in slumber I am strong. No numbers have
 counted my tallies, no tribes my house can fill, I sit by the shining Fount
 of Life, and pour the deluge still. . . . Let war and trade and creeds and song
 blend, ripen race on race, the sunburnt world a man shall breed of all the
 zones and countless days. No ray is dimmed, no atom worn, my oldest
 force is good as new, and the fresh rose on yonder thorn gives back the
 bending heavens in dew.

"Song of Nature."

Emerson.

VIL. CHANGE OF PITCH.

I SLIP, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

"The Brook."

Tennyson.

THE development of expression requires objective as well as subjective study. Every art must have a technique: to improve any form of art we must not only stimulate the cause, but also secure better control of those actions by means of which the idea is expressed. Execution in Vocal Expression must be founded upon the study of conversation. Every art must be

based on the study of nature, and the natural form, upon which Vocal Expression rests, is the unfettered utterance of men in every-day intercourse.

If we observe one talking, what are the most salient characteristics? Let us compare him with some person reading, and note the difference. One of the first things we discover in conversation is variety: the voice leaps upward and downward with perfect freedom, — there are no two words upon the same pitch; while with the reader words tend to follow each other on one pitch; all is monotonous. The causes of these changes of pitch are about the same as those which make the branch of a tree, or a leaf upon that branch, grow in a given direction: wherever there is life, it will seek outflow in the most unhindered direction. Life, like water, will flow into the most open channel. Monotony is death.

Expression is simply a change, — a change of voice and body, caused by some change of thought or feeling. If you are watching a rider dashing along at full speed, and suddenly you see him fall, will you spring forward or recoil? This will depend entirely on your state of mind, and the attitude of your body in observing him. If you have been leaning forward, earnestly watching him, you will be sure to recoil; and there is no better reason than simply the fact that you were forward, and the change in the mind calls for a change in the body. A reversal of feeling causes a reversal of attitude. On the contrary, if you were standing calmly on the back foot, looking at him, confidently or reposefully, such an accident would cause you to move forward. In the same way, if one idea happens to be expressed on one pitch, another idea, antithetic to the preceding, is instinctively contrasted to it in pitch. The focussing of the mind upon successive ideas, or the quick leap of the mind in thinking, spontaneously causes a leap of the voice. This instinct is universal. The only exception is an apparent one in the case of deaf mutes; but the reason why they do not vary the pitch is

the fact that they have been taught to speak objectively, and the mind is in a mechanical attitude. The making of tone with them is not the spontaneous expression of the action of their minds. Where this is not the case, the same results follow as in other people. The length and direction, therefore, of the change of pitch are due to the degree of animation, the imaginative conditions, and the discriminations and associations of ideas. No rule can be made to govern them. The voice is the most direct and flexible agent of the mind: a word must be deliberately chosen, but a change of pitch is spontaneous. Verbal Expression is symbolic, but the modulation of tone is significant; it is not a symbol, but a sign.

Of all rules, the worst are those for the regulation of changes of pitch. Here are two of them: "Joy, high pitch; sorrow, low pitch." These are absolutely false. The human being gives joy in all pitches, and sorrow is expressed in the higher parts, as well as the lower parts of the voice. To follow such mechanical rules as these causes the man to be mechanical, and introduces the worst of faults, — monotony. These are rules based on the most superficial observation. A better explanation is this, — uncontrolled emotion tends to high pitch, intense, controlled emotion of any kind tends to a low pitch; but even this only applies occasionally, and cannot be given as a rule. The great point in practice is not so much the direction or the length of the change of pitch, as the fact that there shall be some change of pitch. This is one of the places where so long as the mind holds firmly to an idea, a mistake is impossible.

In developing expression, there must be no aim at variety for the sake of variety; it must be for the sake of unity. Still, in change of pitch, the greater the variety — so long as the mind is kept focussed — the greater the unity. "Extension in opposition strengthens possession," and any extension of range, or modulation of the voice, reveals more clearly the continuity of thought. A monotonous stream of words gives us no impression of thought,

—we only think of the words as in proof-reading; but when the mind really thinks in a sequence, the successive ideas are revealed by the modulation of the voice. We find, in fact, in all art, that there is a vital relation between unity and variety.

Legitimate variety is necessary to the perception of unity. Variety for the sake of change is chaos, and mere sameness is not unity, but monotony. True unity, therefore, implies variety. Unity is the relation of all parts to one centre, and this subordination of parts brings them into opposition, which brings the greatest possible variation. The two hands, for example, are the most unlike of any two things to be found in nature, and yet they are also most like. To their great dissimilarity and similarity is due the possibility of their unity and co-operation. Hand can fold upon hand, thumb can touch thumb, and finger, finger, because the two hands are directly opposite.

There are two great faults in Vocal Expression, — monotony and chaos. Strange to say, they go together. When a monotonous speaker becomes earnest, his voice changes pitch in the most surprising and unnatural places. This is a characteristic fault of ranters and demagogues, and often results where the energy and earnestness is put on from without, and is not inherent in the thinking. One of the most curious facts is that while intervals are so natural, they are the first element which is lost in expression. Monotony is not only the first of all faults, but it is an element of all other faults. Whenever a speaker or a reader feels confused, or when the mind grasps a stream of ideas, and endeavors to give them to men, the result is monotony. This is probably due to the fact that the man does not reproduce naturally the sequence of ideas; he does not have progressive transition in his thinking from idea to idea; he tries to wholesale his ideas, or his consciousness is too much upon the words, — the rhythmic action of his mind is interfered with in some way. The monotony is a natural result.

Hence, attention and abandon, when properly practised, show

at once an effect upon the flexibility and range of the voice in speaking. So long as we positively think progressively, giving ourselves to each successive idea, allowing our words and tones to be the direct outcome of the action of the mind, we can hardly go wrong in change of pitch. The number of intervals will multiply in proportion to the genuineness of the thinking. Therefore, without regard to the more complex principles of inflection, which will be explained later, let us take one of the simplest extracts, full of joy and animation; let us note in what an infinite variety of ways we can read it correctly:—

56 O LARKS, sing out to the thrushes,
And thrushes, sing to the sky!
Sing from your nests in the bushes,
And sing wherever you fly.

Of these four lines, we can give the first two words very low, and the next five high; or the first two high, and the next low; and so on through the whole. There are a dozen ways in which the extract can be read effectively. The law of association of ideas, the difference of personalities, the occasion, and many other causes will produce such differences; but we can see that some such variation is necessary. The thought and the feeling must directly dominate the voice. This animated change of pitch is natural, and is always present in spontaneous conversation.

In practising for change of pitch, the student will at first feel great rebellion; hence it is important for him to take such simple extracts as are here laid down, and read them in many ways. Let him be careful only of one thing,—that the voice leaps with the mind. Let him endeavor to paint a picture in his mind in one place, and the next picture in another; and at the same time allow his voice to vary spontaneously with his mind. Where bad habits have been formed in reading, he may at first deliberately make himself read one phrase low, another high, another in the middle of his voice,—and so on at random.

Then go over it in an entirely different way, until his mind and his voice, so to speak, come to realize their own freedom. The changes of pitch, however, must be between words, as well as between clauses.

Problem XII. Realize the successive ideas in some animated passage so vividly that there will be awakened a spontaneous desire for variation in the sequence of ideas, which will also cause the voice to change in pitch.

- 57 "AWAY to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks, —
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."

Scott.

58 STRAIGHT mine eye hath caught new pleasures whilst the landscape round it measures: russet lawns, and fallows gray, where the nibbling flocks do stray; mountains, on whose barren breast the laboring clouds do often rest; meadows trim with daisies pied, shallow brooks, and rivers wide; — towers and battlements it sees, bosom'd high in tufted trees, where perhaps some Beauty lies, the Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Milton.

59. DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see you haste away so soon: as yet the early rising Sun has not attain'd his noon. Stay, stay, until the hasting day has run but to the even-song; and, having pray'd together, we will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you, we have as short a Spring; as quick a growth to meet decay as you, or any thing. We die, as your hours do, and dry away like to the Summer's rain; or as the pearls of morning's dew, ne'er to be found again.

Herrick.

- 60 THE rose is weeping for her love, the nightingale;
And he is flying fast above, to her he will not fail.
Already golden eve appears, he wings his way along;
Ah! look, he comes to kiss her tears, and soothe her with his song.
The moon in pearly light may steep the still blue air;
The rose hath ceased to droop and weep, for lo! her joy is there.
He sings to her, and o'er the trees she hears his sweet notes swim;
The world may weary, — she but hears her love, and hears but him.

Bailey.

VIII. PAUSING.

- 61 SUCH a starved bank of moss till, that May morn,
 Blue ran the flash across: violets were born!
 Sky—what a scowl of cloud till, near and far,
 Ray on ray split the shroud: splendid, a star!
 World—how it walled about life with disgrace
 Till God's own smile came out: that was thy face!

Prologue, "The Two Poets of the Croisic."

Browning.

IF we take this little poem, and allow mind and voice to drift, then read it a second time, really thinking each idea, and associating it with the next, what will be the difference between the two modes of reading? One difference will be few pauses in the first, and a great many pauses in the second.

Further study of the characteristics of conversation reveals not only changes of pitch, but pauses. The variation of the voice in conversation is due as much to intervals of time as to intervals of pitch. Pause is among the fundamental characteristics of naturalness. Whenever anyone speaks in a continuous stream of words, no matter how brilliant his ideas, or how beautiful his phrases, he is tedious and tiresome in the extreme. For, paradoxical as it may seem, continuity of words destroys continuity of thought; continuity of thought necessitates pauses in words. "Silence is the father of speech;" thought must have "its silent undergrowth;" before it can utter itself in words.

Intervals of silence thus show the genuineness of thinking. A pause preceding a word, or phrase, shows it to be the effect or sign of mental action. As the mind thinks by pulsation, by rhythmic leaps, by action and re-action, so speech must have the same characteristics. The length and frequency of pauses shows the intensity of thinking. As the mind, in superficial thinking, drifts, and is not focussed intensely and for a long time upon successive ideas, so the expression of such thinking reveals no staying of the mind by cessations and interruptions of the stream of words, nor any change of pitch. On the contrary, where the

thinking is intense, where the mind wrestles to comprehend the greatness of an idea, the fact of such mental struggle is revealed by a pause.

Pause and change of pitch are closely related to each other. The pause justifies or causes the change of pitch. As pause shows the mind creating its conception, so the change of pitch reveals the result. In proportion as the mind has created a new conception, or gained a new outlook, will the voice indicate spontaneously the mental change by change of pitch.

A pause is not a mechanical thing. Neither the place where it is to be made, nor its length, can be measured by artificial rules. A pause is not a mere interval of time. There is, in fact, great difference between a hesitation and a pause: hesitation is mechanical,—it is the result of a lapse of memory, or of not understanding a word or a thought; a pause, on the contrary, is due to the endeavor of the mind to conceive more truly, to realize more adequately the weight or relations of the idea. A hesitation is never agreeable, because it shows a gap in the thought, while a proper use of pauses is most pleasing because it shows a deeper continuity, a broader realization of truth. Hesitation rarely causes change of pitch, while a true pause is always associated with a change in pitch. This fact is very important. Whatever test causes a realization of the difference between a pause and a hesitation, is of great importance in training.

A genuine pause is the result of thinking along the line of the subject, thinking which is more or less common between the speaker and the hearer. It shows that the speaker weighs and considers the idea: hence, pause accompanies all other forms of emphasis. "Speech is silvern, silence is golden;" but silence to be golden in expression must be shown to be due to the domination of an idea.

Even a hesitation for a word may be made a means of uniting the mental action of the speaker and his hearers, and thus be

made an element of power. A speaker may even, as old Falstaff said, "turn his diseases into a commodity." It is said that Daniel Webster, in Faneuil Hall, once gave a certain word for an idea, but it did not satisfy him: he hesitated, and gave another,—hesitated again, and gave still another;—and when, after four or five trials, he found the adequate word, the audience broke forth into applause. The fact is, he thus showed himself to be a great orator. He united the action of the mind of his auditors to his own; both labored together for a grander and more adequate conception of the idea, as well as for its highest expression. In conversation, the words are few, and the pauses many. The art of reading aloud is the art of turning cold, monotonous print into the living movement of conversation. In conversation, the speaker constantly pauses, and the hearer shares the effort of the thinker. The hearer does not feel that he is called upon to accept something that has already been thought out and stated; he is brought into sympathy with a creative act of the mind, and realizes the joy of discovering ideas. The grandest ideas cannot be adequately expressed in words. True vocal expression must suggest the transcendency of an idea, or thought, over words. Hence, the truest vocal expression reveals rather the effort of the mind to receive than its action in giving.

This is the peculiar function of the pause in Vocal Expression. It shows that the mind receives the idea before giving it, that "*impression precedes expression*;" while the change of pitch, and other vocal modulations, show that the impression determines the expression. There is a partial proof of this in the fact that in simple prose the discussion of abstract and general ideas requires few pauses, while dramatic poetry—or composition of any kind, where there are more complex conceptions back of the words—requires more and longer pauses in expression.

Again, it is shown by the fact that writers like Carlyle and Browning, whose ideas and conceptions transcend their words,

require more pauses than writers who have a smooth flow of words, with less depth of thought and grandeur of conception. All authors who are suggestive, who appeal to the imaginative insight, who, in short, suggest a great deal beyond the words, require many pauses in expression.

Still another point regarding pauses, is that when a man reads that with which he is not familiar, he makes fewer pauses than when he reads that which is perfectly familiar to him. The reason for this curious fact is that in the first place he merely calls the words, and gets the ideas after he has pronounced them; while in the other case he reproduces and re-creates the successive ideas. The attitude of the mind in the first instance does not change with the thought,—the eye simply takes, and the voice pronounces the words, the mind following after; but in true expressive reading, the mind takes an idea before it gives it, and this necessitates pause. Pauses are always present when a man is natural, or when he conceives each idea at the instant before he conveys it.

When a student is asked to read or to speak, he is afraid to make pauses; the reason for this is a fear of being tedious. Tediousness is the one thing of which all are afraid. All feel that hesitation is a primary source of tediousness; forgetting that an empty flow of words also causes tediousness. The true remedy for tediousness is genuine thinking, and the power to use silence in such a way as to unite the thinking of other minds with that of our own.

The importance of pauses, therefore, is due to the fact that they show the creative action of the mind; that they show the rhythmic progression of thinking; that they are the revelation of subjective attention, or the successive focussing of the mind upon central ideas, and the domination of other minds to think in the same sequence; that they show the cause and effect in conversation, and thus are characteristic of spontaneity and naturalness; that they make words more suggestive, by revealing

ideas as transcendent over signs or words; and, lastly, that they reveal depth of feeling and passion.

One of the first steps, therefore, in Expression, is to become conscious of the significance of the pause; to become willing to allow silence to mingle with our speech; to recognize that if "speech is a jewel, silence must form its setting." The highest art of expression is to reveal the receptive activity of the mind, and without the pause this cannot be done. While Expression may seem to be the giving of thought, yet it must be remembered that ideas and emotions cannot be given as objective things. They can only be evoked and drawn out. Hence, the energy of the mind in taking an idea must be shown much more than its action in giving. Possession of life implies manifestation; and since pauses reveal the life of the mind in receiving impressions, all Vocal Expression will centre in their use.

Each idea must be discovered. It must spring up spontaneously before speaking the words, — and this takes place during a pause. Take this simple extract, and note the effect of really thinking each idea. After each phrase, we find ourselves pausing, and, if we wish to make the extract emphatic, almost mentally asking questions: —

62 EVERY clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

Lowell.

"Every clod" (what about it? answer:) "feels a stir of might," (nay, even more,) "an instinct within it," (what of it?) "that reaches and towers, and" (something else more beautiful) "groping blindly above it for light," (and something still more wonderful) "climbs to a soul in grass and flowers." Of course, it is impossible to interpret in words the process of thought, and even if it were possible, no one analysis would be universal, as every mind acts in a different way.

This silent thinking, or the process of relation and discovery, is of fundamental importance in Vocal Expression. The silence must speak. A pause is not vacuity, — an interval is a pause because it is full of thought. The author's thought or feeling can only be suggested; the words must bear a sympathetic relation to the deep continuity of ideas in the soul, by the significance of silence.*

Problem XIII. Read some passage, taking time to realize intensively each successive idea before giving it expression, and so vary the pitch and other modulations of the voice as to show that the period of silence was necessary on account of this mental activity.

63 SPEECH is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken; even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer.

George Eliot.

64 PRAISE always surprises and humbles true genius; the shadow of earth comes then between them and their starry ideal with a cold and dark eclipse.

"Conversations."

Lowell.

65. PADRE PUGNACCIO.

Up the steps of the dome of Saint Peter's, between two penitents wrapped in mantillas, his head out of his hood, walked Padre Pugnaccio. The bells were quarrelling in the clouds.

One of the penitents, the aunt, counted an Ave for each bead of her rosary; and the other, the niece, ogled from the corner of her eyes a handsome officer of the Pope's guard. The monk muttered to the old woman, "Make a donation to my convent;" and the officer slipped a perfumed note into the young girl's hand.

The sinner wiped a few tears from her eyes; the maiden blushed with pleasure; the monk was calculating the interest of a thousand piastres at twelve per cent; and the officer was gazing at himself in a hand-mirror, and curling the tips of his mustachios.

And the devil, squatting in the loose sleeve of Padre Pugnaccio, chuckled like Pulcinello.

Louis Bertrand.

*See Classics, pp. 17, 41, 172, 361.

66. THE hills,

Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man!

Bryant.

67. THE HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild, while the heaven-born Child, all meanly wrapt,
in the rude manger lies; nature in awe to him had doff'd her gaudy trim,
with her great Master so to sympathize: it was no season then for her to
wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour. No war, or battle's sound
was heard the world around: the idle spear and shield were high up
hung; the hooked chariot stood unstained with hostile blood; the trumpet
spoke not to the arm'd throng; and kings sat still with awful eye, as
if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. But peaceful was the
night wherein the Prince of Light his reign of peace upon the earth
began: the winds, with wonder whist, smoothly the waters kist, whisper-
ing new joys to the wild ocean — who now hath quite forgot to rave,
while birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave. The stars, with
deep amaze, stand fix'd in steadfast gaze, bending one way their precious
influence; and will not take their flight for all the morning light, or
Lucifer that often warn'd them thence; but in their glimmering orbs did
glow until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go. The shepherds,
on the lawn, or ere the point of dawn, sate simply chatting in a rustic row;
full little thought they then that the mighty Pan was kindly come to
live with them below; perhaps their loves, or else their sheep, was all
that did their silly thoughts so busy keep. When such music sweet
their hearts and ears did greet as never was by mortal finger strook —
divinely-warbled voice answering the string'd noise, as all their souls in
blissful rapture took: the air, such pleasure loth to lose, with thousand
echoes still prolongs each heavenly close. Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
once bless our human ears, if ye have power to touch our senses so; and
let your silver chime move in melodious time; and let the base of heaven's
deep organ blow; and with your ninefold harmony make up full concert
to angelic symphony!

Milton.

68 AND how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night? Oh, against all rule, my lord, most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus,—stopping as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three-fifths by a stop watch, my lord, each time. But in suspending his voice,—was the sense suspended likewise? did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?—Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I look'd only at the stop-watch, my lord.

And did you step in to take a look at the grand picture on your way back?—'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregiescity of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—or the grand contour of Angelo.

Grant me patience, just Heaven! Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world,—though the cant of hypocrisy may be the worst,—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles, on foot, to kiss the hand of that man, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Laurence Sterne.

IX. EDUCATION OF THE EYE.

69 NOTHING small! no lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee, but finds some coupling with the shining stars; no pebble at your feet but proves a sphere; no chaffinch, but implies the cherubim. Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God.

Mrs. Browning.

THERE are two distinct forms of reading: silent or receptive reading, and expressive reading, or reading aloud. Silent or receptive reading implies merely the act of receiving ideas, or of taking ideas from a printed page by the reader; no other mind is concerned. To read aloud is to convey an impression, or a possession which is in the reader's mind, to the mind of another. The development of expression and reading implies

both of these acts; for reading aloud implies receptive reading. There can be no expression without impression.

On the other hand, the two must not be confused. What a violation it is of all the principles so far discovered and discussed, to have a child merely pronounce words as a means of training him to read aloud, while his mental action is almost entirely ignored! Of course, pronounciation must receive attention, but is it well to do this as a part of reading aloud? Does it not belong to spelling, or to conversation? Can it not be done better while talking? Should a child be taught to pronounce words before he understands their meaning? In fact, one of the chief requisites for both receptive and expressive reading must be familiarity with words. There can be no reading for the reception of ideas, unless the words are more or less familiar; and to give expression to the same ideas, there is needed a much greater familiarity with words.

Reading, or the reception of ideas, must always be trained before there can be any expressive reading. The reception of ideas must precede the expression of ideas; hence we can see that, preceding all expressive reading, some disciplining of the eye is necessary. That is to say, the eye must be trained to grasp a group of words, — the mind to conceive the idea beneath them. Of course, it is not so much a training of the eye, as it is of the mind through the eye; but the organ and the agency concerned are most intimately connected. The development of the power of the eye, to perceive ideas through words quickly, must be developed through silent reading.

The action of the eye in silent reading is not the same as in reading aloud; the eye in silent reading merely catches the meaning beneath the words, and is thus more or less continuous; the eye in reading aloud takes a group of words, and then becomes quiescent as the mind conceives the idea, and while these are spoken; — then grasps another group, and so on. The eye may do this in silent reading, but this rhythmic succession is

more accentuated in reading aloud. The child must first take a group of words, then speak them so as to give the meaning; take another group of words, and express the meaning of that. There is a great temptation to call words singly, and not by groups, according to the rhythmic pulsations of the thought.

The education of the eye is most important. Daniel Webster laid his manuscript before him, and then endeavored to catch enough by his eye to speak while he walked several steps. In this way he trained his eye to catch successive groups of words, so that when he spoke he could give his eye to his audience. He was thus enabled to speak his words as if they were extemporaneous,—he was never confined to his manuscript. This should be true of all good reading. The student must be trained to take a group of words with his eye, while the mind conceives the idea beneath them, and its relation to the thought, and then to speak the words. The mind must act between the eye and the expression.

Accordingly, reading aloud is slower than silent reading, because of this additional process which takes place during pauses. The mental action is only receptive in silent reading, but in reading aloud there is also an endeavor to make salient the fundamental points in the current of ideas, so as to make them clear to other minds. We must, therefore, train the mind and the eye to act together, so that the mind, the eye, and the voice, will act in proper order. The eye must see like a flash, while the mind creates the pictures, and then the voice can speak.

One great temptation is to read in a continuous stream, because the eye sees so many words at once. We all tend merely to pronounce the words, and to let the mind follow after both the eye and the voice. We think a thought after speech simultaneously with the person who listens to us, and not before we speak. We tend to think as the result of pronunciation, and not as the cause of speech. The great difficulty in reading aloud is in looking and thinking before we speak.

Problem XIV. Read some passage at sight, pausing before each successive phrase, and being sure to grasp all the words of the phrase through the eye before beginning to express the idea.

70 It is the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-bye will make the music mute,
And ever widening, slowly silence all.

Tennyson.

71 MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
Whilst fruit, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun *death*, with anxious strife?
If Light conceals so much — wherefore not Life?

Blanco White.

"Night and Death."

72. MARIE ANTOINETTE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart I must have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

Burke.

"Reflections on the French Revolution."

73 A picture, however admirable the painter's art, and wonderful his power, requires of the spectator a surrender of himself, in due proportion with the miracle which has been wrought. Let the canvas glow as it may, you must look with the eye of faith, or its highest excellence escapes you. There is always the necessity of helping out the painter's art with your own resources of sensibility and imagination. Not that these qualities shall really add anything to what the master has effected; but they must be put so entirely under his control, and work along with him to such an extent, that, in a different mood, when you are cold and critical, instead of sympathetic, you will be apt to fancy that the loftier merits of the picture were of your own dreaming, not of his creating.

"The Marble Faun."

Hawthorne.

X. PHRASING

74 THE sun upon the lake is low, the wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow, yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care, from home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair each to the loved one's side.
The noble dame on turret high, who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy the flash of armour bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow the level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now for Colin's darkening plaid.
Now to their mates the wild swans row, by day they swam apart,
And to the thicket wanders slow the hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide, but Leonard tarries long!

Scott.

LET us note now the effect of the action of the mind upon words. As we compare words with a sequence of ideas, we find that every word is not a manifestation of a conception. The phrase 'in the calm sunset,' has three words, but only one picture rises in the mind. In the preceding extract, there are far more words than conceptions; in fact, in reading aloud the above lyric, the mind grasps each picture, and the words expressing it are gathered into a group. The length of the pauses, and the range of the modulations by which the voice relates the

words to the underlying idea, are in direct proportion to the vividness of that idea. This process of separating and uniting words, to show the ideas and the continuity of thought beneath them, is called "phrasing."

There are spontaneous impulses in passion and mental action which tend to be right; and all training must stimulate these tendencies, and give the man consciousness of them, and control over them, so that he can enlarge and strengthen them when he desires to dominate his fellow man. Right training enables him to use them. One salient proof that nature has right impulses is found in the phrasing of common conversation. Very rarely, if ever, even in the conversation of the little child, is a pause in the wrong place, or is the phrasing incorrect; but the very moment a person begins to read or to recite, that very moment perversion begins, and naturalness is lost. The reason for this is plain: in conversation the ideas are taken successively, and are allowed free course in the domination of words; but in reading, ideas are often conceived by the reader after the words.

In reading this extract, it may be seen also that vocal punctuation is entirely different from printers' punctuation. Between the words, 'yes, indeed,' or 'yes, sir,' for example, the printer places a comma; but there is no pause whatever in speech. On the other hand, every sentence requires many times more pauses in speaking than there are marks of punctuation. The printer simply shows the grammatical or mechanical relation of words and clauses; while the human voice shows what lies beneath all grammar, all mechanical structure,—the living, logical sequence of the ideas. Speaking reveals the process of forming the conceptions, and of relating one idea to another, rather than the mechanical relation of words. It shows the relation of words, but not directly; it shows a far more vital, a far deeper and more inclusive relation. The relation of words and phrases is a mere accident of verbal expression, but the principle underlying phrasing governs all forms of language.

Pantomime, and the sign language of deaf mutes and Indians, show it possibly more definitely than Vocal Expression. Phrasing, then, is the manifestation of genuine thinking in expression. It shows the difference between the mere calling of words, and the use of words as the direct signs of thought.

No two minds phrase alike. Even in reading the same extract, temperament and methods of mental training all modify the pauses. A great mind with strong movement, with nervous intensity of earnestness, like that of Bishop Phillips Brooks, moves forward with shorter pauses; while a great judicial mind, a mind which logically weighs and relates each idea, a mind which takes in all the relations of an idea before speaking it, like Canon Lidden, makes longer pauses. Moreover, the same person, on different occasions,—in different conditions and moods of mind, before a smaller or a larger audience,—does not phrase in the same way.

Methods of developing phrasing have been chiefly by rule: everything has been based upon the grammatical relationship of words. The following rules have been common: "Pause before a preposition, before a relative pronoun, before 'to' as the sign of the infinitive mood,"—and so on. "Pause after the subject when it consists of more than one word, the object in an inverted sentence, and every complete phrase or clause,"—and so on. Now, while we do usually pause in such places, still we pause in other places, and for reasons not grammatical. Such half truths crystallized into rules are fatal to naturalness and simplicity.

The instinct for phrasing must be developed in some other way. Such rules are mechanical and artificial, and violate the fundamental principles of Vocal Expression. Vocal Expression is not an endeavor to show men the mechanical structure of sentences, or the relationship of words, but to manifest the thought and feeling, and the kinship of ideas, behind the words; so to modulate the words that they become transparent, that

men no longer feel the words or their relations, but the thought and experience which lie beneath them. It is not the grammatical relations of words, but the logical sequence of ideas, which should furnish the governing principle. To govern reading merely by the mechanical and grammatical structure of the sentence, is to make it not a natural art, but the most mechanical and artificial of arts. Phrasing can never be made a mechanical process, without perverting and artificializing the whole manner of delivery.

Whenever thinking is natural and vigorous, rhythmic, progressive and intense, each idea will act toward the words which belong to it as the magnet does toward iron filings. It will gather them into clusters; and every modulation of the voice, every subtle change of pitch and pause, will serve to reveal the process of thought; the principles unfolded in regard to pause must govern phrasing. Phrasing illustrates clearly the difference between the mechanical and the natural methods of developing delivery. The mechanical method looks at the outside, at the grammatical structure, and the external relationship. At one time, the art of reading was so mechanical that even such ridiculous rules as this were made: the child was told to count one for a comma, two for a semi-colon, three for a colon, and four for a period. Such mechanical suggestions were made within the memory of some who are now living. Think how ridiculous such a rule as this would be if applied to conversation; but why not to conversation as well as to reading? The reader is using the words of another; but this is no reason why he should be kept from thinking the thought of the author, and making each idea his own. Why should he be placed mentally in mechanical attitude of mere pronunciation, by thinking of such artificial and mechanical rules as these? The rules given for phrasing and pausing are equally bad. Phrasing must not be trammelled by any artificial rules. It can only be natural when it is the direct revelation of the vividness, the intensity, and the rhythmic pulsation of the thinking.

To illustrate the subject of pausing and phrasing take two little poems of Browning:

75. MEETING AT NIGHT.

THE gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon, large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick, sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

Browning.

76. PARTING AT MORNING.

ROUND the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's rim —
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.

Browning.

If these poems are read as a mere stream of words, there is no sign or evidence of any thinking on the part of the reader. Such a process completely eliminates thinking; it is proof-reading, and all attention is devoted to the words as words. When, however, the reader begins to think over the real meaning, and lingers over each idea as he would over a beautiful painting, what a difference is manifest in the stream of words! What magnetic power begins to be acquired by the successive ideas! "The gray sea" becomes a picture in itself; "and the long black land" is painted in contrast to it; "and the yellow half-moon, large and low," — this can be given as one, two or three pictures. A versatile mind will take more steps, a slow, progressive, broad, comprehensive mind will take a less number of steps; — so, that no rule can be laid down. The mind proceeds

naturally: "the startled little waves" and then what they do, — "that leap in fiery ringlets," and their previous repose contrasted with effect, "from their sleep." And so on, each image being vigorously conceived in its turn, the mind moves on progressively, and the words spontaneously respond. When once the mind is started, its action is too simple to need explanation. Even in the last lines, if the mind has rhythmically and dramatically progressed with each idea, the truth is so felt that prosy explanation will only superficialize and spoil its beauty.

In reading the second poem, it must be remembered that Browning, when he once begins a poem, never changes his situation; so that in this poem, which is a part of the other, or a contrast to it, the same person is speaking in the same situation.

77 HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wild-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Emerson.

This extract from Emerson illustrates how the mind spontaneously brings together familiar words, — "Hast thou named all the birds?" is all one thing, familiar and easily understood, — so they tend to one group; but the real point is in the next, "without a gun." The mind has come upon something unusual; this is shown by a spontaneous pausing, and change of movement. The next is naturally to be expected, "Loved the wood-rose," but the next is remarkable, "and left it on its stalk;" so the mind tends to divide it into two phrases.

The student, by a little self-observation in reading, can easily find the true principles of nature, and get at the heart of the simplicity and power of such a method. The process of making

the thought one's own is not only the most effective, but is also the only possible method of grouping words about the successive ideas. No mechanical and artificial rules and expedients have ever accomplished anything but injury in artistic training.*

Problem XV. Think each successive idea in any passage so genuinely and intensely as to cause the voice to be modulated, and the words to be gathered into groups, according to their relation to the thought.

- 78 THE soul of music slumbers in its shell
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

Samuel Rogers.

- 79 LARGE was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here;
High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave;
So high that all the virtues there did come
As to the chiefest seat,
Conspicuous and great,
So low that for me, too, it made a room.

Cowley.

- 80 ROAMING in thought over the Universe, I saw the little that is
Good steadily hastening towards immortality. And the vast all that
is called evil I saw hastening to merge itself, and become lost and dead.

Whitman.

- 81 COME from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding, war-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order,
England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

Scott.

* See Classics, pp. 17, 198, 296.

82. A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet to the sea, thy tribute wave deliver;
 No more by thee my steps shall be, forever and forever.
 Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea, a rivulet, then a river;
 Nowhere by thee my steps shall be, forever and forever.
 But here will sigh thine alder-tree, and here thine aspen quiver;
 And here by thee will hum the bee, forever and forever.
 A thousand suns will stream on thee, a thousand moons will quiver,
 But not by thee my steps shall be, forever and forever.

Tennyson.

83 THE faery beam upon you—the stars to glisten on you—a moon of light in the noon of night, till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you! The wheel of fortune guide you. The boy with the bow beside you; run aye in the way till the bird of day, and the luckier lot, betide you.

"Gipsy Benediction."

Ben Jonson.

XI. SIMPLICITY.

ONE of the first and most important lessons for the student to learn in any art work, is that all true power is simple. Nothing can be great or strong which is not founded upon simple truthfulness, and fidelity to nature. Delivery is apt to be considered as something belonging entirely to manner and externals. In many cases it is considered synonymous with affectation; yet true work in expression is the best means of making us feel the real essence of simplicity. While on the one hand, elocution may be made the means of developing affectation; on the other, it may be studied in such a way as to remove affectation, and develop genuineness and sincerity. If a student is led to study the elements of his thinking, and the spontaneous tendencies of his nature to utterance,—to observe what pleases him in the conversation of others,—he will become conscious of what is truly natural, and be able to distinguish naturalness from affectation.

The greatest writers and artists have one invariable characteristic: they are simple and sincere. Homer and Phidias,

Virgil and Dante, Shakespeare and Wordsworth, all use the simplest words to express their ideas. The greatness of all art consists in its transparency; the greatness of all oratory, of all delivery, and histrionic expression, is its simple intensity and naturalness, its depth, not loudness, its hidden soul, not showy garment, its repose, not extravagance.

The greatest necessity for the student in expression is to be free from all mannerisms; the greatest danger is the substitution of affectation for the true utterance of what is in the mind. Affectation literally means something joined to something else; a stick of wood nailed to the side of a tree would be an affected limb. If we do not have something in our hearts, we can never have it in utterance. Simplicity in expression means an absence of show, declamation, and affectation, and the presence of that only which makes clear and transparent. It is a manifestation of directness of thought and aim.

Simplicity is founded upon sincerity. It is a manifestation of true earnestness; it implies faith in truth rather than in modes of presentation; it is a simple correspondence between thought, feeling and their expression, founded upon truthfulness of feeling. It is ever the foundation of all excellence in expression; and it implies directness of thought, sincerity of motive, truthfulness of the soul, in its bearing toward nature and man. These are the most necessary requisites for all true greatness in speaking.

The true road to simplicity is through abandonment. To some, abandon means extravagance; but abandon does not mean muscular labor, — rather the opposite. Abandon is not bombast, nor is simplicity repression. True abandon, true spontaneity, as has been shown, is the giving of ourselves to the harmonious impulses of all parts of our nature, working in unity. True spontaneity forbids too much interference with natural unity of impulse, as simplicity forbids any addition to the true outward manifestations of thought and feeling.

From this can be seen the importance of studying the best authors to develop Vocal Expression. The authors first chosen are of great moment: the first loves in literature are the most lasting, giving us our ideals of life, and the conceptions for all art work. Such authors should be selected for practice as will foster no abnormal taste, but develop a sense of simplicity, and a love of nature and truth.

One of the best authors to develop simplicity is Wordsworth: his best work is full of the simple love of nature; his ideas are the product of genuine imagination, without extravagance of fancy, and are expressed in the simplest words. Another author, sincere and without declamation, is Burns. In his poem "To the Daisy," there is the simple, genuine feeling of the heart, without affectation, or bombastic pretense of emotion, or far-fetched images. We feel only the man and the object of which he speaks. No mass of labored words and phrases befog the simple images and feeling of the heart. But the very textbook of human nature and expression is found in Shakespeare. It is very well, however, for students to go to the fountain-head of simplicity and all art, — Homer. At any rate, students should avoid the hot-house, extravagant compositions that are published in "Choice Selections," and "Choice Recitations." The style of composition which is so loved in elocutionary renderings is the saddest of all comments upon the condition of the art. Good literature can be found on all sides at a very low cost. Students should make their own extracts, and arrange their own selections and readings. Even college students are found looking to books of selections for "a good declamation;" and often they make no effort to look up the source of such extracts, to find their original spirit, the author's full meaning, or the use to which they were first applied.

A sense of simplicity is requisite to an appreciation of a great work of art, or to the development of literary taste. To be able to appreciate the Greek simplicity of phrase in a poem like

Cowper's "Royal George"; to recognize the transparency of Wordsworth's early poems, the naturalness and force of Burns' "Daisy," — is to make a great step in the appreciation of poetry and art. The ability to render such poems without tameness on the one hand, or declamation on the other, with a perfectly natural and simple expression of their true spirit, is the mark of the true reader. True art manifests truthfully and simply the process of thought and feeling in the human heart.*

Problem XVI. Read an extract and give direct expression to the spontaneous impulses. Try as little as possible to add to or detract from the inherent energy of the thought. Avoid all affectation on the one hand, or repression on the other. Give every impulse its truthful voice.

84 I TRAVELLED among unknown men, in lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then what love I bore to thee.
'Tis past, that melancholy dream! nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem to love thee more and more.
Among thy mountains did I feel the joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel beside an English fire.
Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed the bowers where Lucy played;
And thine too is the last green field that Lucy's eyes surveyed.

Wordsworth.

85. A CONSOLATION.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on Thee, — and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Shakespeare.

* Classics, pp. 88, 86, 90, 108, 206.

86 THE Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul, he leadeth me in paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies, thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Psaln XXIII.

87. PRIAM AND ACHILLES.

THEN Priam spake and entreated him, saying, "Bethink thee, O Achilles, like to gods, of thy father that is of like years with me, on the grievous pathway of old age. While he heareth of thee as yet alive, he rejoiceth in his heart, and hopeth withal, day after day, that he shall see his dear son returning from Troy-land. But I, I am utterly unblest, since I begat sons, the best men in wide Troy-land, but declare unto thee that none of them is left. He who was yet left, and guarded city and men, him thou slewest but now as he fought for his country, even Hector. For his sake come I unto the ships of the Achaians, that I may win him back from thee, and I bring with me untold ransom. Yea, fear thou the gods, Achilles, and have compassion on me, even me, bethinking thee of thy father. Lo, I am yet more piteous than he, and have braved what none other man on earth hath braved before, to stretch forth my hand toward the face of the slayer of my sons."

Thus spake he, and stirred within Achilles desire to make lament for his father. And he touched the old man's hand, and gently moved him back. And as they both bethought them of their dead, so Priam for man-slaying Hector wept sore as he was fallen before Achilles' feet, and Achilles wept for his own father, and now again for Patroklos, and their moan went up throughout the house. But when noble Achilles had satisfied him with lament, and the desire thereof departed from his heart and limbs, straightway he sprang from his seat and raised the old man by his hand, pitying his hoary head and hoary beard, and spake unto him winged words, and said: "Ah, hapless! many ill things verily thou hast endured in thy heart. This is the lot the gods have spun for miserable men, that they should live in pain. To Peleus gave the gods splendid gifts from his birth, for he excelled all men in good fortune and wealth, and was king of the Myrmidons, and, mortal though he was, the god gave him a goddess to be his bride. Yet on him God brought evil, seeing that he begat one son to an untimely death. And of thee, old sire, we

have heard how of old time thou wert happy, — but Heaven brought this bane on thee. Keep courage, and lament not unabatingly in thy heart; for nothing wilt thou avail by grieving for thy son, neither shalt thou bring him back to life. Thy son, old sire, is given back as thou wouldst, and lieth on a bier, and with the break of day thou shalt see him thyself as thou carriest him."

And they yoked oxen and mules to wains, and quickly then they flocked before the city. So nine days they gathered great store of wood. But when the tenth morn rose with light for men, then bare they forth brave Hector, weeping tears, and on a lofty pyre they laid the dead man, and thereon cast fire.

But when the daughter of Dawn, rosy-fingered Morning, shone forth, then gathered the folk around glorious Hector's pyre. First quenched they with bright wine all the burning, so far as the fire's strength went, and then his brethren and comrades gathered his white bones lamenting, and big tears flowed down their cheeks. And the bones they took and laid in a golden urn, shrouding them in soft purple robes, and straightway laid the urn in a hollow grave, and piled thereon great, close-set stones.

"*The Iliad*," Translated by Myers.

Homer.

88. LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave! the brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave, fast by their native shore!
 Eight hundred of the brave whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel, and laid her on her side.
 A land-breeze shook the shrouds, and she was upset;
 Down went the Royal George, with all her crew complete.
 Toll for the brave! Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
 His last sea-fight is fought, his work of glory done.
 It was not in the battle; no tempest gave the shock;
 She sprang no fatal leak, she ran upon no rock.
 His sword was in its sheath, his fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down with twice four hundred men.
 Weigh the vessel up once dreaded by our foes!
 And mingle with our cup the tear that England owes.
 Her timbers yet are sound, and she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder, and plough the distant main:
 But Kempenfelt is gone, his victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred shall plough the wave no more.

Cowper.

* The Royal George, of 108 guns, whilst undergoing a partial careening in Portsmouth Harbor, was upset Aug. 29, 1782. The total loss was nearly 1,000 men.

89. TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down with the plough, in April, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower, thou'st met me in an evil hour;
for I maun crush amang the stoure thy slender stem: to spare thee now is
past my power, thou bonnie gem. Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet, the
bonnie lark, companion meet! bending thee 'mang the dewy weat! wi'
speckled breast, when upward-springing, blythe, to greet the purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north upon thy early, humble birth; yet
cheerfully thou glinted forth amid the storm, scarce reared above the
parent earth thy tender form. The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
high sheltering woods and wa's maun shield, but thou, beneath the
random bield* o' clod or stane, adorns the histie† stibble-field, unseen,
alane. There, in thy scanty mantle clad, thy snawy bosom sunward
spread, thou lifts thy unassuming head in humble guise; and now the
share uptears thy bed, and low thou lies! . . .

Such is the fate of simple bard, on life's rough ocean luckless starred!
unskilful he to note the card of prudent lore, till billows rage, and gales
blow hard, and whelm him o'er! . . . Even thou who mourn'st the
daisy's fate, that fate is thine — no distant date! Stern Ruin's ploughshare
drives, elate, full on thy bloom, till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
shall be thy doom.

Burns.

90. SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so smart there's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.
Her father he makes cabbage-nets and through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long to such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could n'er beget so sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.
When she is by, I leave my work, I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk, and bangs me most severely —
But let him bang his bellyful, I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.
Of all the days that's in the week I dearly love but one day —
And that's the day that comes betwixt a Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best to walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.

* Shelter.

† Dry

My master carries me to church, and often am I blamed
 Because I leave him in the lurch as soon as text is named;
 I leave the church in sermon-time, and slink away to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.
 When Christmas comes about again, oh, then I shall have money;
 I'll hoard it up and box it all, I'll give it to my honey:
 I would it were ten thousand pound, I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.
 My master and the neighbours all make game of me and Sally,
 And, but for her, I'd better be a slave, and row a galley;
 But when my seven long years are out, oh, then I'll marry Sally, —
 Oh, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed, but not in our alley!

Carey

XII. ANIMATION.

91. THOU comest! Yes! the vessel's cloud
 Hangs dark upon the rolling sea.
 Oh, that yon sea-bird's wings were mine,
 To win one instant's glimpse of thee!

Arnold.

SIMPLICITY is present in proportion as the ideas directly and immediately cause the expression. Animation is in proportion to the vividness of the conceptions, the vigor of their response, and their rhythmic sequence. At first thought, animation may seem to be the direct opposite of simplicity; but this is not the case, for true simplicity, and true genuineness, are characteristic of all life. The direct road to true animation is simplicity. To be full of life, we must be unostentatious, sincere, and genuine. To be one's self is to be alive. Animation and simplicity are not only essential elements of all expression and art: they are also co-essential to each other; they are necessary complements of each other.

The word 'animation' comes to us from the Latin word 'anima,' which means 'soul,' or 'life.' An animated style is a style full of life and vigor. That which gives life to a word is the vividness of the conception that is suggested by it. The animation, therefore, is in direct proportion to the vigor of the

mind in thinking, and to the vividness with which each conception is seen, or heard, or felt.

92 CONSIDER the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

This sentence is considered one of the most beautiful and perfect ever penned. It is simple,—each word is the most appropriate possible. It awakens a simple conception, one that is possible to every mind. It fulfills the conditions of what Herbert Spencer calls ‘economy,’ each word chosen awakening the conception with the least possible expenditure of mental energy. Then the images stimulate a rhythmic sequence of thought in the mind of the reader or hearer. Each tends to create the next: the mind is made to move. The simplicity and animation of this passage are also tested in that it is easily read. The successive conceptions are so definite and vivid that they awaken emotion and all the normal impulses toward expression. How each image dominates its phrase, how naturally do the pauses recur, and how easily does the voice modulate pitch and inflection in revealing the progress of ideas!

The principle underlying animation in style also underlies all true life in Vocal Expression. The conceptions of the mind must be clear, distinct, and full of life. The most vivid passage may be read with dry, cold abstraction on account of a failure to realize the successive ideas. The mechanical method is often adopted in teaching Vocal Expression, as a substitute for vigorous thinking. Students are often more fond of a mechanical method, and resent any reference to their thinking. They are looking for some system which will save the trouble of thinking. According to the method of nature, all animation and power in Vocal Expression must depend upon the vigor of thought; the thinking must be so vigorous, ideas must be so realized, that all the faculties and powers of the man will be brought into harmonious action.

We find that the development of a good style in writing, and a proper mode of reading or speaking, is dependent upon the same principles. Speaking and reading alone cannot develop a good style in writing; but right work in Vocal Expression will aid good work in writing. A child learns to speak before he learns to write. We find also that Vocal Expression is a better, or at least a more immediate test of the vividness of ideas. The teacher may see the student's process of thinking more direct even than in writing. Writing may more adequately test clearness and definiteness of statement, but reading will test the vigor, the vividness of the thought, and the freedom of knowledge from symbolic modes of thinking.

Not only is Vocal Expression the best means of testing the vigor and life of thinking, which is shown in the animation of the successive ideas, but it is also an important means of training the act of thinking. It develops the power of simple conception, the philosophic memory, and the imagination. Whatever form the reproductive action of the mind may take, Vocal Expression, rightly taught, is a most important means of studying and developing proper mental action.

In the work of developing animation there are many dangers. There is a tendency merely to declaim, or to give loudness; but physical earnestness is not true earnestness, nor is muscular energy the highest energy. Loudness has nothing to do with animation; it is a false animation, a mere physical animation. True animation is always simple: it is the union of thinking and feeling, and it shows itself by subtle changes of pitch, and pauses,—by definiteness of touch, and by resonance of tone. True earnestness and true animation act from the centre outward. Earnestness and animation must be genuinely reposeful; true animation comes from the harmonious co-operation of all the faculties of the man.

We must also distinguish between excitement and animation. Animation is the result of intensity and concentration of the

mind, and a co-operation of all the powers of thinking; excitement is due entirely to emotional awakening, or even to nervousness. Animation belongs to thought and feeling; excitement is more physical. To develop animation, therefore, take a well-written passage, and read it with as vigorous a mental life as possible. Avoid too much physical excitement and loudness: let the animation cause the vividness of the ideas, and the movement of the rhythmic pulsations of the mind, and reveal it, as far as possible, by change of pitch, by length of pause, by definiteness of touch and variation.

Work upon such forms of literature as will awaken vigorous and definite conceptions, so that we shall see, feel, and hear the events the mind is re-creating as vividly as though they were happening in actual life. Such extracts should be practised as will awaken the deeper and more subtle emotions of the man, such as will stimulate his true earnestness, and his genuine feeling, and arouse that responsive condition of his whole nature, which is necessary to all expression.

There are certain emotions to be practised which are especially helpful, such as patriotic passages, or those full of love of nature. Some passages are more or less animated in their very nature; but animation means the presentation of ideas of all kinds as vividly as their nature will admit.

Problem XVII. Simply and directly impart the life and energy of a vivid succession of ideas to the modulations of the voice.

93 HAPPY, happy liver, with a soul as strong as a mountain river,
pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver, joy and jollity be with us both!
"Skylark."

Wordsworth.

94 HE rose at dawn, and, fired with hope, shot o'er the seething harbor bar, and reached the ship, and caught the rope, and whistled to the morning star. And while he whistled long and loud, he heard a fierce mermaid cry, "Oh, boy, tho' thou art young and proud, I see the place where thou wilt lie. The sands and yeasty surges mix in caves about the dreary bay, and on thy ribs the limpet sticks, and in thy heart the scrawl

shall play." "Fool," he answered, "death is sure to those that stay and those that roam, but I will nevermore endure to sit with empty hands at home. My mother clings about my neck, my sisters crying, 'Stay, for shame;' my father raves of death and wreck: they are all to blame, they are all to blame. God help me! save I take my part of danger on the roaring sea, a devil rises in my heart, far worse than any death to me."

Tennyson.

"The Sailor Boy."

95. HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA.

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest northeast distance dawned Gibraltar, grand and gray;
"Here and here did England help me—how can I help England?" say
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent, over Africa.

Browning.

96 SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

Burns.

97 THE seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Shelley.

98 O STRONG sea-sailor, whose cheek turns paler for wind, or hail, or
for fear of thee? O far sea-farer, O thunder-bearer, thy songs are rarer
than soft songs be. O fleet-foot stranger, O north-sea ranger, through
days of danger and ways of fear, blow thy horn here for us, blow the sky
clear for us, send us the son of the sea to hear.

Swinburne.

99 WHEREVER, O man, God's sun first beamed upon thee, where the
stars of heaven first shone above thee, where His lightnings first de-
clared His omnipotence, and His storm and wind shook thy soul with
pious awe,—there are thy affections, there is thy country. Where the
first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle, where thy mother first
bore thee joyfully on her bosom, where thy father engraved the words of
wisdom on thy heart,—there are thy affections, there is thy country.

100 THANKS be to God for mountains! From age to age they have been the last friends of man. In a thousand extremities they have saved him. What great hearts have throbbed in their defiles from the days of Leonidas to those of Andreas Hofer! What lofty souls, what tender hearts, what poor and persecuted creatures have they sheltered in their stony bosoms from the weapons and tortures of their fellow-men!

Howitt.

101 NEAR the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. . . . Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern Empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travellers, Herodotus yesterday, Warburton to-day—upon all, and more, this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, straining far over to hold his beloved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx!

"The Sphinx."

A. W. Kinglake.

102. CAPE USHANT.

WHAT of the night, ho! watcher there upon the armed deck,
That holds within its thunderous lair the last of Empire's wreck—
E'en him whose capture now the chain from captive earth shall smite;
Ho! rocked upon the moaning main, watcher what of the night?
"The stars are waning fast—the curl of morning's coming breeze,
Far in the North begins to furl night's vapour from the seas.
Her every shred of canvas spread, the proud ship plunges free,
While bears afar, with stormy head, Cape Ushant on our lee."

At that last word, as trumpet stirred, forth in the dawning grey,
A silent man made to the deck his solitary way.
And leaning o'er the poop, he gazed till on his straining view
That cloud-like speck of land, upraised, distinct but slowly grew.
Well may he look until his frame maddens to marble there;
He risked Renown's all-grasping game, dominion or despair—
And lost—and lo, in vapour furled, the last of that loved France,
For which his prowess cursed the world, is dwindling from his glance.

Rave on, thou far-resounding deep, whose billows round him roll!
 Thou'rt calmness to the storms that sweep this moment o'er his soul.
 Black chaos swims before him, spread with trophy-shaping bones,
 The council strife, the battle-dead, rent charters, cloven thrones.
 Yet, proud one! could the loftiest day of thy transcendent power
 Match with the soul-compelling sway which in this dreadful hour
 Aids thee to hide, beneath the show of calmest lip and eye,
 The hell that wars and works below, — the quenchless thirst to die?

The white dawn crimsoned into morn, the morning flashed to day,
 And the sun followed, glory-born, rejoicing on his way;
 And still o'er ocean's kindling flood that muser cast his view,
 While round him awed and silent stood his fate's devoted few.
 He lives, perchance, the past again, from the fierce hour when first
 On the astounded hearts of men his meteor presence burst;
 When blood-besotted Anarchy sank, quelled, amid the glare
 Of thy far-sweeping musketry, fame-fraught Vendémiaire!

And darker thoughts oppress him now, — her ill-requited love
 Whose faith, as beauteous as her brow, brought blessings from above;
 Her trampled heart, his darkening star, the cry of outraged Man,
 And white-lipped Rout and wolfish War loud thundering on his van.
 Oh for the sulphurous eve of June, when down that Belgian hill
 His bristling Guard's superb platoon he led unbroken still!
 Now would he pause, and quit their side upon destruction's marge,
 Nor king-like share with desperate pride their vainly glorious charge?

Simmons.

103 "O BROTHERS! speaking the same dear mother-tongue; O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest once used to kneel, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely. Our Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and cries, 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost — oh! let him pass — he hates him
 That would upon the rack of this tough world
 Stretch him out longer.'

"Hush, strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

"George III."

Thackeray.

104. TO THE SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler! — that love-prompted strain —
 'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond —
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
 All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine,
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
 Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam, —
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

Wordsworth.

- 105 Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
 And now, — instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, —
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, — that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd thus of fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,

Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
 Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity:
 And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair, well-spoken days—
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And, if King Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Shakespeare.

"Richard III."

106. THE DYING YEAR.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky, the flying cloud, the frosty
 light; the year is dying in the night; ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
 Ring out the old, ring in the new, ring, happy bells, across the snow,—
 the year is going, let him go; ring out the false, ring in the true. Ring
 out the grief, that saps the mind, for those that here we see no more;
 ring out the feud of rich and poor, ring in redress to all mankind. Ring
 out a slowly dying cause, and ancient forms of party strife; ring in the
 nobler modes of life, with sweeter manners, purer laws. Ring out the
 want, the care, the sin, the faithless coldness of the times; ring out, ring
 out my mournful rhymes, but ring the fuller minstrel in. Ring out false
 pride in place and blood, the civic slander, and the spite; ring in the
 love of truth and right, ring in the common love of good. Ring out old
 shapes of foul disease, ring out the narrowing lust of gold; ring out the
 thousand wars of old, ring in the thousand years of peace. Ring in the
 valiant man, and free, the larger heart, the kindlier hand; ring out the
 darkness of the land, ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson.

107. BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior Queen, bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien, counsels of her country's gods,
Sage beneath the spreading oak, sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke, full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties all the terrors of our tongues.
Rome shall perish! write that word in the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred, deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned, tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground, — hark! the Gaul is at her gates!
Other Romans shall arise, heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize, harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs from the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings, shall a wider world command.
Regions Cæsar never knew thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew, none invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words, pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords of his sweet but awful lyre.
She, with all a monarch's pride, felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died; dying, hurled them at the foe.
"Ruffians, pitiless as proud! heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed, shame and ruin wait for you."

William Cowper.

- 108 FAIR star of evening, splendour of the west,
Star of my country! on the horizon's brink
Thou hankest, stooping, as might seem, to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and should'st wink,
Bright star! with laughter on her banners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot
Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory! — I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

Wordsworth.

II.

METHOD, OR LOGICAL RELATIONS.

XIII. ACCENTUATION.

109 THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight —
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods' —
The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.
I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion —
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion?

"Near Naples."

Shelley.

IF we read these lines, really conceiving and admiring the images in their order, we not only find the facts we have already observed, — namely, successive ideas and vivid conceptions, each dominating the feeling and its vocal expression, causing changes of pitch, pauses between the conceptions, and the grouping of the words about each successive image, — but, if we read naturally, we also find in each successive group of words or phrases, a central *attack* or *accent*. The characteristics

we have already found are more or less external to the phrases and words ; but this attack we find to be within the phrase, and even within the central word.

In reading this extract, the mind first focuses itself upon the idea of 'sun,' — that is, the sun is the centre of the impression; of this, the mind asserts or recognizes 'warm.' In like manner, of the 'sky' is predicated 'clear.' In the next line, the attention is centred upon 'waves' and their characteristics, with climax upon 'bright.' In the same way the mind centres upon 'isle,' 'mountain,' and asserts a characteristic centring in 'noon.'

Now, if we observe conversation again, and note carefully its form and the action of the mind, we find not only that the mind is concentrated upon each of these successive ideas, but also that these successive concentrations of the mind cause definite touches, or attacks, upon the central words in the phrase. That is, the word most directly related to the central idea in thought receives a peculiar vocal action, which manifests the action of the mind. When the speaker is simple, natural, unaffected, and spontaneous, and his voice is flexible and free, his groups of words are spoken in melodic forms in correspondence with the process of thought. We find, also, that as such concentrations of the mind are essential to thinking, so are such definite attacks of the voice the most fundamental characteristic of conversation or natural speech, and are essential to awaken thought in other minds. A mere stream of ideas, or a mere stream of words, is equally empty and foreign to thinking.

Thought requires successive concentration of the mind, or definite attention upon specific ideas ; and expression demands that the stream of words must be so dominated by this successive mental action, that each central word is spontaneously or deliberately given in correspondence with the mental concentration and progression of ideas. This relation of words to ideas may be compared to the conventional accentuation of syllables in pronunciation. The accentuation of a syllable in a

word is more mechanical; it rarely changes. No adequate theory has ever been given why one syllable is accented rather than another. The most reasonable one is that it is the syllable containing the root idea; but we find many words whose accent is not found upon the root syllable. Pronunciation seems to be governed chiefly by custom, but the centralization of words in conversation is the effect of the act of thinking: it changes with every phrase, and more or less with every speaker; it is the direct revelation, through the voice, of the successive points of concentration in the attention of the mind; it is a rhythmic expression in words of the rhythm of thought, a recognition by the voice of the law of association of ideas, which governs all thinking.

In sing-song speech of any kind, or where words are given merely for the sake of words, as in reading proof, we find no such accentuation. The reason for this is that the attention of the mind is primarily upon the form, or upon the words as words; but the thinking of the thought of each phrase, before giving the words that express it, causes the word corresponding to the central idea to be made salient by the voice. The presence of such accentuations, their degree and variation, are in direct proportion to the genuineness and directness of the thinking, and the earnestness in communicating the ideas. In natural conversation, the act of thinking each idea in turn immediately precedes each successive act of expression. When the mind deals in broad generalization, or grasps primarily the general purpose, these accentuations are slighted, and the successive steps of the thought are not realized. The thinking must be a living, present act, in rhythmic alternation with the vocal and physical acts of expression.

Many faults in Vocal Expression are the direct result of the violation of this element of naturalness. One of the most common of such faults is declamation. This is caused by speaking words from memory, or from using verbal memory rather

than philosophic memory. A misconception of the nature of public speaking often causes a lack of accentuation. An endeavor to make words large, or to speak loud so as to appear to be in earnest, is still another cause of declamatory tones. Another fault, closely akin to this, is rant. Rant is earnestness of feeling without earnestness of thought. There is an endeavor to impress a general truth on men without specifically impressing upon them each successive idea, or conception of that truth. Rant results from an endeavor to awaken feeling without awakening ideas as the cause of that feeling.

The first effect of a lack of definite rhythmic thinking, which determines the expression of each phrase, shows itself in the absence of accentuation. All the faults associated with melodies of speech, such as "staginess," and "ministerial tones," are caused by a failure to dominate the modulations of the voice by the successive acts of thinking.

Laying aside, for the present, the rising and the falling of the voice upon these central words, the inflectional accentuation showing the progression, the interrogative or the assertive attitude of mind, the seeking and the finding, the attitude of wonder or acceptance, or of presentation, which are all clearly revealed by the voice in its mode of accentuating the central words, — leaving all this to instinct, for the present, let us note simply the central touches or attacks, and their importance in expression, and as far as possible give a definite touch to the word in each phrase which corresponds to the centre of the attention of the mind. It is good practice, in order to awaken the proper instinctive actions of the mind, to take some extract in which we are interested, and try to give the successive ideas slowly and effectively, so as to awaken the same ideas in another mind. Whenever each idea is given vaguely and not pointedly, teachers should interrupt a student with questions, — "What? Who? Are you sure?" This awakens the instinct to relate an idea to another mind, or reveals to the student the vagueness of

his own conception. Every one in conversation adapts his words to his auditor, and also the modulations of the voice, the attacks, the inflections, and subordinations.

The one great requisite for effective vocal expression is the power to grapple with ideas, to awaken definitely and simply in another mind a process of thought analogous to our own. Rhythmic accentuation is a fundamental instinct; it is as universal as mind, and must simply be awakened.

Problem XVIII. Manifest by the voice, as simply and definitely as possible, the successive steps of the process of thinking; accentuate the concentration of the mind upon the successive ideas, and manifest this so as to dominate the attention of another.

110 By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

Emerson.

111. FROM "ULYSSES."

THERE lies the port: the vessel puffs her sails:
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me, —
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Tennyson.

XIV. TOUCH.

- 112 TIME's glory is to calm contending kings,
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right;
 To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.

Shakespeare.

IF we read aloud, naturally and earnestly, these lines of Shakespeare, we find that one characteristic of our reading is a succession of touches; there is a rhythmic action in the voice that corresponds to the rhythm of thought. The rhythmic application of force to the voice is the direct expression of the rhythmic sequence of the mind in thinking. As there is no thought without concentration of the mind, so there is no natural or effective speech without definiteness of touch, which corresponds to this concentration. We find also that this touch may be given in a great variety of ways: it may be given so as to suggest clearness of conception, dignity, nobleness, and intensity of character, on the part of the speaker, — or it may be given so as to suggest degradation, vague thinking, indefinite purpose, and lack of control.

The right control of the voice in touch is very important. In natural conversation, the action of the mind is directly and clearly mirrored by the action of the voice. On whatever the

attention is centred, the voice makes a salient touch. Whenever an idea is in the background, the voice subordinates it. There are many actions of the voice in the simplest clause. One of these is a definite and decided touch, attack, or stress, upon the accentuated vowel of the principal word. There is, in fact, a touch upon each word; but there is a distinctive touch upon the central word in each phrase. The attack must be definite and decided. Each word must have but one centre of force, and that centre must be the accented syllable.

Speech must have the highest qualities of all noble and artistic execution. Among the chief qualities of execution in art are ease, economy, repose, and decision. These apply not only to arts like music and painting, but also to all forms of speech. Ease is dependent upon facility or skill, and the absence of constriction; economy is in proportion to the production of a maximum of effect with a minimum of effort; repose is due to the easy retention, or control, of the greatest amount of force, in such a way that the force diffuses itself into every part without going to waste; decision refers to the definite application of force in such a way as to accomplish the end.

Speech and song differ in touch. Song is a prolongation of sound-waves of a certain length; in speech there is a constant variation of their length. The touch in speech is more staccato than in song: the voice in speech acts like the fingers in playing upon the piano, while in song the action is similar to the organ. In poor speech a drag is often introduced, which causes it to be more like song, and in poor singing there is a tendency almost like inflection, to drag from one sound to another. The true power and right action in song or speech are shown by opposition and difference from one another. Whenever the touch is definite and decided, when the whole word seems to be spoken "out of the vowel," speech is noble and effective. Song also has a decision of touch; but the words have an easy and gradual prolongation, which is not at all a characteristic of noble speech.

All true speech has a vigorous and decided attack. Mr. Wyseman Marshall, an experienced actor, and for many years a very able teacher in Boston, worked out a method in which his teaching and acting centred. He used to say: "The vowel must be struck like a bell; that is the only way one can keep the character." Not only is there a great element of truth in this, in relation to impersonation; but it also enables one to speak each word on a different pitch. Change of pitch is one of the most important means by which a speaker can make himself heard in a large hall.

Not only is touch important because it is natural, and a characteristic of the noblest and most dignified conversation; not only is it important because it enables us to keep the character, and gives freedom and rhythmic accentuation for the sequence of ideas; — but it is also necessary for a proper control of breath, and, what is more important, in controlling breath as a means of expressing intense emotion. It is only by a definite touch of the voice that the deepest and most profound emotions can be suggested. The deeper the emotion, the higher, the more sublime the ideas or passion, the more does delicate touch and suggestion characterize the expression. Thus, all faults of melody, all faults of manner, all faults associated with what is called unnaturalness, are closely connected with attack or touch.

The touch of the voice has been taught under the name of stress. It has been asserted that there are several kinds of stresses, — radical, median, terminal, compound, and so on, — and that each of these expresses a special kind of emotion. Observation and study, however, will show that most of these so-called stresses are faults of speech, and are abnormal. All true touch in speech is given with radical stress. The median stress is a kind of swell of the voice, and manifests lack of control over emotion; it is indicative of weakness. The difference between touch in joy and in sorrow does not consist in the abruptness of stress so much as in the change in the texture of

the voice. If we strike a steel hammer upon a steel anvil there is a sudden concussion. If, however, we strike it upon a block of cork, though the blow is the same, the concussion is different. So it is in the voice: sorrow makes the texture of the muscles soft, and the touch of the voice is modified accordingly. It is not a difference, however, in the volitional action of speech, — one is not a radical and the other a median stress; the difference is in the texture of the muscles, and the resulting tone color.

As is well known, the art of bringing out the sound from the gongs of Japan and of India consists in a delicate stroke with a soft pad. The same is true of a drum: strike a hard stick on a little drum, and there is a harsh sound, while the bass drum is struck by a stick ending in a soft ball. The difference is not in the application of force, but in the texture of the object that strikes, or the size and texture of the drum that is struck. Now, in all emotions the lungs are filled with air: they represent a kind of drum, and the touch of the voice is that which brings out the resonance. The muscular texture is very soft in some emotions, — such as love, pathos, or sorrow; while it is very firm in other emotions, — such as joy or anger. Hence the resonance or texture of the voice is wholly different; but the touch itself is as strong, as decided, as definite in one case as in the other.

That there are differences of touch cannot be doubted. For example, there may be very undignified anger in a very low character, and "terminal stress" may be given in a literal presentation of the character; or some one may try to exaggerate the coarseness of character, and give "thorough stress." All these, however, are abnormal conditions, — they are really faults, and are not the manifestation of simple naturalness and dignified suggestion. Other things being equal, normal speech is uttered with radical stress, and of all emotions, pathos and sorrow, reverence and worship have most need of dignified and suggestive means: they demand most control of breath; they

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tend to become degraded in expression, — there is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Noble sorrow can easily sink to ignoble sadness, and the deepest pathos to the most sentimental bathos.

Instead of the radical touch decreasing in sorrow and deep feeling, it really increases. The special function of touch is to manifest the degree of intensity. Wherever there is depth of thought or passion, wherever there is activity of will to control emotion, or intensity of thought awakened by passion, the attack rather increases than decreases; and the greater the dignity and nobleness of the emotion, or the situation, the more important it is to preserve definiteness and decision of attack.

Problem XIX. Become conscious of the definite touch of the voice in giving the accented vowel of the central word in each phrase, as the manifestation of the concentration of the mind in vigorous thinking.

- 113 ALL in a hot and copper sky the bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand, no bigger than the Moon.

Coleridge.

- 114 O SILENT voice, that cheered so long our manhood's marching day,
Without thy breath of heavenly song, how weary seems the way!

Holmes.

- 115 BUILD to-day, then, strong and sure, with a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure shall to-morrow find its place.
Thus alone can we attain to those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain, and one boundless reach of sky.

"The Builders."

Longfellow.

Problem XX. Give lines full of kingly dignity, authority, intensity, or such elements as will naturally increase force, and express them by greater decision of touch and variety of pitches and pauses, but without increasing loudness.

- 116 WORCESTER, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eyes.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

"Henry IV."

Shakespeare.

- 117 GOD quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence:
 You have conspired against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
 Received the golden earnest of our death;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom unto desolation.
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
 Patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

"Henry V."

Shakespeare.

Problem XXI. Give a passage which is very delicate, and then contrast with others full of greater force, keeping the same dignity and ease, increasing only the touch and range of voice.*

- 118 POETS are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present.
 "A Defence of Poetry." Shelley.

- 119 JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
 Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat.

120 HEW down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may; I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in bay.

- 121 MY life, my honor, and my cause, I tender free to Scotland's laws.

- 122 ROUSE, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!

- 123 ALAS for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees!

Whittier.

* In these illustrations, we have the most delicate touch in 118, the degrees of intensity increasing to 122. In 123 and 124, we have the expression of sorrow and seriousness, and we find in these that the intensity of the touch does not lessen, but rather increases. It is the texture and color that gives the feeling; the touch gives the control over it, or the intensity. In 125, there is a fine illustration of sudden change of texture and color, with little change of touch.

- 124 I SLEEP and rest, my heart makes moan, before I am well awake.
Let me bleed! oh, let me alone, since I must not break!

125 CHARGE! Chester, charge! On! Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion.

Problem XXII. Take a variety of emotions, and vary the touch in expressing them according to the intensity of thought or of feeling, but give the touch the same definite and decided character.

- 126 NAIL to the mast her holy flag, set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms, the lightning and the gale.
Holmes.

127 BEING above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone, —
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er, —
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

- 128 THERE'S tempest in you horned moon, and lightning in you cloud;
And hark the music, mariners! the wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys, the lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is, our heritage the sea.
Cunningham.

129 FEAR no more the heat o' the sun, nor the furious winter's rages;
thou thy worldly task hast done, home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
golden lads and girls all must, as chimney sweepers, come to dust. Fear
no more the frown o' the great, thou art past the tyrant's stroke; care
no more to clothe and eat; to thee the reed is as the oak; the sceptre,
learning, physic, must all follow this, and come to dust. Fear no more
the lightning flash, nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone; fear not slander,
censure rash; thou hast finish'd joy and moan: all lovers young, all
lovers must consign to thee, and come to dust.

"Cymbeline."

Shakespeare.

130 MOUNT, child of morning, mount and sing, and gaily beat thy
fluttering wing, and sound thy shrill alarms; bathed in the fountains of
the dew thy sense is keen, thy joys are new; the wide world opens to thy
view, and spreads its earliest charms.

Sing on! sing on! What heart so cold, when such a tale of joy is told,
but needs must sympathize? As from some cherub of the sky, I hail thy
morning melody. Oh, could I mount with thee on high, and share thy
ecstasies!

Letitia Barbauld.

131. THE LEE SHORE.

SLEET and hail and thunder! and ye winds that rave
 Till the sands thereunder tinge the sullen wave, —
 Winds that like a demon howl, with horrid note,
 Round the toiling seaman in his tossing boat!
 From his humble dwelling, on the shingly shore,
 Where the billows swelling keep such hollow roar; —
 From that weeping woman, seeking with her cries
 Succour superhuman from the frowning skies; —
 From the urchin pining for his father's knee; —
 From the lattice shining, drive him out to sea! —
 Let broad leagues dis sever him from yonder foam.
 O God! to think man ever comes too near his home.

Hood.

132. "MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY."

"MAKE way for Liberty!" he cried; made way for Liberty, and died!
 In arms the Austrian phalanx stood, a living wall, a human wood! a
 wall where every conscious stone seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
 a rampart all assaults to bear, till Time to dust their frames should wear!
 . . . Impregnable, their front appears all horrent with projected spears,
 whose polished points before them shine, from flank to flank, one brilliant
 line, bright as the breakers, splendours run along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band contended for their native land;
 peasants, whose new-found strength had broke from manly necks the
 ignoble yoke, and forged their fetters into swords, on equal terms to
 fight their lords; and what insurgent rage had gained, in many a mortal
 fray maintained: marshalled once more at Freedom's call, they came to
 conquer or to fall. . . . And now the work of life and death hung on the
 passing of a breath; the fire of conflict burned within, the battle trembled
 to begin: yet while the Austrians held their ground, point for attack was
 nowhere found; where'er the impatient Switzers gazed, the unbroken
 line of lancers blazed: that line t'were suicide to meet, and perish at
 their tyrant's feet; — how could they rest within their graves, and leave
 their homes, the homes of slaves, would they not feel their children tread
 with clanking chains above their head? It must not be: this day, this
 hour, annihilates the oppressor's power; all Switzerland is in the field:
 she will not fly, she cannot yield, — she must not fall; her better fate
 here gives her an immortal date. Few were the numbers she could boast,
 but every freeman was a host, and felt as though himself were he on
 whose sole arm hung victory. It did depend on *one* indeed; behold him,

—Arnold Winkelried! there sounds not to the tramp of fame the echo of a nobler name. Unmarked he stood amid the throng, in rumination deep and long, till you might see, with sudden grace, the very thought come o'er his face, and by the motion of his form anticipate the bursting storm, and, by the uplifting of his brow, tell where the bolt would strike, and how. But, 'twas no sooner thought than done; the field was in a moment won. "Make way for Liberty!" he cried, then ran with arms extended wide, as if his dearest friend to clasp; ten spears he swept within his grasp: "Make way for Liberty!" he cried. Their keen points met from side to side; he bowed amongst them like a tree, and thus made way for Liberty. Swift to the breach his comrades fly; "Make way for Liberty!" they cry, and through the Austrian phalanx dart, as rushed the spears through Arnold's heart; while instantaneous as his fall, rout, ruin, panic, scattered all. . . . Thus Switzerland again was free; thus Death made way for Liberty!

Montgomery.

XV. CENTRALIZATION.

- 133 LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flight of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood.
 Or bubbles which on water stood, —
 Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in and paid to-night:
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
 The spring entombed in autumn lies;
 The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past, — and man forgot!

THERE is not only a succession of ideas, — the mind is not only concentrated first upon one idea and then upon another, — but we find also that the ideas themselves are related to each other. If we read over this little poem, we find that there is one word which is the centre around which all else radiates. We find also another word which seems a predication of this. 'Man forgot,' really includes the whole poem; all other words merely illustrate this, and make it clear and emphatic.

To illustrate, in the first line we find the word 'star' as the centre of our interest; in the second, 'eagle'; in the third, 'spring'; in the fourth, 'dew'; in the fifth, 'wind'; in the sixth, 'bubble';—and then the attention culminates in 'man,' which stands in opposition to all of the other ideas. The accentuation of the word 'man' must be strong enough to set it over,—not in opposition to any one of the others, nor in simple sequence, in the same category with these, but in such a way as to show that it is the one point referred to by all of the others. It stands in antithesis to all of them.

It can be seen at once, therefore, that this is something different from accentuation: it is the manifestation not of the successive ideas, but of the relation of these ideas to some central conception; it is the giving of some word or words by the voice so as to interpret the deeper meaning and relationship of ideas.

Taking the second half of this poem, we find that 'light' is again referred to and somewhat accentuated, and then the mind-predicates of it, 'called in' and 'paid to-night.' So of 'wind,' 'blows out,' of 'bubble,' 'dies,' of 'spring,' 'autumn,' of 'dew,' 'dried up,' of 'star,' 'shot,' of 'flight,' 'past.' That is to say, the objects which have formerly been accentuated are again referred to, and certain predicates are accentuated side by side with them; and through these predicates we arrive at the great logical predicate up to which all the rest lead, '*forgot.*' The whole poem may be summed up and expressed in two words,— 'man,' '*forgot.*' The leading words of the poem may be printed something like this, to illustrate their relative importance:—

star, eagle's, spring's, dew, wind, bubbles, MAN.

light—*night*; wind—*out*; bubble—*dies*; spring—

autumn; dew—*dried up*; star—*shot*; flight—*past*; man—FORGOT.

From this we see, not only that there is a simple succession of ideas or words, accentuated with reference to the single idea upon which the mind is fixed, but also that, through several of these accentuations, the mind looks forward to a greater central

idea or purpose, for which the subordinate ideas are given. Sometimes the mind looks backward to such an idea, and sometimes both backward and forward, as in the second part of this little poem.

We find also, in this poem, that there are several subordinate accentuations, that are not recognized in the words above mentioned. For example, there is a kind of suspensive accentuation on 'falling,' after which, in reading, there may be a pause before the introductory or assertive accentuation on 'star'; this causes a more vivid apprehension of the idea. Again, in the second half of the poem, there are retrospective accentuations upon 'borrowed light,' and a pause before making the assertion 'blows out'; and so, by an accent upon '*wind*,' and a pause, there is a reminder of the conception of this at the first of the poem, — and so on. These words are accentuated, but not in the same way as the other words indicated. Thus, in reading and speaking, not only are the successive conceptions of the mind revealed, but the logical connection of ideas, and the method of the mind in thinking is also shown in the modulation of the voice.

A centre is the beginning of all order. In every living organism, plant or animal, there is a mysterious, unseen centre, from which, to which, and about which, all parts seem to play, — to which they all seem subordinate, and from which they seem to receive their meaning. The same is true of any work of art: a piece of music has its keynote, every book a definite subject, every true speech a central proposition, every sermon a text, every poem one central idea. Unity is a fundamental law of nature and of art. The aggregation of details, no matter how well given, does not make a picture: the parts must be brought into relation with each other, — one point must be salient and the rest subordinate, or there is no perspective, or unity of impression. All parts of a speech must have direct relation to a purpose, or the result is chaotic and weak. Hence, in some way, not only must words be so spoken as to show the rhythmic

succession of ideas, but they must also be given in such a way as to reveal their logical relation to each other. The central ideas or aims of the mind must be made salient, and the subordinate ideas, by which they are reached, must be so accentuated as to lead the mind of the listener toward the final conclusion.

There are at least two modes of accentuating ideas: some minds give much broader relationships than others; they make a few points very salient and emphatic; others accentuate each idea, each successive concentration of the mind, seemingly in almost the same way and degree. The one emphasizes the great salient ideas, interprets thought by showing its great ends and purposes, and leaves the subordinate steps to the instinct of the hearer; the other interprets thought by definitely presenting or accentuating each act of concentration in the process of thinking, and leaves to the instinct of the hearer the broad conclusions and relationships of these several steps to the purpose in view. The one shows the road by indicating the great land-marks and landing-places, and leaves the hearer more free to find his own specific steps; the other guides the hearer from step to step through every turn of the ideas, and leaves the grand points of outlook, the broad generalizations, to the freer action of the hearer's own intuition. One of these is more intuitive, the other more rational; one proceeds from step to step more by instinct, the other more by deliberative calculation; one is more impulsive, the other more deliberative; one is more vivid in the realization of each idea, the other has a broader and more comprehensive grasp of abstract thought; one has more vivid ideas of individual objects, the other more vivid grasp of abstract or general truth.

It can be seen that actors, in speaking, have more accentuation, while great reasoners have more general relationship, or emphasis of great centres. Actresses especially have greater accentuation than elocutionary emphasis: this is why they are

stronger in spontaneous and emotional parts. In Portia's noted speech on mercy, where there is a broad, deep-lying purpose to win the heart of the Jew, where, in short, Shakespeare makes Portia almost a preacher, or at least uses this method to show her power to think as a lawyer, — she accents central ideas in the broadest and most rational way, so as to dominate the reason of the Jew. To my mind, many of the greatest actresses fail to show Portia's power to think and to emphasize as a man. Shakespeare here makes a feminine mind temporarily assume and think in a masculine rôle.

It is a peculiar fact that elocution has entirely ignored the rhythmic accentuation of ideas, and has held to the broader relationship, which has been called "emphasis." A great many artificial systems have been invented "to find the emphatic word," — methods of very subtle "analysis," which have made reading too much a matter of rule, and often stilted and mechanical. The stage, on the other hand, being compelled to a constant and direct study of nature, has been more free from this fault in the case of the best artists. In fact, they have frequently gone to the other extreme, and the neglect of careful study and analysis has led to a mere superficial drifting. This distinction is important because it shows the difference between individual minds. To endeavor to make all think or speak alike, will pervert the normal and spontaneous action of the mind, and tend to make speaking artificial and mechanical. There must be no comparison, even of one of these methods with the other; each mind must act according to its own inherent peculiarities of organization.

In logic, the terms Intension and Extension are applied to the relation of general ideas or terms to specific ideas or terms. The term 'tree' has greater extension, 'oak' greater intension, — that is to say, the term 'oak' has more 'marks,' the idea implies a more intensive grasp of characteristics; while in comprehending the idea of 'tree,' the mind has a more extensive

comprehension of objects, — a larger number are included in the term. All thinking implies these two things. Some minds, especially artistic and poetic minds, have more intensive ideas; that is, each idea comprehends more individual characteristics, while a scientific mind is trained to have more comprehensive ideas: knowledge with them has a broader relationship of class with class. Still, all thinking requires both of these acts of mind; every process of thought implies them. Types of mind only rise from a greater accentuation of one or the other. Some think with more intensive realization of specific conceptions; others, with broader relations, and more general or extensive conceptions. The two types of readers and speakers grow out of these two elemental actions of the mind. The ideal reader or speaker uses both more or less.

There are thus two modes of emphasis. In great passion we find a method by accentuation more predominant. Notice, for example, in the following extract from Shakespeare, where the deep intensity of feeling and the silent night, and, possibly, some suggestion of the lyric situation, causes speech to pulsate deeply. There is very little inflection; nearly all the sequence is by attack, and it is almost like recitative.

134 DONE to death by slanderous tongues was the hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs, gives her fame which never dies.

So the life that died with shame lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb, praising her when I am dumb.

"*Much Ado About Nothing.*"

Shakespeare.

Usually, however, there is a union of both methods. While in great passion the rhythmic touch and method of emphasis by attack tends to predominate, still, often both must be present, as in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," the most passionate lyric, perhaps, in the language.

In Psalm XIX. unless the word 'law,' in the seventh verse, is strongly accentuated, the unity of the Psalm is entirely lost.

Many critics think that the last part has been patched on; but, even granting it was written by another hand, it complements the references to nature in the first six verses of the Psalm. 'Law' in the second part is contrasted to nature in the first. It can be read so as to show entire unity by contrast. 'Law' must be so accentuated as to stand over against all that precedes, — so as to show that the mind at this point changes the whole current of ideas. The qualities, also, which are asserted of 'law,' can be given as implied contrasts to the qualities of nature. Nature does not tell us all. The Bible makes 'perfect.' Nature stimulates the mind, law restores the 'soul.' The law is 'sure,' whereas nature does not give certain knowledge regarding God and immortality. Nature gives great knowledge to the scientific and the educated; the Bible makes 'wise the simple.' All the expressions at the first of these verses are synonymous with law. Only the first is to be accentuated. Pauses can be introduced before the last in such a way as to show the application of one or both of these teachers.

Problem XXIII. Meditate over a poem, or passage, and become conscious of one centre upon which the whole depends, and so read as to show the relation of all the parts to this centre.

-
- 135 TAKE the bright shell from its home on the lea,
 And wherever it goes it will sing of the sea;
 So take the fond heart from its home and its hearth,
 It will sing of the loved to the ends of the earth.

Anon.

138. THE TWO VOICES.

THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language; their voice cannot be heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course. His going forth is from the end of the

heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: in keeping of them there is great reward. Who can discern his errors? Clear thou me from hidden faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be perfect, and I shall be clear from great transgressions. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my rock, and my redeemer.

Psalm XIX.

137 Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!

Thy God, in these distempered days,

Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,

And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!

"Commemoration Ode."

James Russell Lowell.

XVI. CONVERSATIONAL FORM.

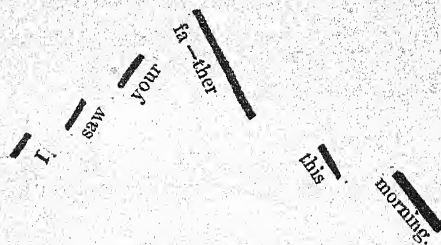
THE voice in conversation manifests not only the successive ideas, but also the broadest logical relations. It can make one word of a poem salient, and all other words subordinate. How does it do this? In order to answer this question, we must study more carefully the elements of conversational naturalness, of conversational form. Listen to some one speaking the simplest sentence: there are pauses, an attack upon every central word, constant changes of pitch, and an inflection upon every word. These are the fundamental characteristics of naturalness. They combine in many ways, and vary in infinite degrees; they are never exactly the same in two men, or even in two successive clauses, but they are always present.

We find that changes of pitch especially combine with inflection, and produce in the shortest phrase a specific and ele-

mental form. There is a salient inflection in each leading clause, which governs subordinate inflections and changes of pitch. The accentuation or extension of this elemental form is the means by which the voice manifests the great central idea of the mind. In order to develop the power of emphasis, therefore, we must develop the flexibility of the voice, and secure power to execute the elements in this natural form. Art is preceded by a certain mechanical expertness. Not only so, but art implies a certain sense of form. In order to speak naturally to a thousand people, we must have such a command of conversational form as to be able to extend the subtleties of conversation without eliminating any one of them, or destroying the proportion.

The chief elements of Melody, or Vocal Form, are change of pitch and inflection. Pauses, and intervals of pitch, take place between words and phrases; inflection, in the central vowel of the word. Intervals, as the word is here used, are changes of pitch between words during silence however momentary, but inflections are changes of pitch during the emission of the sound. Rush called changes of pitch 'discrete intervals,' and inflections 'concrete intervals.' Of these two elements, possibly inflection is the most elemental and essential effect or sign of the domination of mind over the voice. Absence of inflection denotes an absence of specific thinking, conviction, and earnestness, or of any relation of ideas to another mind. Inflection marks the specific difference between speech and song. Sing-song, or absence of inflection, results when the mind drifts in thought or feeling, or whenever the mind is focussed merely upon the form for its own sake, as in proof-reading. Inflection, therefore, is only absent in certain abnormal forms of speech; it is always present as a most essential mark of conversation. Its immediate cause is the focus of the mind; it marks the central word of the phrase upon which the mind is concentrated, or the relation of other words to this, or of ideas to a hearer.

This must be recognized by the student. Suppose a person comes in and gives this as simple news: 'I saw your father this morning.' We find in observing the way we speak this simple sentence, several facts. First, there is a governing inflection in the word which stands for the central idea of the mind; the word 'father' has a falling inflection which is longer and more saillant than that upon any other word in the sentence. Secondly, all the other words in the sentence or clause are brought into relationship with the emphatic word, so that there is an inflection upon every word. The words before the central one have a slight rising, and the words following the central one have a falling inflection. Thirdly, there are changes of pitch between these inflections in the same direction as the inflection upon the preceding word. Thus all the words of the phrase are brought into one melodic form, which may be illustrated in space, though of course not adequately, by the direction, abruptness, length, and distance apart of the following lines:—



We find, also, that there are certain places where pauses are introduced in conversation. The one which is most indicative of emphasis is after the emphatic inflection.

If we read such a sentence without accentuation, or by obliterating this form, it becomes mechanical and monotonous, and conversational naturalness is entirely destroyed. If we read the words on a straight line, accenting the central word by stress of loudness, there is something wrong; it is not natural. We must have these characteristics, in giving an affirmation: The

first words in the phrase must be given with a suspensive, rising inflection, beginning low and climbing by changes of pitch between the words, as well as by inflections; then we must accentuate the central word with a falling inflection from a still higher pitch, and the following words must be given with falling inflections, and lower in pitch, or in subordination.

The elements of conversational form may be more clearly apprehended when we study their presence in meaningless syllables. If we take, for example, these meaningless syllables, la, le, lo, loo, accentuating each one in succession, we shall see at once how the concentration of the mind reveals itself, and how such vocal action awakens attention in another mind.



Or we may take these four syllables, and arrange them with rising and falling inflections upon the successive sounds in such a way as to make them seem like actual conversation. They may be given with greater emphasis, so as to make them appear as if they were the expression of animated thinking and earnest discussion.



Whatever syllables may be taken, when the mind holds one as the centre of them all, the voice gives that one such a saliency of inflection and pitch that the others are gathered in subordination, and some such vocal form is the result. This vocal form, or sentential accent or melody, whatever it may be called, is slightly different in every language, and even in the dialects of

the same language. It has a slight variation, also, with different individuals, but the principle holds true that such an elemental form or inflectional grouping of words is the fundamental characteristic of all naturalness. So important is this elemental form, that, nine-tenths of the time, when the most ignorant auditor says that a man does not speak naturally, reference is made instinctively to some perversion of this conversational form. Form in art is the most important element. Even a shadow which is an effect of light upon form is more important than color. In proportion to the degree of emphasis is this form developed or extended; that is to say, the inflections and the intervals are longer, and the range of voice is greater. An interrogative melody gives the central word with a rising inflection, and the following words in the phrase are subordinated, and also given with rising inflections above the central word.

Though conversation is free and varied, if we cause the voice to leap at random, the reading is chaotic and not natural. There is not only variety in conversation, but there is also order and unity, and progression in this variety; and this order we shall find later, is determined by the nature of thinking.

As all art is founded upon the study of nature, it can be seen at once that the study of conversation is most essential to the development of Vocal Expression. There is no rule or system which can be substituted for careful study of naturalness in conversation. Nor can naturalness be developed by imitation.

There are two ways of studying nature: one is to observe it superficially, and so master the accidents; the other is to observe it with great care, and get possession of the essential elements. The importance of essentials in developing naturalness in conversation or in artistic training cannot be overestimated. All training, to accomplish good results, must consist in work upon elementals. When essentials are developed, power is the result, but when accidentals are accentuated, the effect is weak and mediocre. Whenever art has died in any age it has been chiefly

through too much attention to detail and outward polish. The endeavor to copy the mere beauty of Raphael ended in the mere polish of men like Guido Reni. Great art has always shown a direct study of the fundamental elements of nature herself. This principle applies to all artistic training, but it is especially important when we come to develop naturalness of melody in conversation. In observing the direct effects of thought and feeling upon tone in conversation, we must note carefully the essentials or elements which do not change, and which are common to all people.

Essentials are tested in many ways. They are fundamentally necessary; they are common to all occasions and to all men. Elements are always few in number, and include and explain all accidents. Perhaps the greatest test is that of use. Accentuate fundamentals, and we secure power; exaggeration increases emphasis; but accentuate accidents, and perversion or weakness, is seen at once. Thus exaggerate any accidental or occasional element of conversation, such as loudness, or circumflex inflections, or even variety, and the melody will be abnormal and chaotic; but accentuate change of pitch, inflection, and pause, or the fundamental elements already found, and the result will be greater strength and power. These elements are always present in conversation, and transcend all accidental elements in proportion to the dignity or earnestness of the speaker.

We find here another illustration of the importance of responsiveness. The voice must directly respond to the action of the mind, and it must be in such a state of flexibility that this response will at once take place. Some voices become so mechanical and rigid from habit that there is no response whatever to successive ideas. To improve the flexibility and naturalness of conversation, therefore, we must improve the flexibility of the voice. Singers have a method of doing this by practising scales; but while this is good in singing, it does not always result in flexibility of voice in speech.

Inflection is the fundamental element of form in Vocal Expression, and is of vital importance: its development is one of the most important points in the training of the voice in speaking. The right action of the voice in inflection belongs to Vocal Training. Vocal Expression must take for granted the right production of the inflection itself, the proper control of breath, the free and open emission of the tone, and the flexible action of the vocal cords, and must study the meaning of inflection, its relation to naturalness and effectiveness in speaking, the faults in its use, its relation to thinking and feeling, to change of pitch, pause, tone-color, and to other modes of expression. Right work upon the fundamental form, however, will be found to develop flexibility of the voice; it will also train the ear so that the mind can more easily observe conversational form. Such a method has always been found successful in the development of conversational naturalness. A person who has hardly any inflection, by a little work upon this, will at once show improvement.

Problem XXIV. Speak naturally a short sentence of five or six words having one idea. Notice the conversational form, and then give meaningless syllables, such as counting, in the same form, then extend the form in different degrees without increasing loudness.

Problem XXV. Read or recite passages with the simplicity and variety of conversation.

138. TU QUOQUE.

Nellie. If I were you, when ladies at the play, sir,
Beckon and nod, a melodrama through,
I would not turn abstractedly away, sir,
If I were you!

Frank. If I were you, when persons I affected,
Wait for three hours to take me down to Kew,
I would, at least, pretend I recollected,
If I were you!

Nellie. If I were you, when ladies are so lavish,
Sir, as to keep me every waltz but two,
I would not dance with *odious* Miss M'Tavish,
If I were you!

- Frank.* If I were you, who vow you cannot suffer
Whiff of the best, — the mildest honey-dew,
I would not dance with smoke-consuming Puffer,
If I were you!
- Nellie.* If I were you, I would not, sir, be bitter,
Even to write the Cynical Review;
- Frank.* No, I should doubtless find flirtation fitter,
If I were you!
- Nellie.* Really! You would? Why, Frank, you're quite delightful, —
Hot as Othello, and as black of hue;
Borrow my fan. I would not look so *frightful*,
If I were you.
- Frank.* It is the cause. I mean your chaperone is
Bringing some well-curled juvenile. Adieu!
I shall retire. I'd spare that poor Adonis,
If I were you!
- Nellie.* Go, if you will. At once! And by express, sir;
Where shall it be? To China — or Peru?
Go! I should leave inquirers my address, sir,
If I were you!
- Frank.* No, — I remain. To stay and fight a duel
Seems, on the whole, the proper thing to do —
Ah, you are strong, — I would not then be cruel,
If I were you!
- Nellie.* One does not like one's feelings to be doubted, —
- Frank.* One does not like one's friends to misconstrue.
- Nellie.* If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted? —
- Frank.* I should admit that I was *piqué*, too.
- Nellie.* Ask me to dance. I'd say no more about it,
If I were you!

Henry Austin Dobson.

130 STUDY a stream closely. There are books to be found in the running brooks. How musical that ever-sounding, ever-varying voice! Loud or low, its full sonorous note fills but never grates upon the ear. It speaks in tones of unnumbered meanings, — doleful or joyous, as the mood of the listener may be.

Light and shadow hold revelry on its bosom, reflection doubling the beauty on its margin. Now, beneath the shadow of that sombre crag, with the mountain-ash nodding from its crest, the very darkness of despair inspires it. Anon it leaps into the daylight with a merry bound,

mocking the old gray rocks with perennial laughter; now it relaxes its headlong pace, assumes a grave and stately march, widening and expanding its crystal surface with meek and composed dignity; then, bidding all proprieties adieu, rushes in frantic cataract into the very pit of Avernus, and seems to leave sight and hope behind. It is the very pain of Nature's beauty, so suggestive of pure enjoyment, that the earth-born fancy moves too slowly, and the forms crowd so swiftly by that they elude our grasp.

All very fine, you will say. But what is all this to do with trout-fishing; Do you really think that these charms are only disclosed to a stick and a string, with a hook at one end and yourself at the other?

Thus I reply. In the first place, but for trout-fishing I should never have seen them; and as you never fish, you have never seen them. But were you a brother of the rod, you would know that between the man who walks and the man who fishes along the bank, there is as much difference as between one who lives with a great man and one who only knows him to bow to. One knows his bodily presence; the other, his ethereal spirit.

. . . But you speak of the claims of humanity, tenderness to the dumb animals, the mute fishes. I am, you say, a brute and a barbarian, because with

"Well-fashioned hook

I lure the incautious troutling from the brook."

I deny the charge, and shall disprove it by better logic than your legal brain can command.

Confront me with my adversary. Come out, you old speckled hypocrite, from that deep, dark den, overhung with alders, on the evil deeds of which no sunbeam ever shone. Nay, I have thee fast. Plunge not, wriggle not, jump not. It is all in vain. There—now I stretch thee on the stones. Come up the bank, and before I bestow on thee the fatal whack, and consign thee to the basket, plead for thy wicked life.

How sayest thou? Is it cruel to tear thee from thy home, to delight in thy despairing struggles, to butcher thee to make a holiday? All very fine, thou scourge of thy race. Tell me, with thy dying gasp, when thy maw shall be opened by remorseless cooks, what will be disclosed? A coil of red worms, many May-flies, and oh! monster of the deep, a young trout, one of thine own family, the dainty on which thou didst dine. And pratest thou to me of humanity? Nay, when lured by my skill thy fatal bound was made, did'st thou not mean to extinguish a bright young life, reckless of its sufferings, and forgetful of the surfeit of the morning? What! It is your natural food? And thou art mine, thou canting destroyer. Take that—I shall eat thee for my breakfast.

Anon.

Problem XXVI. Read a simple passage and a forcible one, enlarging and accentuating, but preserving in the second all the elements found in the conversational utterance of the first; or speak the same sentence to one person and then to a thousand, and simply enlarge the conversational form.

140 A COUNTRY must always be either gaining or losing its liberty.

141 Go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down! Meet those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments—that, you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indefinable danger affrighted you—that the spectres of cineters, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity!

142. EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

'WHY, William, on that old gray stone, thus for the length of half a day, why, William, sit you thus alone, and dream your time away? Where are your books?—that light bequeathed to beings else forlorn and blind! Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed from dead men to their kind. You look round on your Mother Earth, as if she for no purpose bore you; as if you were her first-born birth, and none had ever lived before you!'

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake, when life was sweet, I knew not why, to me my good friend Matthew spake, and thus I made reply: 'The eye—it cannot choose but see; we cannot bid the ear be still; our bodies feel, where'er they be, against or with our will. Nor less I deem that there are powers which of themselves our minds impress; that we can feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness. Think you, 'mid all this mighty sun of things forever speaking, that nothing of itself will come, but we must still be seeking! Then ask not wherefore, here, alone, conversing as I may, I sit upon this old gray stone, and dream my time away.'

Wordsworth.

143. THE TABLES TURNED.

UP! up! my friend, and quit your books; or surely you'll grow double. Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks; why all this toil and trouble? The sun, above the mountain's head, a freshening lustre mellow through all the long, green fields has spread, his first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife: come, hear the woodland linnet,
how sweet his music! on my life, there's more of wisdom in it. And
hark! how blithe the throstle sings! He, too, is no mean preacher:
come forth into the light of things, let Nature be your teacher. She has
a world of ready wealth, our minds and hearts to bless—spontaneous
wisdom breathed by health, truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of man, of moral
evil and of good, than all the sages can. Sweet is the lore which Nature
brings; our meddling intellect misshapes the beauteous form of things:
we murder to dissect. Enough of Science and of Art; close up those
barren leaves; come forth, and bring with you a heart that watches and
receives.

Wordsworth.

XVII. METHOD OF THOUGHT AND WORDS.

144 *Bassanio.*

SWEET Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Portia. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.

Shakespeare.

IN this extract from the "Merchant of Venice," the repetition
of the same phrases will serve as an illustration of the rela-
tion of words to the thought which lies beneath them. The
fact that Bassanio has given away his ring is implied, as he steps
forward to make a plea to Portia. The first point he presents
to her is the person to *whom* the ring was given, his aim being
to concentrate her mind upon this idea. In the next line he
refers to Antonio, and this change of person is indicated by the
little word 'for.' But for this, the two lines would be exactly
the same. In the following line, although there is a great
change of words, yet the ideas, with one exception, are the

same. He might have said, "If you did know for what I gave the ring," making only one change, the word 'what.' Accentuation of this word shows the change in the centre of attention. So in the next line, the sense would be conveyed if he had said, "If you did know how unwillingly I gave the ring." The word 'unwillingly' of course shows the change of thought.

All this illustrates the fact that many words in every clause are logically pro-nominal; that is, they stand for ideas which have already been introduced to the mind, while some one word is used to present a new idea to the mind. This word shows the centre of attention, while the rest simply show the connection of this idea with previous centres of thought; they bring up in the background ideas which make clear, but are entirely subordinate to this central one. The central idea is essential, the others are adjunctive; this is substantial, the others are accidental; this is a logical substantive, the others are logically pro-nominal; this is presented to the mind, the others are assumed; this is introduced, the others are implied; this is a step in the progression of thought, this is new, additional, and deferential to the thought, the others are retrospective and familiar.

A word standing for a central idea is substantive; words standing for the other class of ideas are logical pronouns, or mere qualifiers. Thus only an occasional word stands for an idea which is essential to the logical sequence of the thought; the other words simply bring forward ideas which have already been conceived. The similarity of the conceptions of the mind in this selection are shown by the use of the same words; but this is rarely the case. Usually there is a use of synonymous, or pro-nominal, or adjective phrases; but the voice must subordinate them according to their relation to the centre of the mind's attention, to the method and logical progression of the thought. We can have but one central idea before the mind at one time; all others at that instant are necessarily secondary and subordinate. It is this action of the mind expressed in

words, and revealing itself through the voice, that causes the form or variation of conversation. The words standing for the central ideas are made salient, and all other words are made subordinate by inflection and change of pitch.

The question arises whether grammar or logic has more to do with Vocal Expression. Grammar shows the relation of words, while logic shows the relation of ideas. It is the relation of ideas which has to do with Vocal Expression. The relation of words is an important element of verbal language, but the inflections and modulations of the voice form a natural language, and reveal relations, connections, and feelings deeper than words. They do not merely show the relation of words, but interpret the deeper relation of thoughts and purposes.

As the true culture and discipline of the mind is shown by the method of thought, so the highest quality of delivery, and the charm of a well-modulated voice, consist in the revelation of the sequence of ideas in thinking. Method is often studied as a mere mechanical arrangement. In this view, it has no application to Vocal Expression; but if it is a living process of the mind, then it furnishes the most vital principle to Vocal Expression. Coleridge has well said, —

Method implies a progressive transition, and it is the meaning of the word in the original language. The Greek *Μέθοδος*, is literally a way, or path of transit. Thus we extol the Elements of Euclid, or Socrates' discourse with the slave in the Menon, as methodical, a term which no one who holds himself bound to think or speak correctly would apply to the alphabetical order or arrangement of a common dictionary. But as, without continuous transition, there can be no method, so without a pre-conception there can be no transition with continuity. The term method cannot, therefore, otherwise than by abuse, be applied to a mere dead arrangement, containing in itself no principle of progression.

There have been many schemes and rules to find the emphatic word. Some of them are good; but they are good in propor-

tion as they conform to the principles of a right logical method. Why not use Vocal Expression as a means of practically studying Method? It furnishes a means of studying and comparing the method of the greatest minds in a simple, practical way. So important and so rarely studied is this subject that the famous essay of Coleridge, in the "Friend," is here abridged. The student, in the light of the last few lessons, can easily apply the principles to Vocal Expression.

WHAT is that which strikes us at once, in a man of education, and which among educated men so instantly distinguishes the man of superior mind, that, as was observed of Edmund Burke, "we cannot stand under the same archway during a shower of rain, without finding him out?" Not the weight or novelty of his remarks; not any unusual interest of facts communicated by him. The difference will be felt, though the conversation should be confined to the state of the weather or the pavement. Still less will it arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases.

Unless where new things necessitate new terms, he will avoid an unusual word as a rock. There remains but one other point of distinction possible, and this must be the true cause of the impression made on us. It is the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, grounded on the habit of foreseeing in each integral part, or in every sentence, the whole that he intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk, there is method in the fragments.

Listen, on the other hand, to an ignorant man, though perhaps shrewd and able in his particular calling, whether he be describing or relating. We immediately perceive that his memory alone is called into action; and that the objects and events recur in the narration in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, as they had first occurred to the narrator. The necessity of taking breath, the efforts of recollection, and the abrupt rectification of its failures, produce all his pauses; and with exception of the "and then," the "and there," and the still less significant "and so," they constitute likewise all his connections.

The difference between the products of a well disciplined and those of an uncultivated understanding, in relation to what we will now venture to call the *Science of Method*, is often and admirably exhibited by our great dramatist. We scarcely need refer our readers to the clown's evidence, in the first scene of the second act of "Measure for Measure," or to the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet." But not to leave the position without an instance to illustrate it, we will take the "easy-yielding" Mrs. Quickly's relation of the circumstances of Sir John Falstaff's debt to her:—

145 *Falstaff*. WHAT is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gift goblet, sitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor,—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keeck, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound?

"*Henry IV.*," part 2, Act II., Scene 1.

Shakespeare.

And this, be it observed, is so far from being carried beyond the bounds of a fair imitation, that "the poor soul's" thoughts and sentences are far more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence, which the habit of method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion. For the absence of method, which characterizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify or appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements. As this constitutes their leading feature, the contrary excellence, as distinguishing the well-educated man, must be referred to the contrary habit. Method, therefore, becomes natural to the mind which has been accustomed to contemplate not things only, or for their own sake alone, but likewise and chiefly the

relations of things, either their relations to each other, or to the observer, or to the state and apprehension of the hearers. To enumerate and analyze these relations, with the conditions under which alone they are discoverable, is to teach the science of method.

The enviable results of this science, when knowledge has been ripened into those habits which at once secure and evince its possession, can scarcely be exhibited more forcibly as well as more pleasingly, than by contrasting with the former extract from Shakespeare the narration given by Hamlet to Horatio of the occurrences during his proposed transportation to England, and the events that interrupted the voyage.

146. HAMLET'S VOYAGE.

Hamlet. So much for this, sir; now let me see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Horatio. Remember it, my Lord?

Hamlet. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutinies in the bilboes. Rashly, —
And praised be rashness for it; let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will, —

Horatio. That is most certain.

Hamlet. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them; had my desire;
Fingered their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio, —
O royal knavery! an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason, —
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life, —
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Horatio. Is't possible?

Hamlet. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Horatio. I beseech you.

Hamlet. Being thus be-netted round with villainies, —
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play, — I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair.
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and laboured much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Horatio. Ay, good my lord.

Hamlet. An earnest conjuration from the King, —
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a cement 'tween their amities;
And many such-like *ases* of great charge, —
That, on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allowed.

Horatio. How was this seal'd?

Hamlet. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of th' other;
Subscribed it; gave't th' impression; placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou knowst already.

Horatio. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Hamlet. Why, man, they did make love to this employment:
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Here the events, with the circumstances of time and place, are all stated with equal compression and rapidity, not one introduced which could have been omitted without injury to the intelligibility of the whole process. If any tendency is discoverable, as far as the mere facts are in question, it is the tendency to omission, and, accordingly, the reader will observe that the attention of the narrator is afterwards called back to one material circumstance, which he was hurrying by, by a direct question from the friend to whom the story is communicated, "How was this sealed?" But by a trait which is indeed peculiarly characteristic of Hamlet's mind, ever disposed to generalize, and meditative to excess (but which, with due abatement and reduction, is distinctive of every powerful and methodizing intellect), all the digressions and enlargements consist of reflections, truths, and principles of general and permanent interest, either directly expressed, or disguised in playful satire.

It would, perhaps, be sufficient to remark of this passage, in connection with the humorous specimen of narration,

"Fermenting o'er with frothy circumstance,"

in Henry IV., that if, overlooking the different value of matter in each, we considered the form alone, we should find both immethodical; Hamlet from the excess, Mrs. Quickly from the want of reflection and generalization; and that method, therefore, must result from the due mean or balance between our passive impressions and the mind's own re-action on the same.

Thus exuberance of mind, on the one hand, interferes with the forms of method; but sterility of mind, on the other, wanting the spring and impulse to mental action, is wholly destructive of method itself. For in attending too exclusively to the relations which the past or passing events and objects bear to general truth and the moods of his own thought, the most intelligent man is sometimes in danger of overlooking that other relation in which they are likewise to be placed to the apprehension and sympathies of his hearers. His discourse appears like soliloquy intermixed with dialogue. But the uneducated and unreflecting talker overlooks all mental relations both logical and psychological; and consequently precludes all method that is not purely accidental.

Hence the nearer the things and incidents in time and place, the more distant, disjointed, and impertinent to each other, and to any common purpose, will they appear in his narration; and this from the want of a staple, or starting-post, in the narrator himself; from the absence of the leading thought, which, borrowing a phrase from the nomenclature of legislation, we may not inaptly call the initiative. On the contrary, where the habit of method is present and effective, things the most remote and diverse in time, place, and outward circumstance are brought into mental contiguity and succession, the more striking as the less expected. But while we should impress the necessity of this habit, the illustrations adduced give proof that in undue preponderance, and when the prerogative of the mind is stretched into despotism, the discourse may degenerate into the grotesque or the fantastical.

If the excess lead to method misapplied, and to connections of the moment, the absence, or marked deficiency, either precludes method altogether, both form and substance, or retains the outward form only.

147 *Polonius.* My liege and madam, to expostulate

What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Polonius. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect, —
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

"Hamlet," Act II., Scene 2.

Shakespeare.

A passage may be written logically, but be perverted in the way it is read. Often in great poems, such as the Book of Job, it is difficult to make clear the continuity of the thought. The argument of the twenty-eighth chapter is often obscured or perverted. How often are specific ideas given for their own sake? 'There is a path that no fowl knoweth.' What path? Perhaps God's Providence. The whole thought has usually been lost. All the first part of the chapter refers to mining as an illustration of man's power, in contrast to his inability to find '*wisdom*.' This is the centre of the chapter; 'God' is not referred to till the last, and then the word is very emphatic; last of all wisdom is defined as 'the fear of the Lord.' 'Wisdom,' 'God,' 'fear of the Lord,' must stand forth as the great central words, or the passage becomes nonsense. Of course, each successive idea in each clause is to be accentuated, but these are the great centres, and when these are made salient, all is clear and simple. A reading of this passage in two ways will show, more clearly than any discussion can possibly suggest, the great importance of method in Vocal Expression, and the great importance of certain words.

Problem XXVII. Read a passage so as to show clearly the continuity of the thought, making salient the great central words which show the purpose and which carry the thinking forward, and upon which all other words depend for meaning.

148. SEARCH FOR WISDOM.

SURELY there is a mine for silver, and a place for gold which they refine. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone. Man setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out to the furthest bounds the stones of thick darkness and of the shadow of death. He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn; they are forgotten of the foot that passeth by; they hang afar from men, they swing to and fro. As for the earth, out of it cometh bread: and underneath it is turned up as it were by fire. The stones thereof are the place of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold. That path no bird of prey knoweth, neither hath the falcon's eye seen it: the proud beasts have not trodden it, nor

hath the fierce lion passed thereby. He putteth forth his hand upon the flinty rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots. He cutteth out channels among the rocks; and his eye seeth every precious thing. He bindeth the streams that they trickle not; and the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light.

But where shall *wisdom* be found? And where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living. The deep saith, It is not in me, and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire. Gold and glass cannot equal it: neither shall the exchange thereof be jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal: Yea, the price of wisdom is above rubies. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold. Whence then cometh wisdom? And where is the place of understanding? Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air. Destruction and death say, We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven; to make a weight for the wind; yea, he meteth out the waters by measure. When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder: then did he see it, and declare it; he established it, yea, and searched it out, and unto man he said, Behold the *fear of the Lord*, that is wisdom; and to *depart from evil* is understanding.

Job XXVIII.

Problem XXVIII. Contrast a passage having one intellectual centre, manifested in one word, with one which has a simple situation and is chiefly the movement of passion. (135 and 137)

149. CONSIDER.

CONSIDER the lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:— we are as they; like them we fade away, as doth a leaf. Consider the sparrows of the air of small account: our God doth view whether they fall or mount,—he guards us too.

Consider the lilies that do neither spin nor toil, yet are most fair:— what profits all this care and all this toil? Consider the birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks; God gives them food:—much more our Father seeks to do us good.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

150 Rest is not quitting the busy career; rest is the fitting of self to its sphere. 'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife, fleeing to ocean after its life. Deeper devotion nowhere hath knelt; fuller emotion heart never felt. 'Tis loving and serving the highest and best: 'tis onward! unswerving — and that is true rest.

Dwight.

151 With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Lincoln.

XVIII. METHOD IN NARRATION.

THE simplest sequence of ideas or example of method is furnished in narration. A good story-teller is one who can present such ideas as will suggest events, and give movement to the mind. All vocal expression is in time, so that movement or progression is its fundamental law. To be able to tell a story, therefore, is very important. The ability to state ideas simply in relation to events is the highest characteristic of a strong, logical mind, and is a mark of the highest literary excellence. As an illustration of the method of the mind, and the modes by which the voice reveals the successive ideas in narration, take a short story from the greatest prose writer of America.

152. THE WRECK.

WE one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar

of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside at home! How often has the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

"The Voyage."

Washington Irving.

We assume that we are on shipboard. What is the central idea? If I read and accentuate 'day,' "We one *day* descried some shapeless object?" I set your mind to comparing day and night. If I accent 'descried,' I awaken a false antithesis; it is only used in a general sense,— 'saw' would do as well. To accentuate 'shapeless' causes the mind to compare kinds of objects. Why not 'drifting?' Because at sea of course it would drift. 'Object' is the only word the accentuation of which concentrates the mind, holds it 'in the frame,' and does not carry the thought upon a tangent. The effort of the discovery of this object is shown by 'attention.' We may, however, previously to this, concentrate the mind upon the word 'sea,' for the sake of contrast, implying that it is not so by land, which is true. Others, implying the sea, prefer to emphasize 'everything.' There are always such possible steps in the logical action of different minds. Attention is kept constantly upon the object until they discover what it is, — 'the mast of a ship.' After a certain fact is observed, it is natural for the mind to make an inference, and this inference is shown by the word 'wreck.' We then proceed to give the reason for this conclusion, — 'handkerchiefs.' The attention of the mind is directed wholly to facts, and immediate and necessary conclusions; then the crew is kept in the background. The immediate cause of the handkerchiefs is 'waves.' The mind seeks naturally for

the 'name' of the ship. If a name can be found, definite news can be reported, which will be of great consequence. To report a mere piece of any ship, floating about on the ocean, would be very indefinite. The mind logically seeks after something definite, and the voice reveals the object of the search. The word which indicates a definite point of progress, or advancement toward a purpose, is emphasized, while that which is vague and indefinite is subordinated. The next advance in observation regards time, indicated by 'months.' Then the reasons, 'shell-fish' and 'sea-weed,' are added. It is just as logical to give the conclusion first, and the reasons afterward, as it is to give first the reasons and then the conclusion. All possible facts of the wreck have now been observed. As the wreck drifts away, the mind takes in the whole situation, and naturally turns to the crew. Emphasis upon 'where' would be ambiguous. The logical action of the mind emphasizes the word containing least ambiguity. The central point is not the place, but the men.

There have been three methods by which what is known as the emphatic word can be found. Professor Bell taught that the principle is novelty; that is to say, "the word is emphatic that contains the additional or new idea." Professor Monroe taught that it was utility; taking, for example, the question in this extract, you find that you can throw away all except the word 'over,' which alone will answer the question. "Emphatic words are those which are most necessary to the sense." Professor Raymond always reduced everything to conversation. He said in substance, "turn the sentence into your own words, and observe, when you are talking naturally, where you centre the voice; this shows the emphatic word."

The principle beneath all these methods is the logical action of the mind. They are simply modes of testing the mind's action or method. Why not study the process of thinking itself, find that which is fundamental and natural, train the penetrative action of the mind, and secure confidence in its method

or procedure? To prove the inadequacy of these methods or rules, notice the fact that the word 'crew' occurs very early, but if the mind stops to emphasize that and moralize over it, the story will be destroyed. The passengers on the ship are entirely taken up with the observation of the facts, or the objects before the eye. If their minds had turned aside to sentimentalize over the wreck too early, they would have lost the opportunity to observe the facts. If a speaker does the same for an audience before all the facts are introduced to the mind, the unity of the story and its effect are completely marred. The mind first demands the facts, and after all the facts are gathered it puts them together, supplies missing links, and creates one harmonious whole, to which the heart naturally responds in noble feeling.

Where is the crew? 'Over.' This may seem a very general answer; but such is the aim of the author. In the next sentence, many will be tempted to accentuate 'gone down'; but this will spoil the author's climax in the following sentence. It is best to stay the mind upon 'tempest,' as the cause, and then, in strong contrast, the climax will be felt more fully on 'deep.'

Many speakers emphasize any word which fits the mouth,—as the word 'all,'—wherever it may occur. Such will be very apt to emphasize 'bones' in this sentence, or 'roar' in the preceding. Thus the most accidental elements are often made so prominent as to obscure completely the path of mind in the simplest thinking. This is muscular emphasis, rather than the emphasis of thought.

Again, some minds are more fond of isolated ideas than of thought. Such will desire to emphasize 'caverns.' As an accident, 'caverns' is a very helpful word, enabling the mind to secure a conception or feeling of loneliness, and assisting us to secure truth of feeling; but made the logical centre of the thought it becomes false. There are no caverns at the bottom of the sea.

How naturally the mind penetrates to the central ideas, and moves on to 'silence,' 'oblivion,' 'end!' The mind now naturally turns to the homes of those men, 'sighs,' 'prayers,' 'wife,' 'mother,' all these following in a perfectly natural sequence. A good writer thus awakens thought by stimulating the simplest progressive association of ideas. Will the mind centre its attention upon 'news' or 'intelligence?' 'News' is vague and indefinite. To further the mind's thinking it is necessary to concentrate attention upon the idea most inclusive and most definite. 'Intelligence' is here the most specific object sought; news is probably the newspaper.

There is in this sentence a good illustration of the difference between rhetoric and logic. If the sentence were mechanically formed, it would end in 'of it'; but this is not beautiful, so it ends in 'of this rover of the deep.' But 'this rover of the deep,' no less than 'it,' stands for the ship, and to emphasize such a phrase because it is beautiful is to make the rhetoric predominant rather than the logic. Emphasis is dependent upon logic, and not upon grammar or rhetoric; such expressions as this are accidental, and are not necessary to the thought.

The next ideas follow in spontaneous sequence, — 'expectation,' 'anxiety,' 'dread,' 'despair,' — 'not one memento.'

A negative sentence, unless in immediate contrast to a positive one, is emphasized in the same way as a positive statement. This is illustrated in debate. If a speaker in reply follows the order of the argument of the speaker on the affirmative, he is often only confirming the strength of the arguments on the other side. Æschines said to his judges that Demosthenes must be compelled to answer his charges in the order they were presented, but Demosthenes was too skilful a debater to take up and confirm the arguments of his opponent. Their chief strength was in their order. So he put a strong argument first to change the current of thought in the mind of the judges, a strong argument last, and threw his weak ones in the centre of his speech.

Unless a negative is in contrast to a positive the negation is only an accident. In this paragraph the whole story is summed up in 'sailed . . . never heard of more.'

If the words enumerated are the most essential, are the true centres of the mind in the progression of the thought, we can give these words and these only, and still carry the mind over the successive steps of the story.

Object, — attention, — mast of a ship, — wrecked, — handkerchiefs, — waves, — name, — months, — shell-fish, — sea-weed.

Crew, — over, — tempest, — deep, — silence, — oblivion, — end.

Sighs, — prayers, — wife, — mother, — intelligence, — expectation, — anxiety, — dread, — despair, — not one memento, — sailed, — nevermore.

This is a good illustration of the suggestive power of right words, or of the importance of showing the comparative values of words by the voice. Great writers and speakers are known by the fewness of their words; the able reader is shown by his power to make a few words reveal and interpret the deepest and most complex thought. Of course some readers will emphasize one word, some another, some more, some a less number of words, even in such a simple story as this; but, other things being equal, these words embody the ideas which are the most necessary to the story.

We find in narration probably the simplest and most fundamental sequence of ideas; but strange to say there are very few good story-tellers. There is a special tendency to dwell upon details, or to fly off upon tangents. Hence the power to select and tell without wandering the fundamental points of a story measures the power of the mind to penetrate to essentials, to control the passive association of ideas and tendency to lose sight of its purpose, — in short, to preserve method and order under the most trying and tempting circumstances. We find also that this logical instinct is a test of a good author. How simply flow the ideas of Chaucer, the best of all story-tellers! The sequence of ideas of Scott or Thackeray is most easily

found; but how difficult it is to trace the method of thought or to find the central ideas in a poor writer!

Enough of the logical actions of the mind have been illustrated to summarize a few points. The method of the mind is simply the road it takes through ideas: when this path is natural, it is a good method; and when it is broken and zig-zag, it is a bad method. We find also that the mind with a penetrative insight seizes the central idea and word in every sentence or phrase. This insight is often spontaneous or instinctive. Take, for proof, a little child; it comes to its mother, and asks for a piece of pie. It never makes a mistake in emphasis. If it has a special idea in its mind, regarding the kind of pie, or the size of the piece, and if it is denied, it can easily call up an antithesis that Jim had a piece. This logical action of the mind is most spontaneously revealed by the voice. The chief cause of bad melodies in public speaking is the failure to concentrate the mind upon each central idea successively, and to make it salient in reference to a definite purpose, at the same time exaggerating the simple elements of conversation in the same proportion as earnestness accentuates or enlarges those elements of thinking, and to enlarge the rhythmic steps in thinking and the essential elements of conversation harmoniously. The power to speak to a thousand as naturally as when speaking to one is the highest art and the result of the most faithful work.

Among the most important methods of developing this logical instinct is to have each student tell a story to the class, or to present in a few words the argument of some great poem. The work of selecting and arranging an analysis of good literature affords a most important discipline of the mind, securing insight into fundamentals, and method in the presentation of ideas. At the same time, the student is practically brought face to face with the greatest masters of method and expression.

Problem XXIX. Read a story and make salient only the most essential points and subordinate all others.

Problem XXX. Give an account of some event that happened in your own life, being careful to select and present only the salient elements, and to give these movement and life.

153 THE stag at eve had drunk his fill, where danced the moon on Monan's rill, and deep his midnight lair had made in lone Glenartney's hazel shade; but, when the sun his beacon red had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,* the deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay resounded up the rocky way, and faint, from farther distance borne, were heard the clanging hoof and horn. As Chief, who hears his warder call, "To arms! the foemen storm the wall," the antler'd monarch of the waste sprung from his heathery couch in haste. Like crested leader proud and high, toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky; a moment gazed adown the dale, a moment snuff'd the tainted gale, a moment listen'd to the cry, that thicken'd as the chase drew nigh; then, as the headmost foes appear'd, with one brave bound the copse he clear'd, and, stretching forward free and far, sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var. Yell'd on the view the opening pack; rock, glen, and cavern paid them back; to many a mingled sound at once the awaken'd mountain gave response. A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong, clatter'd a hundred steeds along, their peal the merry horns rung out, a hundred voices join'd the shout; with hark and whoop and wild halloo, no rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew. Far from the tumult fled the roe, close in her covert cower'd the doe, the falcon, from her cairn on high, cast on the rout a wondering eye, till far beyond her piercing ken the hurricane had swept the glen. Faint and more faint, its failing din return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn, and silence settled, wide and still, on the lone wood and mighty hill. . . The noble stag was pausing now upon the mountain's southern brow, where broad extended, far beneath, the varied realms of fair Menteith. With anxious eye he wander'd o'er mountain and meadow, moss and moor, and ponder'd refuge from his toil, by far Lochard or Aberfoyle. But nearer was the copsewood grey, that waved and wept on Loch-Achray, and mingled with the pine-trees blue on the bold cliffs of Benvenue, fresh vigour with the hope return'd, with flying foot the heath he spurn'd, held westward with unwearied race, and left behind the panting chase. 'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er, as swept the hunt through Cambusmore; what reins were tighten'd in despair, when rose Benledi's ridge in air; † who flagg'd upon Bochastle's heath, who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith, ‡—for twice

* One of the Grampian mountains at the head of the Valley of the Garry.
† Benledi is a high mountain on the north-west of Callender. Its name signifies the mountain of God. ‡ A river giving its name to the territory of Menteith.

that day, from shore to shore, the gallant stag swam stoutly o'er. Few were the stragglers, following far, that reach'd the lake of Venachar; and when the Brigg* of Turk was won, the headmost horseman rode alone. Alone, but with unabated zeal, that horseman plied the scourge and steel; for jaded now, and spent with toil, emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil, while every gasp with sobs he drew, the labouring stag strain'd full in view. Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed, unmatched for courage, breath, and speed; fast on his flying traces came, and all but won that desperate game; for, scarce a spear's length from his haunch, vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds staunch; nor nearer might the dogs attain, nor farther might the quarry strain. Thus up the margin of the lake, between the precipice and brake, o'er stock and rock their race they take. The hunter marked that mountain high, the lone lake's western boundary, and deem'd the stag must turn to bay, where that huge rampart barr'd the way; already glorying in the prize, measured his antlers with his eyes; for the death-wound and death-halloo, muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew;—but thundering as he came prepared, with ready arm and weapon bared, the wily quarry shunn'd the shock, and turn'd him from the opposing rock; then, dashing down a darksome glen, soon lost to hound and hunter's ken, in the deep Trosach's wildest nook his solitary refuge took. There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed cold dews and wild-flowers on his head, he heard the baffled dogs in vain rave through the hollow pass amain, chiding the rocks that yell'd again. Close on the hounds the hunter came, to cheer them on the vanish'd game; but, stumbling in the rugged dell, the gallant horse exhausted fell. The impatient rider strove in vain to rouse him with the spur and rein, for the good steed, his labours o'er, stretch'd his stiff limbs to rise no more; then, touch'd with pity and remorse, he sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse. "I little thought, when first thy rein I slack'd upon the banks of Seine, that Highland eagle e'er should feed on thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed! Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day, that costs thy life, my gallant grey!" Then through the dell his horn resounds, from vain pursuit to call the hounds. Back limp'd with slow and crippled pace, the sulky leaders of the chase; close to their master's side they press'd, with drooping tail and humbled crest; but still the dingle's hollow throat prolong'd the swelling bugle-note. The owlets started from their dream, the eagles answered with their scream, round and around the sounds were cast, till echo seem'd an answering blast; and on the hunter hied his way, to join some comrades of the day; yet often paused, so strange the road, so wondrous were the scenes it show'd.

Scott.

* *Brigg*, a bridge.

XIX. METHOD IN DESCRIPTION.

154 WHERE the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles, miles and miles,
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop as they crop —
 Was the site once of a city great and gay (so they say),
 Of our country's very capital, its prince, ages since,
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far peace or war.

"Love Among the Ruins."

Browning.

NEXT to narration, probably the simplest illustration of the method of the mind is in description. Power in description is dependent upon the selection of those fundamental elements which give the definite character of the object. One of the highest characteristics of the artistic faculty in man is the power to penetrate to those few elements the expression of which gives the object. A penetrative instinct is a part of all logical method and of all power in expression. Suggestion is one of the highest laws of all art, and suggestion is simply dependent upon artistic choice, the manifestation not of accidental, but of fundamental elements. In a poem like *Kubla Khan*, one of the finest descriptive poems in the language, there is also necessary a suggestion of such objects as will idealize and exalt, such as will stimulate the mind to the highest pictorial endeavor.

The mind of the reader or speaker must have a similar process of penetration. If the voice accentuates accidentals, the picture of the mind will be completely perverted. If the mind of the reader accentuates carefully the subtleties or essentials, then the pictorial energy of the minds of the audience will be stimulated. The power of the writer is especially shown in the ability to create, by his imagination, such a living scene, by seeing it from its elementals, or to penetrate to the elements of a beautiful scene before him. The power of the reader depends upon the re-discovery of these elements, and also more especially upon the realization of the essential words which manifest the elements of the picture. The writer selects words most adequate

for the representation of the scene; the reader, in reading the description, accentuates the elemental words in such a way as to dominate the attention of men.

Problem XXXI. Give some descriptive passage, subordinating all details as much as possible.

Problem XXXII. Describe some scene, battle-field, building, or picture you have seen, being careful to present only points of special interest and to give a definite impression with as few touches as possible.

155 I WATCH the mowers, as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring.
Behind, the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun.
The cattle graze, while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, where summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.
The butterfly and bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rill;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits,
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum.

"Midsummer."

Trowbridge.

156. YARROW UNVISITED.

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen the mazy Forth unravell'd,
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay, and with the Tweed had travell'd;
And when we came to Clovenford, then said my 'winsome Marrow,'
'Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside, and see the Braes of Yarrow.'
'Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town, who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own, each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed, hares couch, and rabbits burrow,

But we will downward with the Tweed, nor turn aside to Yarrow.
 'There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs, both lying right before us;
 And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed the lintwhites sing in chorus;
 There's pleasant Tiviotdale, a land made blythe with plough and harrow:
 Why throw away a needful day to go in search of Yarrow?
 'What's Yarrow but a river bare that glides the dark hills under?
 There are a thousand such elsewhere as worthy of your wonder.'
 — Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn; my true-love sigh'd for
 sorrow,

And look'd me in the face, to think I thus could speak of Yarrow!
 'O green,' said I, 'are Yarrow's holms, and sweet is Yarrow flowing!
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock, but we will leave it growing.
 O'er hilly path and open strath we'll wander Scotland thorough;
 But, though so near, we will not turn into the dale of Yarrow.
 'Let beeves and home-bred kine partake the sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
 The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake float double, swan and shadow!
 We will not see them; will not go to-day, nor yet to-morrow;
 Enough if in our hearts we know there's such a place as Yarrow.
 'Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown; it must, or we shall rue it:
 We have a vision of our own, ah! why should we undo it?
 The treasured dreams of times long past, we'll keep them, winsome Mar-
 row!

For when we're there, although 'tis fair, 'twill be another Yarrow!
 If care with freezing years should come and wandering seem but folly, —
 Should we be loth to stir from home, and yet be melancholy;
 Should life be dull, and spirits low, 'twill sooth us in our sorrow
 That earth has something yet to show, the bonny holms of Yarrow!'

Wordsworth.

157. YARROW VISITED.

AND is this — Yarrow? — This the Stream of which my fancy cherish'd
 So faithfully, a waking dream, an image that hath perish'd?
 O that some minstrel's harp were near to utter notes of gladness
 And chase this silence from the air, that fills my heart with sadness!
 Yet why? — a silvery current flows with uncontrol'd meanderings;
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills been soothed, in all my wanderings.
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake is visibly delighted;
 For not a feature of those hills is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale, save where that pearly whiteness
 Is round the rising sun diffused, a tender hazy brightness;

Mild dawn of promise! that excludes all profitless dejection,
 Though not unwilling here to admit a pensive recollection.
 Where was it that the famous Flower of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound on which the herd is feeding:
 And haply from this crystal pool now peaceful as the morning,
 The water-wraith ascended thrice, and gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings the haunts of happy lovers,
 The path that leads them to the grove, the leafy grove that covers:
 And pity sanctifies the verse that paints, by strength of sorrow,
 The unconquerable strength of love; bear witness, rueful Yarrow!
 But thou that didst appear so fair to fond imagination
 Dost rival in the light of day her delicate creation:
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread, a softness still and holy:
 The grace of forest charms decay'd, and pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds rich groves of lofty stature,
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp of cultivated Nature;
 And rising from those lofty groves behold a ruin hoary,
 The shatter'd front of Newark's Towers, renown'd in Border story.
 Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom, for sportive youth to stray in,
 For manhood to enjoy his strength, and age to wear away in!
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss, a covert for protection
 Of studious ease and generous cares, and every chaste affection!

How sweet on this autumnal day the wild-wood fruits to gather,
 And on my true-love's forehead plant a crest of blooming heather!
 And what if I enwreathed my own? 'Twere no offence to reason;
 The sober hills thus deck their brows to meet the wintry season.
 I see—but not by sight alone, loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
 A ray of Fancy still survives—her sunshine plays upon thee!
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep a course of lively pleasure;
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights, they melt, and soon must vanish;
 One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—sad thought! which I would banish,
 But that I know, wher'er I go, thy genuine image, Yarrow!
 Will dwell with me, to heighten joy and cheer my mind in sorrow.

Wordsworth.

158. EVENING AT ROKEBY.

THE sultry summer day is done, the western hills have hid the sun,
 but mountain peak and village spire retain reflection of his fire. Old
 Barnard's towers are purple still, to those that gaze from Toller Hill; dis-

tant and high, the towers of Bowes like steel upon the anvil glows; and Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay, rich with the spoils of parting day, in crimson and in gold arrayed, streaks yet awhile the closing shade, then slow resigns to darkening heaven the tints which brighter hours have given. Thus aged men, full loth and slow, the vanities of life forego, and count their youthful follies o'er, till Memory lends her light no more. The eve, that slow on upland fades, has darker closed on Rokeby's glades, where, sunk within their banks profound, her guardian streams to meeting wound. The stately oaks, whose sombre frown of noontide made a twilight brown, impervious now to fainter light, of twilight make an early night. Hoarse into middle air arose the vespers of the roosting crows, and with congenial murmurs seem to wake the Genii of the stream; for louder clamoured Greta's tide, and Tees in deeper voice replied, and fitful waked the evening wind, fitful in sighs its breath resigned. *Scott.*

159. GOOD BYE.

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine:
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine;
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam,
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone, —
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod, —
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.
O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;

And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
 Where the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
 For what are they all, in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet!

Emerson.

XX. ANTITHESIS.

160 ROME has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, and I swear not that the Mediterranean shall hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right, — I would that the world were mine. I feel, within, the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

Ware.

161 AND yet when all is thought and said,
 The heart still overrules the head;
 Still what we hope we must believe,
 And what is given us receive;
 Must still believe, for still we hope
 That in a world of larger scope,
 What here is faithfully begun
 Will be completed, not undone.

ONE of the simplest means by which we can test the method and processes of the mind, is antithesis. "Antithesis is the soul of oratory." All thinking is dependent upon discrimination; this is its most fundamental element. The application of antithesis to Vocal Expression and delivery was one of the earliest discoveries in English elocution. Thomas Sheridan discussed it in his lectures in 1754. He writes:—

The necessity of observing propriety of emphasis is so great, that the true meaning of words cannot be conveyed without it. For the same individual words, ranged in the same order, may have several different meanings, according to the placing of the emphasis. Thus, to use a trite instance, the following sentence may have as many different meanings as there are words in it, by varying the emphasis: "Will you ride to town to-morrow?" If

the emphasis is on 'will,' as, *Will* you ride to town to-morrow? it implies that the person spoken to had expressed before such an intention, but that there is some doubt in the questioner whether he be determined on it or not, and the answer may be, "Certainly;" or, "I am not sure." If it be on 'you,' as, *Will you* ride to town to-morrow? the question implies that some one is to go, and do you mean to go yourself, or send some one in your stead? and the answer may be, "No; but my servant will." If on 'ride,' as, *Will you ride*, etc., the answer may be, "No; I shall walk, or go in a coach." If on 'town,' as, *Will you ride to town* to-morrow? the answer may be, "No; but I shall ride to the forest." If on 'to-morrow,' as, *Will you ride to town to-morrow*? the answer may be, "No; not to-morrow, but the next day."

Many still regard antithesis as furnishing the whole secret of emphasis. The principle of antithesis may be further illustrated by the simplest sentence we can think of: "You left your book on my table this morning." Any word in this sentence may be made emphatic; the emphasis in such a case being entirely dependent, not upon the sequence of ideas, but upon the antithesis to another idea. "*You* left your book on my table this morning," implies that the leaving of the book is all understood; the point of the assertion is upon the individual. *Left* may be accentuated as the natural central act, but with a more salient emphasis it may be taken as an antithesis in reference to some other act, or to a question as to how it came there.

"*You left your book* on my table this morning." Everything is implied except the ownership of the book. The question might be answered, "No; I left John's book;" for such emphasis not only implies an antithesis in the mind of the speaker, but it raises an antithesis in the mind of the hearer. This accentuation also might imply that a mistake had been made, that there had been an intention to leave some other person's book; still other situations would cause this emphasis.

"*You left your book* on my table this morning." The word 'book' is the natural centre of the sentence, and emphasis upon

this may imply the mere statement of the fact to another. Or it may be accentuated still more saliently, and then there is an implied antithesis to other objects. An antithesis may be awakened, and may be answered, "No; I left my pencil."

"You left your book *on* my table this morning." The attention of the mind now is directed to the place. "I told you to put it under the table, or in the drawer." "You left your book *on my table* this morning." Instantly the mind's attention is directed to a table belonging to some one else. "You left your book *on my table* this morning." "That is not the place to leave it." Emphasis upon 'this' brings up the antithesis, "No; it was yesterday morning;" or upon 'morning,' "last night."

It is a very important discipline, in enabling the mind to grasp an antithesis, to take the simplest sentence like this, and to emphasize every word in succession, holding at the same time a definite antithesis in the mind.

One of the most important exercises for the development of antithesis is debate. A good debater presents the arguments for a question in a great measure according to the law of antithesis. Whenever any idea is presented as a point in a logical argument, it is accentuated with great saliency. Take the simple sentence, "Webster praised Clay." Without emphasis, this sentence is a mere copy-book illustration; it is a mere sentence given as a sentence, and not as a thought; but when some one says, "*Webster* praised Clay," then it is given as an argument to prove a point. I may possibly be arguing for the nobleness of Clay, and I make the statement to prove it. Again, "*Webster praised* Clay." Now I must be talking about the relations of the two men, or about Webster's conduct toward Clay. If I should say, "Webster praised *Clay*," the point which I am trying to prove must be something like the fair-mindedness of Webster.

Antitheses may be expressed or implied. In the latter case, the emphasis is very strong. There are four degrees of emphasis: first, the simple accentuation of the successive ideas;

secondly, emphasis of central ideas, or those which underlie many others; third, emphasis of an expressed antithesis; and fourth, emphasis that will suggest an implied antithesis. The degree of emphasis is least in the first, and strongest in the last. The second, however, may be at times strongest of all.

Antithesis is a characteristic of all clear and forcible writers. One of the most forcible writers in the English language is Macaulay; he is also the most antithetic. He is accused of straining an antithesis, or of sacrificing truth sometimes to an antithesis. For example, in this sentence regarding Charles, "We charge him with having broken his coronation oath, and we are told he kept his marriage vow." In reading this, if a strong emphasis is given to 'vow,' it may throw a slur upon marriage. It may be read with 'vow' subordinated, that is, synonymous with 'oath,' and the antithesis brought out between 'coronation' and 'marriage.' This is, I think, Macaulay's meaning.

162 THE Long Parliament could not trust the king. He had no doubt passed salutary laws; but what assurance was there that he would not break them? He had renounced oppressive prerogatives; but where was the security that he would not resume them? The nation had to deal with a man whom no tie could bind, a man who made and broke promises with equal facility, a man whose honor had been a hundred times pawned, and never redeemed. The Lords and Commons present him with a bill in which the constitutional limits of his power are marked out. He hesitates; he evades; at last he bargains to give his assent for five subsidies. The bill receives his solemn assent; the subsidies are voted; but no sooner is the tyrant relieved, than he returns at once to all the arbitrary measures which he had bound himself to abandon, and violates all the clauses of the very Act which he had been paid to pass.

For more than ten years the people had seen the rights which were theirs by a double claim, by immemorial inheritance and by recent purchase, infringed by the perfidious king who had recognized them. At length circumstances compelled Charles to summon another parliament; another chance was given to our fathers; were they to throw it away as they had thrown away the former? Were they again to be cozened? Were they again to advance their money on pledges which had been for-

feited over and over again? Were they to lay a second Petition of Right at the foot of the throne, to grant another lavish aid in exchange for another unmeaning ceremony, and then to take their departure, till, after ten years more of fraud and oppression, their prince should again require a supply, and again repay it with a perjury? They were compelled to choose whether they would trust a tyrant or conquer him. We think that they chose wisely and nobly.

The advocates of Charles, like the advocates of other malefactors against whom overwhelming evidence is produced, generally decline all controversy about the facts, and content themselves with calling testimony to character. He had so many private virtues! And had James the Second no private virtues? Was Oliver Cromwell, his bitterest enemies themselves being judges, destitute of private virtues? And what, after all, are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son, and fully as weak and narrow-minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny, and falsehood!

We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates; and the defence is, that he took his little son on his knee, and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them; and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face, and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation.

From the "Essay on Milton."

Macaulay.

The study of Macaulay is a great help to an undisciplined mind; and to read aloud from his works counteracts a tendency to chaotic thinking, to drifting, or to a lack of vigorous conception. In fact, "every defect of mind may have its appropriate receipt," and the teacher may prescribe the study of authors in Vocal Expression according to the student's needs. To make authors models is dangerous; for where a student reads merely

a favorite author, he unconsciously imitates the faults of that author. It is often much more helpful for a student to read an author who is strong where he himself is weak. In Vocal Expression a study of authors may thus be made a most important means of correcting imperfect thinking, and of eradicating all defects of delivery.

Every author has a peculiar logical action. Byron, in his "Elegy on Thyrsa," furnishes a fine example of the most subtle logical method, though revealed in exquisite verse. Mr. Palgrave calls this "a masterly example of Byron's command of strong thought and close reasoning in verse." Shelley has a more "wayward intensity," and yet he is none the less logical. His is a more passionnal method.

Problem XXXIII. Present a strong passage, setting ideas over against each other, or making them strongly antithetic.

Problem XXXIV. Contrast the logical and antithetic processes of different authors and be true to the spirit of each.

163. ELEGY ON THYRZA.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair as aught of mortal birth; and forms so soft and charms so rare too soon return'd to Earth! Though Earth received them in her bed, and o'er the spot the crowd may tread in carlessness or mirth, there is an eye which could not brook a moment on that grave to look. I will not ask where thou liest low nor gaze upon the spot; there flowers or weeds at will may grow so I behold them not: it is enough for me to prove that what I loved and long must love like common earth can rot; to me there needs no stone to tell 'tis nothing that I loved so well. Yet did I love thee to the last, as fervently as thou who didst not change through all the past and canst not alter now. The love where Death has set his seal nor age can chill, nor rival steal, nor falsehood disavow: and, what were worse, thou canst not see or wrong, or change, or fault in me. The better days of life were ours; the worst can be but mine: the sun that cheers, the storm that lours shall never more be thine. The silence of that dreamless sleep I envy now too much to weep; nor need I to repine that all those charms have pass'd away I might have watch'd through long decay. The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatched must fall the earliest prey; though by no hand untimely snatch'd, the leaves must

drop away. And yet it were a greater grief to watch it withering, leaf by leaf, than see it pluck'd to-day; since earthly eye but ill can bear to trace the change to foul from fair. I know not if I could have borne to see thy beauties fade; the night that follow'd such a morn had worn a deeper shade: thy day without a cloud hath past, and thou wert lovely to the last, extinguish'd, not decay'd; as stars that shoot along the sky shine brightest as they fall from high. As once I wept if I could weep, my tears might well be shed to think I was not near, to keep one vigil o'er thy bed: to gaze, how fondly! on thy face, to fold thee in a faint embrace, uphold thy drooping head; and show that love, however vain, nor thou nor I can feel again. Yet how much less it were to gain, though thou hast left me free, the loveliest things that still remain than thus remember thee! The all of thine that cannot die through dark and dread Eternity returns again to me, and more thy buried love endears than aught except its living years.

Byron.

- 164 ONE word is too often profaned for me to profane it,
 One feeling too falsely disdained for thee to disdain it.
 One hope is too like despair for prudence to smother,
 And Pity from thee more dear than that from another.
 I can give not what men call love, but wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above, and the Heavens reject not,
 The desire of the moth for the star, of the night for the morrow,
 The devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow?

Shelley.

165 FAREWELL. My blessing with you! and these few precepts in thy memory look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportioned thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar. The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel; but do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice: take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy: for the apparel oft proclaims the man; and they in France, of the best rank and station are most select and generous, chief in that. Neither a borrower, nor a lender be: for loan oft loses both itself and friend; and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all,—to thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.

From "Hamlet."

Shakespeare.

166 EARTH gets its price for what Earth gives us;
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
 The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
 We bargain for the graves we lie in.
 At the devil's booth all things are sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
 No price is set on the lavish summer;
 June may be had by the poorest comer.

"Vision of Sir Launfal."

James Russell Lowell.

167 SOMETIMES a-dropping from the sky, I heard the skylark sing;
 sometimes all little birds that are, how they seemed to fill the sea and air
 with their sweet jargoning! And now 't was like all instruments; now
 like a lonely flute; and now it is an angel's song, that makes the heavens
 be mute. It ceased; yet still the sails made on a pleasant noise till
 noon, — a noise as of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June, that to
 the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune.

Coleridge.

XXI. SOLILOQUY.

168 O, WHAT a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That from her working all his visage wann'd,
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!

"Hamlet."

Shakespeare.

ONE of the simplest illustrations of the method of the mind
 in Vocal Expression, is found in rendering a soliloquy.
 Shakespeare is almost the only one who has been able to express
 in literary form the difference between speaking to ourselves
 and speaking to others. When we speak to ourselves, there is
 a more transparent manifestation of thinking than when we

are speaking to others. When we are talking to others we have more definite purpose; we proceed along a more prescribed path; there is more definiteness in thinking. If we are alone, this purpose is not so manifest. The spontaneous leap of the mind from one idea to another is more free; there is not the same domination over the mind or direction of its action. Although there is always a spontaneous self-direction, yet in soliloquy the self-direction is more spontaneous, — it has less to do with will than when we are speaking to others.

A soliloquy, then, will manifest to us the subjective methods of the mind, the free sequence of ideas, far better than the study of the mind in talking. There is more ease, repose, and more flexibility, — there is a more direct and complete manifestation of the mind. Thus there is more accentuation in soliloquy than broad, interpretative emphasis. Of course, as the mind dwells on each successive idea for its own sake, as the sequence of ideas is more passive and spontaneous, so will the voice manifest each successive idea more for its own sake, and in direct relation to the preceding one. In speaking to others, however, there is a manifestation of each idea for the sake of a purpose, and a greater subordination of several successive accentuations to one great emphatic word, which lies at the basis of all that is said. Speaking to others is more consciously progressive. Thus, interpretative emphasis is not so manifest in soliloquy as simple successive accentuations.

Another difference between soliloquy and conversation is the fact that there are more pauses in soliloquy. The mind rests longer upon the ideas, because thinking is spontaneous and without preparation; because the mind has not previously passed over the successive ideas, or arranged them in a special order; and also because there is no other mind present to modify the passive flow of ideas, causing some points to be accentuated and others to be subordinated, so as to awaken the idea in another. The successive ideas are more equally accentuated. The rhythm

of the thought is determined by the subjective passion and conditions of the speaker; so the law of association of ideas is more completely dominant. The mind in soliloquy questions or interrogates itself while resting on one idea, and then answers with the next.

169 *To be or not to be*: that is the question: whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them? *To die*: to sleep; no more; and by a sleep to say we end the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd. *To die, to sleep*; to sleep: perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub; for in that sleep of death what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause: there's the respect that makes calamity of so long life; for who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of disprized love, the law's delay, the insolence of office and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes, when he himself might his quietus make with a bare bodkin? who'd these fardels bear, to grunt and sweat under a weary life, but that the dread of something after death, the undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns, puzzles the will and makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all; and thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and enterprises of great pith and moment with this regard their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action.

Shakespeare.

'To be, or not to be.' Yes, 'that is the question.' 'To die,' what is it? 'To sleep,'—we all say; 'no more;' 'and by a sleep to say we end the heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to,'—then, 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.' 'To die,—to sleep;—to sleep!' Ah, there's something more,—'perchance to dream!'—'ay, there's the rub;' over each idea the mind lingers and questions, often looks in many directions for the answer, and then seizes upon one, and gives it.

In talking to some one, the speaker interrogates another, and consciously or unconsciously adapts an idea to another mind. By contrasting a monologue with a soliloquy, we may find an

artistic illustration of the difference between thinking alone and thinking with reference to another mind. A monologue is the expression of one speaker to a hearer who is implied always, but whose words are not recorded. In soliloquy no hearer is present; the man simply thinks aloud. In a monologue, only one speaks, but he speaks in relation to another mind. In order to interpret or read a monologue, the presence of the other mind must be felt. All thought must be understood in relation to this other mind.

The study of monologues is a great help to speakers. There is a transparency in the method of the thought, and also a direct and dramatic relating of thought to another mind.

The monologues of Douglas Jerrold give an insight into the working of a type of mind. Insight into the working of the mind is the true basis of all expression. There can be no great speaking, reading, or acting of any kind without a simple manifestation of the process or method of thinking.

Browning's monologues are still more important, and rise into the highest realm of metaphysical and psychological study. Characters are presented more forcibly, possibly, than anywhere outside of Shakespeare.

Problem XXXV. Study the action of the mind in meditation, and give some soliloquy with a truthful revelation of the process of thinking.

170 *Brutus.* WHAT, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

Give guess how near to-day.—Lucius, I say!

I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.

When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:

When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Brutus. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:

How that might change his nature, there's the question:
 It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him!—that;—
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Where to the climber-upward turns his face;
 But, when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell. [Re-enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper thus seal'd up; and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir. [Exit.

Brutus. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light that I may read by them.—

[Opens the paper, and reads.

“Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!—

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!” —

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

“Shall Rome, etc.” Thus must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestor did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.—

“Speak, strike, redress!” — Am I entreated

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus! [*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [*Knocking within.*

Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.—

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,*

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

“Julius Cæsar.”

Shakespeare.

171. A CURTAIN LECTURE OF MRS. CAUDLE.

BAH! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. — What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. — Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella. — Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the window?

Nonsense; you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! — Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me! he return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella!

There: do you hear it? Worse and worse. Cats and dogs, and for six weeks; always six weeks; and no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. No; they shall stop at home, and never learn anything, the blessed creatures! sooner than go and get wet! And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing;

who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes, I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow: you knew that, and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; no, sir; if it comes down in buckets' full, I'll go all the more. . . . No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella: no; and you shan't buy one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella I'll throw it into the street. . . . Men, indeed! Call themselves lords of the creation! pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella! . . . The children, dear things! they'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure.—But they shall go to school. Don't tell me they need n't: you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel; they shall go to school! mark that: and if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault; I didn't lend the umbrella.

Douglas Jerrold.

Problem XXXVI. Study the action of your mind in conversation, then give a monologue and show the effect of another's presence and words upon your own expression.

172. MY LAST DUCHESS.

(FERRARA.)

THAT's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
Her husband's presence only called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
Frà Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or, "Paint

Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat:" such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace,—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt,
When'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretence
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

Browning.

173 WHEN an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men — and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tift a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution — a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However I'll never be weak enough to own it.

"School for Scandal."

Sheridan.

174 DIDN'T know Flynn — Flynn of Virginia — long as he's been 'yar? Look'ee here, stranger, whar *hev* you been? Here in this tunnel, he was my pardner, that same Tom Flynn — working together, in wind and weather, day out and in. Didn't know Flynn! Well, that *is* queer. Why, it's a sin to think of Tom Flynn — Tom with his cheer, Tom without fear — stranger, look 'yar! Thar in the drift back to the wall he held the timbers ready to fall; then in the darkness I heard him call — "Run for your life, Jake! Run for your wife's sake! Don't wait for me." And that was all heard in the din, heard of Tom Flynn — Flynn of Virginia. That's all about Flynn of Virginia — that lets me out here in the damp — out of the sun — that ar' dern'd lamp makes my eyes run — well, there — I'm done! But, sir, when you'll hear the next fool asking of Flynn — Flynn of Virginia — just you chip in, say you knew Flynn; say that you've been 'yar.

Bret Harte.

175. A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
 In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
 Where first our marriage-vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze
 And point with taper spire to Heaven.

Rogers.

XXII. INFLECTIONAL MODULATION.

176 I FIND earth not grey but rosy, heaven not grim but fair of hue.
 Do I stoop? I pluck a posy. Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

Browning.

THE method by which the voice reveals the action of the mind in thinking has been found to be by means of the conversational form. The elements of this form are very complex, but each element or variation has a meaning, though it may be difficult always to define it. To develop the highest efficiency in Vocal Expression, it is necessary to study the specific meaning of each of these elements, and the various modulations of each in the delivery of thought or passion.

Reading over these lines of Browning, we find that there are not only changes of pitch and pauses, but there are also changes in the accented vowel itself. The pitch varies during the emission of the sound. This is called inflection; technically it is due to changes in the length of the sound waves: if they gradually shorten, the voice rises; if they lengthen, it falls.

Inflection is the most important of all the elements of conversational form. Inflection bears the same relation to the modulation of the qualities and textures of the voice that drawing does to color in painting, or that melody bears to harmony and polyphony in music. It is not only the fundamental element of naturalness, but the accentuation of inflection is also the fundamental mode of showing an increased degree of attention or

vigor of thinking. It manifests the most subtle relations of ideas to each other, and to the person speaking, — his intensity, his earnestness, his purpose, and also his relation to his hearer. The subject of inflection has received very little attention from scientists. Herbert Spencer says, "Cadence is a running commentary by the emotions upon the propositions of the intellect." This is a good definition of all the modulations of the voice in Vocal Expression; but when we come to a specific application of it to cadence or inflection, it is very inadequate and inaccurate. The commentary on the part of the emotions is shown chiefly by the modulation of resonance. The inflectional modulation of the voice manifests more the intellectual relations of the speaker. While the length of the inflection and the degree of abruptness may manifest degrees of earnestness, conviction, excitement, or control over emotion, still the direction of inflection is more mental. Such a statement entirely overlooks the most important functions of inflection; it fails to discriminate between elements which, though simultaneous in the voice, are far apart in meaning.

Mr. Gurney has said in his book, "The Power of Sound," that we may say 'I love you' and 'I hate you' with exactly the same inflection. This is true, because the intellectual attitude of the speaker may be the same. He may make either a positive statement, an excited statement, or a hesitating statement, and each of these would vary the inflection; but the difference between the emotions of love and hate are definitely shown by the texture or color of the voice. Such emotional differences are shown not by the modulation of inflection, but by the modulation of the texture and resonance of the voice. The statement, however, is true when applied to modulations of the voice taken as a totality as in comparison with words.

To comprehend the meaning of inflection, it is important to find the elemental modulations among the infinite variations. There are others, no doubt, but the chief ones are direction,

length, abruptness, and straightness. The most casual observation of inflection reveals the fact that the voice rises and falls. These two directions of inflection have usually been represented thus:—



Again, inflections vary in length. They may be short or long, which may be represented thus:—



Thirdly, they may vary in rapidity; that is, while two inflections may be of the same relative length or direction, one may be quick or abrupt, and the other slower, or the change of pitch may be more gradual:—



Further, they may be straight or crooked. We have straight or direct inflections, and circumflex inflections of various kinds:—



It is necessary to understand the meaning, the enlargement, accentuation, or subordination of all these in order to be able to trace faults to their fundamental elements, and to secure a deeper consciousness of form, or naturalness, as well as to be able to command effectively all linguistic modulations of tone.

The action of the mind in inflection is entirely different from that of symbolizing ideas in words; it is more unconscious, more spontaneous, more instinctive. To teach inflection or any modulations of the voice in Vocal Expression by rule, as grammar or words are taught, is one of the greatest blunders in education. Inflection stands for no process of symbolization of ideas: it reveals the process and not the product of thought; it

shows the relation of thought to others; it shows the degree of clearness, the centre of attention, the point of the mind's concentration; it reveals the man himself with his idea. While words reveal the ideas, inflections reveal the mind's attitude toward them. It shows also the man's relation to his auditors; whether he presents his ideas to them, or appeals to them; whether he dominates their attention and endeavors to concentrate their minds upon an idea of his own selection, or expresses his astonishment or surprise at an idea presented by his hearers.

Problem XXXVII. Read some extract with the simplicity of conversation, and observe the variation of the voice and pitch within the accented vowels. _____

177 MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG.

FROWNED the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-handed I catch thee?

Death-doomed by our Law of the Border!

We've a gallows outside, and a chiel to dispatch thee:

Who trespasses, hangs; all's in order."

He met frown with smile, did the young English gallant:

Then the Laird's dame: "Nay, husband, I beg!

He's comely; be merciful! Grace for the callant,

If he marries our Muckle-mouth Meg!"

"No mile-wide-mouthed monster of yours do I marry;

Grant rather the gallows!" laughed he.

"Foul fare kith and kin of you — why do you tarry?"

"To tame your fierce temper!" quoth she.

"Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him fast for a week:

Cold, darkness, and hunger work wonders;

Who lion-like roars now, mouse-fashion will squeak,

And 'it rains' soon succeeds to 'it thunders.'"

A week did he bide in the cold and the dark —

Not hunger: for duly at morning

In flitted a lass, and a voice like a lark

Chirped, "Muckle-mouth Meg still ye're scorning?

"Go hang, but here's parritch to hearten ye first!"

"Did Meg's muckle-mouth boast within some

Such music as yours, mine should match it or burst:

No frog-jaws! So tell folk, my Winsome!"

Soon week came to end, and, from Hole's door set wide,
 Out he marched, and there waited the lassie:
 "Yon gallows, or Muckle-mouth Meg for a bride!
 Consider! Sky's blue and turf's grassy:
 "Life's sweet: shall I say ye wed Muckle-mouth Meg?"
 "Not I," quoth the stout heart; "too eerie
 The mouth that can swallow a bubblyjock's egg:
 Shall I let it munch mine? Never, Dearie!"
 "Not Muckle-mouth Meg? Wow, the obstinate man!
 Perhaps he would rather wed me!"
 "Ay, would he — with just for a dowry your can!"
 "I'm Muckle-mouth Meg," chirruped she.
 "Then so — so — so — so —" as he kissed her apace —
 "Will I widen thee out till thou turnest
 From Margaret Minnikin-mou', by God's grace,
 To Muckle-mouth Meg in good earnest!"

Robert Browning.

XXIII. DIRECTION OF INFLECTION.

178 Not always fall of leaf, nor ever Spring;
 No endless night, yet no eternal day;
 The saddest birds a season find to sing;
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
 Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

Southwell.

THE rising or the falling of the voice indicates the attitude of the speaker either toward the thought he utters, or toward the person addressed. For example, a rising inflection may show that the mind is looking forward; a falling inflection, that the mind is looking backward. If we give the statement of a truth in respect to something that is to come, we generally make a rising inflection; if we make a statement of truth complete in itself, we make a falling inflection. A rising inflection, therefore, indicates incompleteness; a falling inflection, completeness. The rising is prospective, the falling is retrospective.

Again, if the mind is questioning another, or making an appeal to another as to the truth of a statement, or as to a simple question of fact, "Did you say this?" "This is John, did you say?" a rising inflection is made; but when the mind is asserting and expressing that of which it is certain in itself, it finds expression in a falling inflection. The rising inflection indicates doubt, and the falling inflection indicates certainty.

Again, the rising inflection indicates confusion in the mind; the falling asserts or presents a definite conclusion of the mind. Thus, if I say, "I must have left my book on this table last night," when I am not certain at all of the statement, but am looking for the book, there is a rising inflection; but if I say, with a falling inflection, "I must have left my book on the table last night," I have found the book, or I am perfectly sure of it. If I meet a man, but am not sure I know him, I may say, "This is Mr. Smith?" I look into his face, and indicate my doubt by a rising inflection; but when I introduce him to another man, and say, "This is Mr. Smith," stating a definite fact of which I am positive, a falling inflection is heard. Phraseology manifests simply the grammatical relation of words; inflection manifests more the logical relation of ideas. Hence, inflection has to do with the attitude of the mind, its degree of certainty, its relation to another mind, and has nothing to do with phraseology. The phraseology may sometimes express the same thing, but the inflection is more flexible, and is directly governed by the mental attitude of the man.

Words show the product of thought, but inflections show the process; words express the opinions of the man, inflections show the man himself; words are symbols of ideas, inflections show the relation of the man to his thought, his conviction or doubt of its truth, or the relation of the mind of the speaker to the mind of the hearer, his attitude of interrogation or assertion.

Again, the direction of inflection indicates the relation of the mind to several ideas in succession. I say, "I hold here a pencil,

a knife, and a key." If I give each of these objects specific attention, or present one at a time, each will have a falling inflection, but if I group all of the three objects at once in my mind, the first two will have a rising, and the last one a falling inflection. This is another proof that the direction of inflection is indicated and regulated by the action of the mind.

179 THERE are three pleasures pure and lasting, and all derived from inanimate things — books, pictures, and the face of nature.

Hazlitt.

In reading this sentence, if the mind takes the three ideas at once, that is to say, if we group these ideas, we make a rising inflection upon 'books' and 'pictures' and a falling inflection on 'nature.' If, on the contrary, we detach each idea as an object of attention, or take each one by the mind individually, we give a falling inflection upon each of the three.

The development of inflection, therefore, does not consist in the acquisition of rules of any kind. It must consist chiefly in developing flexibility of the voice and the logical instincts of the mind; the power to contrast and relate ideas to each other and to an underlying purpose must be trained. There must be secured such versatility in thinking and such responsiveness of voice that an act of the mind will cause an act of the voice.

Thus the voice is inflected according to the process or attitude of the mind. If we take an idea for its own sake, we make a falling inflection upon the central idea or word which stands for it; if we take an idea in relation to another idea, it is apt to receive a rising inflection.

Problem XXXVIII. Read some simple extract, accentuating certain ideas as questions, and others as answers. Realize as much as possible the attitude of the mind in a simple current of ideas, and allow every change of mental attitude to show itself in an inflection.

180 WE are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.

- 181 IN peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Scott.

182 WHEN I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

"The Spectator."

Addison.

- 183 DID ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
 On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet —
 But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is — it is the cannon's opening roar!

Byron.

184 WHAT right have you, O passer by the way, to call any flower a weed? Do you know its merits? its virtues? its healing qualities? Because a thing is common, shall you despise it? If so, you might despise the sunshine for the same reason.

- 185 PERHAPS in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

Gray.

- 186 *Cassius.* When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cassius. I durst not?
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What! durst not tempt him?
Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Shakespeare.

187 No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank, but friends and foes in dumb surprise, with parted lips and straining eyes, stood gazing where he sank; and when above the surges they saw his crest appear, all Rome sent forth a rapturous cry, and even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.

Macaulay.

188. WANTING IS — WHAT?

WANTING is — what?
 Summer redundant,
 Blueness abundant, —
 Where is the blot?

Beamy the world, yet a blank all the same, —
 Framework which waits for a picture to frame:
 What of the leafage, what of the flower?
 Roses embowering with naught they embower!
 Come then, complete incompleteness, O come,
 Pant through the blueness, perfect the summer!
 Breathe but one breath
 Rose-beauty above,
 And all that was death
 Grows life, grows love,
 Grows love!

Browning.

189. UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
 From morn to night, my friend.
 But is there for the night a resting-place?
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face?
 You cannot miss that inn.
 Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
 Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
 They will not keep you standing at the door.
 Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
 Of labor you shall find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
 Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Georgina Rossetti.

XXIV. LENGTH OF INFLECTION.

190 MEMORY is the only Paradise from which we cannot be driven.

191 To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!

IF we read the first of the above extracts simply and naturally, and then give the second with intensity and spirit, what differences do we find in the action of the voice? One is a greater variation of pitch, due not only to the change of pitch between the words, but to a greater length in the inflections of the accented vowels.

Length of inflection is the means usually adopted in conversation and all natural speaking to make salient some specific idea. It shows the degree of accentuation, the positiveness of conviction or excitement, and the intensity of interrogation or assertion.

In developing skill to lengthen inflection there is danger of making it labored. All should be as easy and flexible as possible. Ease and naturalness should be preserved, as there is a tendency not only to force the inflection but also to eliminate changes of pitch between subordinate words. In strong, natural emphasis length of inflection and changes of pitch are always found together. Whenever the elements of loudness are increased without increasing the length of inflection, all is made abnormal, and we have the fault known as declamation. In all increase of emphasis there should be as little increase in loudness as possible; because loudness is merely physical. Increase of emphasis, if dignity and intensity of thought are to characterize expression,

must result from greater changes of pitch, longer pauses, and greater saliency of inflection. In all natural and noble speech increase of earnestness is shown not by increase of loudness, but by lengthening the pauses and increasing the range of voice by means of wider intervals of pitch between the words and longer inflections in the vowels.

Problem XXXIX. Speak the simplest sentence with as much conversational ease as possible, then give in contrast an emphatic passage, and observe the difference in the action of the voice.

192 SIMPLICITY of character is the natural result of profound thought.

Hazlitt.

✓ 193 COME as the winds come, when forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded.

"Pibroch."

Scott.

194 "WHO dares" — this was the patriot's cry, as striding from the desk he came — "Come out with me, in Freedom's name, for her to live, for her to die!" A hundred hands flung up reply, a hundred voices answered, "I!"

T. B. Read.

Problem XL. Give some simple passage, first indifferently, and then with genuine earnestness, without increasing loudness, and observe the effect upon the inflections.

195 MOST wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong; they learn in suffering what they teach in song.

"Julian and Maddalo."

Shelley.

Problem XLI. Give some passage simply, as to one person, and then with great earnestness, so as to dominate the attention of a thousand people, without changing the elements of naturalness.

196 HAST not thy share? On winged feet, lo! it rushes thee to meet:

And all that Nature made thine own, floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea, and, like thy shadow, follow thee.

Emerson.

Problem XLII. Contrast the earnestness and excitement of a noble with those of a less noble character, also one with great self-control with another with nervous excitability.

- 197 *Brutus.* Go to; you are not *Cassius.*
Cassius. I am.
Brutus. I say you are not.
Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Brutus. Away, slight man!
Cassius. Is't possible?
Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?
-

198 *Cassius.* I DENIED you not. *Brutus.* You did. *Cassius.* I did not.

Problem XLIII. Read passages with various degrees of earnestness, excitement, and dignity, and make the contrasts by inflectional modulations rather than by loudness.

199 NEW occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth;
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

"*The Present Crisis.*"

James Russell Lowell.

200. SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE, though it may be silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world *alone*; all leave it *alone*. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness, that, if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appalls or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude, through which already he has passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through which he *has* to pass: reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another.

Deep is the solitude of millions who, with hearts welling forth love, have none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, under secret griefs, have none to pity them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubts or darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper

than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood under the passion of sorrow—bringing before it, at intervals, the final solitude which watches for it, and is waiting for it within the gates of death. O mighty and essential solitude, that wast, and art, and art to be, thy kingdom is made perfect in the grave; but even over those that keep watch outside the grave, thou stretchest out a scepter of fascination.

DeQuincy.

XXV. ABRUPTNESS OF INFLECTION.

THE abruptness of an inflection, or the rapidity with which the sound-waves change their length in an inflection, is in proportion to the excitement, or, at times, to the lack of control. In one who is deliberate, the inflection changes its pitch inside of the vowel more slowly and gradually, while in one who is in an explosive mood of mind, all changes, but especially the concrete changes of pitch in the inflection, are more rapid. Again, the degree of abruptness shows the kind of excitement. Where the excitement is superficial, the tendency will be to quick inflections. In proportion as the excitement is deep and under control of will, the inflections will be more gradual, or will have less abruptness, and will be longer.

Abruptness in inflection may also vary with temperament. A man of nervous temperament, who is very quick in his thought, usually has more abrupt inflections, while one who is more deliberative and slow in thinking not only tends to speak more slowly, but the changes of pitch in his inflections are more gradual. Abruptness may sometimes be nervous jerkiness, which may amount to a fault. Again, definiteness of touch and decision of execution require that there shall be no drag in inflection: every inflection must be definite and decided.

A certain degree of abruptness of inflection manifests vigor of thought. Where inflections are too long, we have a tiresome drawl, which is a very serious defect. Again, where inflections are too slow, there is a tendency to circumflex or minor inflection, and various cadences of weakness. It is most

important that inflections should have the element of decision. A certain degree of abruptness is a fundamental characteristic of decision in touch; but the variation of the abruptness of inflection must never go so far as to become a jerk on the one hand or a drag on the other. Colloquial inflections, as a rule, are short and abrupt. Whenever a speaker has depth of meaning, when his appeal is to spiritual or noble motives, and when he asks for contemplative attention, his inflections tend to be more gradual or less abrupt.

Problem XLIV. Observe the effect of abandon to excitement upon the inflections when Hamlet speaks to his companions, and the effect of resolution and reverence when he speaks to the ghost.

201 UNHAND me, gentlemen!
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say away! — Go on; I'll follow thee!

Problem XLV. Note the effect of excitement upon the abruptness of Hamlet's inflections. At first, he is indifferent, and the inflections are slow, but in his second speech, surprise and excitement cause them to be quick and abrupt.

202 "SAW who?" "My Lord, the king, your father." "The king, my father?"

Problem XLVI. Read a simple sentence, and appeal only to the understanding as in ordinary conversation; and then give the same, or another, and endeavor to awaken spiritual insight or mystic contemplation.

203 THE seat of knowledge is in the head; of wisdom, in the heart.
We are sure to judge wrong if we do not feel right.

Hazlitt.

204 PRUNE thou thy words, thy thoughts control,
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

Newman.

- 205 FIGHT, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.

"Richard III."

Shakespeare.

- 206 FLOWERS laugh before thee on their beds, and fragrance in thy
 footing treads; thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong; and the most
 ancient Heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

"Ode to Duty."

Wordsworth.

- 207 KING Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

"Give a Rouse."

Browning.

- 208 WE drink the downfall of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
 Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold, Bregenz shall be our own!"
 The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too, had her part),
 But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

209. PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

... THE train from out the castle drew, but Marmion stopp'd to bid
 adieu:—"Though something I might plain," he said, "of cold respect
 to stranger guest, sent hither by your King's behest, while in Tantallon's
 towers I staid; part we in friendship from your land, and, noble Earl,
 receive my hand." But Douglas round him drew his cloak, folded his
 arms, and thus he spoke:—"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still be
 open, at my Sovereign's will, to each one whom he lists, howe'er unmeet
 to be the owner's peer. My castles are my King's alone, from turret to
 foundation-stone; the hand of Douglas is his own, and never shall in
 friendly grasp the hand of such as Marmion clasp." Burn'd Marmion's
 swarthy cheek like fire, and shook his very frame for ire, and—"This to
 me!" he said,—"and 'twere not for thy hoary beard, such hand as Mar-
 mion's had not spared to cleave the Douglas' head! And first I tell thee,
 haughty Peer, he, who does England's message here, although the meanest
 n her state, may well, proud Angus, be thy mate: and, Douglas, more I
 tell thee here, even in thy pitch of pride, here in thy hold, thy vassals
 near,—nay, never look upon your lord, and lay your hands upon your
 sword,—I tell thee, thou'rt defied! And if thou said'st I am not peer to

any lord in Scotland here, lowland or highland, far or near, Lord Angus, thou hast lied!" On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage o'ercame the ashen hue of age: fierce he broke forth, — "And darest thou, then, to beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall? And hopest thou hence unscathed to go? — No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no! Up drawbridge, grooms — what, Warder, ho! let the portcullis fall." Lord Marmion turn'd, — well was his need, and dash'd the rowels in his steed, like arrow through the archway sprung, the ponderous grate behind him rung: to pass there was such scanty room, the bars, descending, razed his plume. The steed along the drawbridge flies, just as it trembled on the rise; nor lighter does the swallow skim along the smooth lake's level brim: and when Lord Marmion reach'd his band, he halts, and turns with clenched hand, and shout of loud defiance pours, and shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!" But soon he rein'd his fury's pace: "A royal messenger he came, though most unworthy of the name. . . . Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood, I thought to slay him where he stood. 'Tis pity of him too," he cried: "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride, I warrant him a warrior tried." With this his mandate he recalls, and slowly seeks his castle halls.

Scott.

XXVL EMOTION AND INFLECTION.

210 I AM astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed, — to hear them avowed in this house, or even in this country; — principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

211 PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door.

THERE is a tendency in certain emotions to modify the abruptness of the inflection. Sorrow, for example, tends to less abruptness than joy. The chief difference, however, between the expression of two emotions is in the tone-color, and not in the modulation of the inflections. Inflection is more the manifestation or language of thought, and the relation of thought to the thinker or to his audience, while tone-color manifests the feeling. The modulation of the textures of the muscles causing

the resonance of the voice manifests the feeling and emotional conditions, while the inflections give the more intellectual relations. Inflection is the chief element of form, and form does not change with color. Color reveals the depth of feeling, the form shows the essential meaning.

In studying the abruptness or gradation of inflection, the nature of minor inflections and the distinction between major and minor inflections will be made clearer. Minor inflections present many difficulties; in general they suggest the chromatic scale, while major inflections suggest the diatonic scale. Minor inflections are manifestive of weakness. Such weakness may be physical or mental, or it may be due to a lack of volitional control. Major inflections predominate in the expression of all normal emotions and characters. To say that sorrow is to be rendered by minor inflections is to misconceive wholly the nature of expression. It is not the sorrow, but the lack of control over it, the weak yielding to it, that causes minor inflections. The true expression of sorrow in a noble man implies a struggle to control it. Manly courage and resolution are important elements in the expression of sorrow. A pathetic poem is read with decided touch and inflection, or it is the expression of weakness.

The chief requisite for the proper expression of sorrow is control of breath. Pathos requires more effort to secure control over breath, and hence requires more breath: it has a stronger "vocal struggle" than any other emotion. The struggle with the sorrow shows itself in a struggle with the breath. Such a struggle requires time; hence pauses are prolonged in all expression of pathos. This retention of breath with the muscles soft gives true tone color, and is the most effective expression of pathos. It is the way a strong man speaks when in great sorrow; he does not 'whine.' Minor inflections are one of the worst faults of Vocal Expression. The cure for them depends upon the development of strength and control,—control over breath and over emotion.

Take Scott's "Maid of Neidpath," a poem, as Tennyson once remarked, "almost more pathetic than a man has a right to be," and try how any median stress or minor inflections, semitonic melodies or tremolos, will degrade it. Then, using natural touch, inflections, and intervals, express the feeling with the simplest modulation of the voice, but with great intensity.

Problem XLVII. Contrast the sorrow of a weak character with that of a strong one. Give pain with weakness and also with heroic endurance. (See No. 211.)

Problem XLVIII. Read sorrow and manifest the strength to control it, the strength that awakens to bear it, rather than the tendency to passively yield to it. Preserve definiteness of inflection as the means of revealing the thought, and manifest the feeling by modulation of texture and color.

212. THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see, and lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity, can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower and slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower to watch her Love's returning.
All sunk and dim her eyes so bright, her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night, you saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew her maidens thought her dying.
Yet keenest powers to see and hear seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear she heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd she knew and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend as on the wing to meet him.
He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze as o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase, lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle-arch, whose hollow tone returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan which told her heart was broken.

Scott.

213 EARL March look'd on his dying child,
And smit with grief to view her—
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour
 His coming to discover:
 And he look'd up to Ellen's bower,
 And she look'd on her lover —
 But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
 Though her smile on him was dwelling —
 And am I then forgot — forgot?
 It broke the heart of Ellen.
 In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
 Her cheek is cold as ashes;
 Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
 To lift their silken lashes.

T. Campbell.

Problem XLIX. Contrast emotions and note the true and the false differences that may occur.

214 WILT thou be gone? It is not yet near day:
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings in yon pomegranate-tree:
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

"Romeo and Juliet."

Shakespeare.

215 THE moving moon went up the sky, and nowhere did abide:
 softly she was going up, and a star or two beside — her beams bemoaned
 the sultry main, like April hoar-frost spread; but where the ship's huge
 shadow lay, the charmed water burnt alway, a still and awful red.

Coleridge.

216 LOVE had he found in huts where poor men lie;
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
 The silence that is in the starry sky,
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

Wordsworth.

217 STREW on her roses, roses, and never a spray of yew.
 In quiet she reposes: ah! would that I did too.
 Her mirth the world required: she bathed it in smiles of glee,
 But her heart was tired, tired, and now they let her be.
 Her life was turning, turning, in mazes of heat and sound.
 But for peace her soul was yearning, and now peace laps her round.
 Her cabined, ample spirit, it fluttered and failed for breath.
 To-night it doth inherit the vasty Hall of Death.

"Requiescat."

Matthew Arnold.

218. TO THE SKYLARK.

AWAKE ere the morning dawn, — skylark, arise!
The last of the stars hath waxed dim in the skies;
The peak of the mountain is purpled in light,
And the grass with the night dew is diamonded white;
The young flowers at morning's call open their eyes —
Then up ere the break of day, skylark, arise!

Earth starts like a sluggard half roused from a dream;
Pale and ghost-like the mist floats away from the stream,
And the cataract hoarsely, that all the night long
Poured forth to the desolate darkness its song,
Now softens to music as brighten the skies —
Then up ere the dawn of day, skylark, arise!

Arise from the clover, and up to the cloud,
Ere the sun leaves his chamber in majesty proud,
And, ere his light lowers to earth's meaner things,
Catch the stainless effulgence of heaven on thy wings,
While thy gaze as thou soarest and singest shall feast
On the innermost shrine of the uttermost east.

Up, up with a loud voice of singing! the bee
Will be out to the bloom, and the bird to the tree;
The trout to the pool, and the par to the rill,
The flock to the plain, and the deer to the hill;
Soon the marsh will resound to the plover's lone cries —
Then up ere the dawn of day, skylark, arise!

Up, up with thy praise-breathing anthem! alone
The drowsyhead, man, on his bed slumbers prone;
The stars may go down, and the sun from the deep
Burst forth, still his hands they are folded in sleep.
Let the least in creation the greatest despise —
Then up to heaven's threshold, blithe skylark, arise!

David M. Moir.

219. BEFORE SEDAN.

“The dead hand clasped a letter.”

HERE, in this leafy place, quiet he lies, cold, with his sightless face
turned to the skies; 'tis but another dead; all you can say is said. Carry
his body hence, — kings must have slaves; kings climb to eminence over
men's graves: so this man's eye is dim; throw the earth over him. What
was the white you touched, there, at his side? Paper his hand had clutched

tight ere he died;—message or wish, may be;—smooth the folds out and see. Hardly the worst of us here could have stilled!—only the tremulous words of a child;—prattle, that has for stops just a few ruddy drops. Look. She is sad to miss, morning and night, his—her dead father's—kiss; tries to be bright, good to mamma, and sweet. 'That is all. "Marguerite." Ah, if beside the dead slumbered the pain! Ah, if the hearts that bled slept with the slain! If the grief died;—but no;—death will not have it so.

Henry Austin Dobson.

Problem L. Intensify and lift the sorrow of a weakness into the realm of the ideal and the noble.

220 DEAR master, I can go no farther: oh, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master!

Shakespeare.

221 "It's time for me to go to that there berryin'-ground, sir," he returns, with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What burying-ground, Joe?"

"Where they laid him as wos wery good to me; wery good to me, indeed, he wos. It's time fur me to go down to that there berryin'-ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you, to-day, Jo,' he sez. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him, now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

XXVII. STRAIGHTNESS OF INFLECTION.

THE straightness or directness of an inflection is in proportion to the dignity, genuineness, or sincerity of the speaker. In colloquial or trivial speech there is a tendency to circumflexes, but when the speech is noble, direct, intense, or earnest, the inflections are straight.

In the expression of abnormal emotions also, such as anger, contempt, sarcasm, or playful mischief, where there is a double antithesis in the mind, or a double meaning, we find that there is a tendency to circumflex inflections. But in manifesting deep conviction, simple and genuine thought, deep and sincere feeling, wherever "the eye is single," the inflections of the voice tend to be straight and direct.

The principle underlying straightness of inflection, therefore, is that when there is a crook in the mind, there is a crook in the voice. When the mind is direct and single, the inflection is direct and single; the straightness of inflection is a direct manifestation of the degree of sincerity and singleness of aim or attention, and of the degree of nobility in the relation of the speaker to the truth and to his audience.

Circumflex inflections should be rarely used. Except in characterization and abnormal emotions, they should be avoided. Their too frequent use is a very common and a very serious fault. Students should struggle to keep inflections as straight as possible. Even the simplest and most colloquial conversation may be made more simple and unaffected, more noble and dignified by using straight inflections: notice the difference in the inflections of the cobbler in the extract from Julius Cæsar when he is punning and quibbling, and in his last speech when he frankly states, "We come to see Cæsar." The use of circumflex inflections to appear tender and kindly is one of the worst affectations. Those who teach small children and inferiors must make efforts to be manly and womanly, and to feel that all who are taught, however humble, are objects worthy of reverent interest. The fault of using circumflex inflections must be overcome by nobleness, frankness, and simplicity.

Problem LI. Contrast a simple attitude of mind with a complex one, or a direct aim with an indirect one.

222 *Queen.* HAMLET, you have your father much offended.

Hamlet. Madame, you have my father much offended.

223 *Sir Peter.* VERY well, ma'am, very well! So a husband is to have no influence, — no authority!

Lady Teazle. Authority? No, to be sure! If you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sheridan.

Problem LII. Contrast noble with ignoble emotion, a normal or ideal character with a low or abnormal one.

224 THEY are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak:
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

"Stanzas on Freedom."

James Russell Lowell.

225 "I GRANT you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he."

226 WE were gettin' on nicely up here to our village,
 With good old ideas o' wut's right an' wut ain't;
 We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
 An' that eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint.
 But John P.
 Robinson he

Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

"Bigelow Papers."

Lowell.

227 *Flavius.* Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!
 Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
 Being mechanical, you ought not walk
 Upon a laboring-day without the sign
 Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Citizen. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —

You, sir; what trade are you?

Second Citizen. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Marullus. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Second Citizen. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Second Citizen. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Second Citizen. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Second Citizen. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Second Citizen. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marullus. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

From "Julius Caesar."

Problem LIII. Contrast simple and noble conversation with affected and superficial colloquial speech.

228 *Hamlet.* Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet. Or like a whale?

Polonius. Very like a whale.

Hamlet. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool
me to the top of my bent. — I will come by and by

Polonius. I will say so.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Hamlet. By and by is easily said.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,

And do such business as the bitter day

Would quake to look on. Soft: now to my mother.

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.

229 *Falstaff.* God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pistol. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Falstaff. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Chief Justice. Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis you speak?

Falstaff. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester! —

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandising: know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not that I am the thing I was:

For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death, —

As I have done the rest of my misleaders, —

Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For competence of life, I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will, — according to your strength and qualities, —
 Give you advancement.

From "Henry IV.," Part II.

XXVIII. FREEDOM OF INFLECTION.

230 THE sun, — his rise and set we know;
 The sea, — we mark its ebb and flow;
 The moon, — her wax and wane;
 The stars, — man knows their courses well;
 The comet's vagrant paths can tell; —
 But you his search disdain.

"To the Winds."

Barton.

IN this extract the word 'sun' may have a rising or a falling inflection. That is to say, it may be presented as an object of attention, and after a pause the explanatory clause added as the result of thought; and so of 'sea,' 'moon,' and 'stars.' Or, on the other hand, we may have a rising inflection upon these words, presenting the idea as a question, while the clauses may be given as answers. Again, some of these words may have a rising and others a falling inflection. These differences depend upon the personality of the speaker, upon the current of thought or association of ideas at the time, upon the occasion or upon the person addressed. No rules can be laid down by authority whereby the passage must be read in any one special way.

It is helpful to realize the special function of these four most important modulations of inflection, — length, rapidity, direction, and straightness. But inflection is a free, spontaneous language. No two speakers ever inflect in exactly the same way. Such similarity as is often found is the result of mechanical teaching. Ever since inflections were discovered, in 1775, by Sir Joshua Steele, the endeavor to apply grammatical and mechanical rules

to them has caused one of the greatest evils in elocution, and has awakened great prejudices in artistic and observant minds. Inflectional modulations continually and infinitely vary in conversation; they vary with every sentence, every clause, and every word; they differ with every personality and with every mood; in fact, flexibility of inflection is one of the most fundamental characteristics of naturalness. Inflections directly manifest the simplest and most spontaneous actions of the human soul. They must, therefore, always be free.

Accordingly, inflections cannot be taught by mechanical rules; nor can they be taught by imitation. Whenever inflections have been taught by imitation, there has been a tendency to warp one personality to the peculiarities of another. Whenever they have been taught by rule, there has been a tendency to make them all alike. All true spontaneous variation of the direction, the length, and gradation of inflection has been eliminated.

The variation of inflection according to personality was well illustrated in Wendell Phillips and Emerson. Phillips, the orator who had the greatest power of dominating a popular audience, made many falling inflections, while Emerson, on the contrary, made a great many rising inflections. Things were given by him more in the attitude of wonder, more in the attitude of questioning. The one presented things with the attitude of domination, of positive certainty; Emerson, on the other hand, appealed to the intuition of men; he was ever in the attitude of discovery. He did not dominate attention and conviction, he endeavored to awaken spiritual insight and intuitive feeling.

The elder Russell said that a good, firm falling inflection was a speaker's best capital. It is this which is the means of showing the centre of the speaker's attention and winning the attention of others. He counted sixty successive falling inflections in a speech by Daniel Webster in Faneuil Hall.

The development of inflection is very important. A good inflection is dependent primarily upon proper action of the mind,

and also upon control of the breath, the free emission of the tone, and the right use of the voice. The ear also needs to be trained to recognize inflection. Of all faults, the worst is monotony, and this often results from a poor ear. The ear is a kind of vocal conscience; an animal that has no ear is dumb.

There must, however, be a direct practice of all attitudes of the mind, a careful observation of conversation in all its forms, and a study of human nature in all its aspects. The power of one mind to appreciate the attitude of another, the sympathetic instinct by which we can appreciate another's point of view must be developed. All forms of literature need to be practised. The student must develop his dramatic instinct, and must not disdain to act dialogues. He must read and recite and discuss those things in which he is especially interested. Compelling students to speak extracts from great orations to try to expand themselves into imaginary Websters, has tended to pervert the natural inflections of the voice. Declamation is an invaluable exercise, and also a very dangerous one. It must be devoted, at first at least, to simple passages such as will develop command of naturalness.

True inflection is only possible where there is sincerity and genuineness, simplicity and earnestness. Revealing as it does, the man's attitude toward truth and toward his fellow men, it must be developed by developing its cause. Whatever tends to enable men to show their convictions simply and directly, or to manifest their simple earnestness and desire to awaken an interest and to win the attention of their fellow men, will tend to develop inflection. Whatever tends to free the mind from artificial shackles, to lead it to trust its own instincts; whatever tends to make a man simple and natural, or to cause him to be himself; whatever brings him into sympathetic relationship with his fellow man, or causes him to give specific attention to another mind or to adapt thought and conviction to another; or whatever brings the mind into direct communion with the

deepest convictions of other minds, will tend to develop the right use of vocal modulations and inflection.

Problem LIV. For the development of inflectional agility, practice a great variety of emotions, with many degrees of earnestness, intensity, and emphasis.

231 BUT who the melodies of morn can tell? The wild brook babbling down the mountain side; the lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell; the pipe of early shepherd dim descried in the lone valley; echoing far and wide the clamorous horn along the cliffs above; the hollow murmur of the ocean tide; the hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love, and the full choir that wakes the universal grove. The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark; crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings; the whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark! down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings, through rustling corn the hare astonished springs; slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour; the partridge bursts away on whirring wings; deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower, and shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tower.

James Beattie.

232 CAME the relief, "What, sentry, ho!

How passed the night through thy long waking?"

"Cold, cheerless, dark, — as may befit

The hour before the dawn is breaking."

"No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save

The plover from the marshes calling.

And in yon western sky, about

An hour ago, a star was falling,"

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."

"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,

Somehow it seemed to me that God

Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

Bret Harte.

233. VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright, the bridal of the earth and sky, the dew shall weep thy fall to-night; for thou must die. Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave, bids the rash gazer wipe his eye, thy root is ever in its grave, and thou must die. Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses, a box where sweets compacted lie, my music shows ye have your closes, and all must die. Only a sweet and virtuous soul, like seasoned timber, never gives; but though the whole world turn to coal, then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.

Problem LV. Practise selections with simple conversational flexibility, also practise the same extract in a variety of ways, with changes in point of view, situation, and purpose.

- 234 TWIST ye, twine ye! even so, mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear and peace and strife, in the thread of human life.

From "Guy Mannerling."

235. A MODEST WIT.

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the east, haughty, being great, purse-proud, being rich, a governor, or general, at the least, I have forgotten which, had in his family a humble youth, who went from England in his patron's suite, an unassuming boy, and in truth a lad of decent parts and good repute. This youth had sense and spirit; but yet, with all his sense, excessive diffidence obscured his merit.

One day at table, flushed with pride and wine, his honor, proudly free, severely merry, conceived it would be vastly fine to crack a joke upon his secretary. "Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade did your father gain a livelihood?" "He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said, "and in his time was reckoned good." "A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek instead of teaching you to sew! Pray why did your father not make a saddler of you?"

Each parasite then, as in duty bound, the joke applauded, and the laugh went round. At length Modestus, bowing low, said (craving pardon if too free he made), "Sir, by your leave, I fain would know your father's trade." "My father's trade! By heaven, that's too bad! My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad? My father, sir, did never stoop so low, he was a gentleman, I'd have you know." "Excuse the liberty I take," Modestus said, with archness on his brow, "Pray, why did not your father make a gentleman of you?"

- 236 *Hamlet.* O THAT this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two;
So excellent a king; that was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't, —Frailty, thy name is woman!—
 A little month! or ere those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears;— why she, even she, —
 O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourned longer, —married with my uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules; within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good!—
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

Horatio. Hail to your lordship!

Hamlet.

I am glad to see you well;—

Horatio, or I do forget myself.

Horatio. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Hamlet. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you;
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
 Marcellus?

Marcellus. My good lord, —

Hamlet. I am very glad to see you. (*To Bernardo.*) Good
 even, sir.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Horatio. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Hamlet. I would not hear your enemy say so,
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it trustor of your own report
 Against yourself; I know you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore?
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Horatio. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Hamlet. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Horatio. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio:
My father, — methinks I see my father.

Horatio. Where, my lord?

Hamlet. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Horatio. I saw him — once, he was a goodly king.

Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Horatio. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Hamlet. Saw! who?

Horatio. My lord, the king, your father.

Hamlet. The king my father!

Horatio. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Hamlet. For God's love, let me hear.

Horatio. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pé,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Hamlet. But where was this?

Marcellus. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Hamlet. Did you not speak to it?

Horatio. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none; yet once methought

It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak:

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

Hamlet. 'Tis very strange.

Horatio. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

Hamlet. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

Marcellus and Bernardo. We do, my lord.

Hamlet. Arm'd, say you?

Marcellus and Bernardo. Arm'd, my lord.

Hamlet. From top to toe?

Marcellus and Bernardo. My lord, from head to foot.

Hamlet. Then saw you not his face?

Horatio. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Hamlet. What, look'd he frowningly?

Horatio. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet. Pale, or red?

Horatio. Nay, very pale.

Hamlet. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Horatio. Most constantly.

Hamlet. I would I had been there.

Horatio. It would have much amazed you.

Hamlet. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Horatio. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Marcellus and Bernardo. Longer, longer.

Horatio. Not when I saw't.

Hamlet. His beard was grizzled! no?

Horatio. It was as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Hamlet. I will watch to-night;

Perchance 't will walk again.

Horatio.

I warrant it will.

Hamlet. If it assume my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still;
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue,
 I will requite your loves. So fare you well;
 Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
 I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honor.[*Exeunt.*]

Hamlet. Your loves, as mine to you; farewell.
 My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
 I doubt some foul play; would the night were come!
 Till then sit still, my soul; foul deeds will rise,
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*
Shakespeare.]

XXIX. INTERVALS OF PITCH.

ANOTHER element of conversational form which is less often recognized, but which is very important, is changes of pitch between words or phrases. Intervals are the most variable and free element of delivery, and hence their function or meaning is the most difficult to define.

Probably the first meaning observed is that which has already been found; it simply shows a change or departure of the mind from conception to conception. It shows also animation or exultation of any kind; it reveals, too, a change of feeling, or point of view, or degree of control.

Note, for example, in the following extract how 'bower,' 'sky,' 'winter,' and the objects of attention are by joyous exultation put in different parts of the voice.

237 SWEET bird! thy bower is ever green, thy sky is ever clear;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, no winter in thy year!
 Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee! we'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe, attendants on the spring.

"To the Cuckoo."

Logan.

The animation, however, is not always gentle; if we compare this with the next extract, we find that there is here a greater change of pitch, much more abrupt; and the fact that we put 'hills,' 'caves,' and 'rocks' all on different pitches makes the thought far more emphatic. It shows not only the clearness and vividness of the thought, but it shows also the degree of excitement, the intensity and earnestness of the speaker.

238 AWAY to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks —
 Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

In these lines we find also that changes of pitch have close correspondence to inflections. In the change between 'caves' and 'rocks,' for example, the intervals may be abrupt or slow, short or long, — in fact, they may vary in the same ways as the inflections themselves.

As in case of length of inflection, the extent of the change of pitch and the length of time between the two pitches is a measure of self-control and dignity. Read, for example, an excited passage in two ways, with and without great changes of pitch, and see how dignified it can be made on the one hand, or how degraded on the other; or note the wide extent of pitch which can be introduced into a most dignified passage.

When there is a repetition of a word, as in the next illustration, if it is used merely in a representative way, — that is, if it merely stands for sound, — there is no change of pitch; but if it stands for a new idea, an increase of intensity in feeling or passion, then there is change of pitch.

239 CLANG, clang! The massive anvils ring.
 Clang, clang! A hundred hammers swing.

Again, where the mind is kept sustained upon one idea and in the same emotional state, as in the next illustration, there is definite touch and attack, but there is little change of pitch.

240 MERRILY, merrily, mingle they, "waken, lords and ladies gay."

But where there is a change in the degree of passion or an increase in intensity or excitement, though the same words may be repeated, still the change of pitch is quite marked, as in the following illustration:—

241 "To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry; "grasp the shield and draw the sword; lead us to Philippi's lord; let us conquer him or die!"

Again, in the extract from "Barbara Frietchie," the attention of the mind is on the flag; there is no change of attention with its 'silver stars' or 'crimson bars,' which merely contribute to the sustaining and vivifying of the picture in the mind; hence there is very little change of pitch. But when we come to 'the sun at noon looked down,' there is a great change of thought, conceptions, and ideas, and we have more change of pitch.

242 Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Thus change of pitch is due to the variation or the movement of the mind from one situation or idea to another. It shows the relation of an idea to another that has already been uttered. We can also see that there is a difference in meaning between intervals and inflection. Change of pitch is more the variation of the thought or situation, while the increase in the length or the abruptness of inflections means greater control of the will over thought and feeling, increased earnestness, or desire to dominate the attention of another mind. Change of pitch is thus the expression of the rational in man. Whenever there is an increase in the intensity of the thinking or the reasoning, change of pitch is present; whenever there is a mere increase of force without any stimulation of the thinking, or a mere repetition of a sound, then there is a tendency to eliminate changes of pitch.

Hence, change of pitch is one of the most dignified of all forms of emphasis. If we take any passage, no matter how excited, and express its meaning by changes of pitch rather than by

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loudness or even length or abruptness of inflection, we can, by using this means, at once lift the passage into dignity and nobleness. Besides it is chiefly by change of pitch that range of voice is secured. Inflection is change of pitch in the vowel, but inflection alone may be found with a narrow compass of voice. Too great length of inflection would be deleterious to the dignity of a thought, especially in certain delicate lyrics. But there is no form of composition, however serious, however solemn, however tender and delicate, which is not elevated, ennobled, and intensified by changes of pitch between its ideas. Thus change of pitch is associated with all noble emphasis and with all noble thinking. Inflection without changes of pitch loses its meaning. Inflections and change of pitch should always go together; by their co-operation they give rise to form. The wider the range, the greater the dignity and free play of thought and emotion.

All sorts of pieces and extracts, the most delicate and subtle especially, should be practised with the widest possible range, in order to develop the flexibility of the voice, and to co-ordinate change of pitch with change of ideas.

Problem LVI. Read a simple passage and preserve its character, yet read it so as to be heard by a large number, and increase its intensity by intervals and inflections, but without increase of loudness.

243. AGNES.

I saw her in childhood — a bright gentle thing,
Like the dawn of the morn, or the dews of the spring:
The daisies and hare-bells her playmates all day;
Herself as light-hearted and artless as they.

I saw her again — a fair girl of eighteen,
Fresh glittering with graces of mind and of mien.
Her speech was all music; like moonlight she shone;
The envy of many, the glory of one.

Years, years fled over — I stood at her foot:
The bud had grown blossom, the blossom was fruit.
A dignified mother, her infant she bore;
And look'd, I thought, fairer than ever before.

I saw her once more—'t was the day that she died;
 Heaven's light was around her, and God at her side;
 No wants to distress her, no fears to appal—
 O then, I felt, then she was fairest of all!

H. F. Lytle.

Problem LVII. Contrast words used imitatively or representatively with words in the same line used as the expression of thinking, and note the effect upon the voice.

244 OF old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands. They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

245 . . . THE Kettle, growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurglings in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind yet to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cosy and hilarious, as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

And here, if you like, the Cricket DID chime in with a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup, of such magnitude, by way of chorus, — with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size as compared with the Kettle (size! you couldn't see it!) — that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot, and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum — m — m! Kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum — m — m! Kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum — m — m! Kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! Cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum, — m — m! Kettle not to be finished. Until, at last, they got so jumbled together in the hurry-scurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the Kettle chirped and the Cricket hummed, or the Cricket chirped and the Kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to decide with anything like certainty.

But of this there is no doubt, that the Kettle and the Cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent each his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane. And this light, bursting on a certain person who, on the instant, approached towards it through the gloom, expressed the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

Dickens.

XXX. SUBORDINATION.

ANOTHER most important element of naturalness, which is a combination of both inflection and change of pitch, is subordination. Neither good inflections alone, nor changes of pitch apart from inflection, can produce natural subordination. This must result from a certain relationship of both to each other. In fact, the form of the voice and the emphasis will be imperfect without the co-operation of both.

As has been shown, in speaking a simple sentence such as "I saw your father this morning," the voice progresses toward the emphatic word 'father' by means of rising inflections and intervals; the emphatic word has a falling inflection from a higher pitch, and the unemphatic words following this have also falling inflections, with intervals causing each to be successively lower in pitch. (See diagram on page 119.) If, on the contrary, the emphatic word has a rising inflection, the following words are also rising, and successively higher in pitch.

Subordination gives the greatest beauty to speech. It is also one of the chief elements in the expression of thought, and the most important means of securing a greater degree of emphasis and dignity.

Subordination gives the effect of a background. It shows discrimination and clear thinking. If the central idea is brought out, and others subordinated to it, the mind is led to conceive clearly and definitely the central idea with its proper relations.

Subordination is the natural and effective expression of a mental painting of a scene. It gives the background or the perspective by which the mind is enabled to bring a scene into unity. The listening mind is by it given the right centre or point of view, and thus is awakened to respond creatively to the successive scenes and situations.

It is the lack of power to give subordination which often leads to vulgar and declamatory methods of emphasis. In trying to make a word salient, and failing to get that beautiful perspective or modulation of the form or melody by subordination, there is necessarily an increase of force or push upon the emphatic word, and emphasis by form is destroyed. Unless the change of pitch is salient, unless it is varied, unless the unemphatic words are put into the background, it is impossible for us to realize the real centre of the mind's attention without the use of unnecessary force, and a sacrifice of dignity. Ability to subordinate is also essential to the acquisition of range. To try to secure range by very long inflections or by sudden changes of pitch makes all results labored, constrained, and unnatural.

A lack of subordination is the chief cause of monotony. The voice gets upon one pitch and stays there; even inflection alone cannot prevent monotony. We change from the fixed pitch not merely by the saliency of the emphatic word, but by subordinating the words which are not emphatic.

The development of subordination is dependent upon securing definite thinking, upon the power to sustain attention upon one conception while relating others to this central idea; upon the flexibility of voice, and an ear trained to recognize this element of naturalness.

Most of the problems which have been already stated for the development of range and inflection may be used as a means of developing subordination. To make salient certain words, and to put others in the most extreme subordination, must be the purpose of practice.

Subordination cannot be too greatly insisted upon, or too much exaggerated. We may speak too loud or with too much force, but the greater the subordination, the greater the emphasis of the central idea, and the greater the dignity, clearness, and beauty of speech.

Problem LVIII. Make the emphatic word of a clause salient by a falling inflection, and subordinate the unemphatic words by giving them the same inflection, but shorter and upon a much lower pitch. Reverse the form, and give rising inflections.

246 MAN can have the gift of life but once, for he waited a whole eternity to be born, and now has a whole eternity waiting to see what he will do when born.

Carlyle.

Problem LIX. Make one word very salient by inflection, then, after a pause, give many words upon a lower pitch and with shorter inflections, for the purpose of training the ear and securing the power to subordinate the voice.

247 THOU art like the bird that alights and sings,
Though the frail spray bends — for he knows he has wings.

Victor Hugo.

248 WE should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. We should conceive of it as capable of higher uses, and called to higher destinies, than those which, in general, men have assigned to it hitherto. More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry, our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry.

Matthew Arnold.

249. ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM — may his tribe increase —
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,

And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

XXXI. SILENCE AS A MEANS OF EMPHASIS.

ANOTHER mode of emphasis is pause. This, especially when associated with inflection and change of pitch, is a most powerful means of expression. Just what is meant by the emphatic pause may be difficult to explain. Pauses have been shown to be universal characteristics of all natural speech; but the accentuation of a pause, the prolongation of silence, or especially the introduction of a pause in the midst of a phrase after an emphatic word or inflection, and associated with a corresponding change in pitch, becomes a means of emphasis. Thus pauses are not only an important sign of natural or conversational speech, but are often the most effective means of manifesting the importance of a thought.

The special province of the pause in emphasis is to manifest the weight of an idea. It shows that the mind not only centers its attention upon an idea, but that it lingers over it meditatively and with intense interest. Pause is an essential element whenever there is breadth of vision, whenever a mind sincerely tries to manifest a higher feeling. It is the most spiritual mode of emphasis. "Speech is silvern, silence is golden." A pause is man's only means of suggesting the infinite and the eternal.

Like change of pitch, pause is a noble and dignified form of emphasis, but its dignity is of another kind. It is imaginative dignity, dignity of character, dignity of emotion, dignity and

weight of thought. It is the strongest and most reposeful appeal to the deepest faculties and feelings of man.

Pause and change of pitch are always found together; whenever there is a pause without change of pitch, it means hesitation and weakness. It is change of pitch united to the pause that furnishes the greatest power and significance; in fact, the noblest form of emphasis. There is thus an intimate connection between change of pitch and pause; still their significance can be more or less distinguished. Change of pitch primarily shows a change in the attention of the mind, a variation in the progress of the thought; but the pause shows the moral intensity or the depth of realization of an idea. The one manifests the variation of thinking; the other the spiritual weight of the idea. One gives clearness, definiteness, and relation; the other gives weight and importance to thought.

Pause is associated with the most dignified forms of reading. It is one of the most important means of expression in reading the Scriptures. The more satisfactory the reading of the Bible, the more frequently will pauses be found present.

Pause has great significance also, because in all emotional passages there is a struggle for breath, a struggle for control; the pause suggests this struggle, and thus gives the mind an appreciation of the cause of the expression. Struggle with the breath is the first effect emotion causes in the man. Without a pause, the struggle is eliminated; the breath cannot be controlled nor can the texture of the voice be modulated by the emotion. It is thus associated with all manifestation of deep feeling.

Problem LX. Make long pauses after the emphatic words in some passage of deep thought, sustaining the weight of the idea in the mind, and then add the unemphatic words with such subordination in pitch as to justify the pause.

250 Two hands upon the breast, and labour's done;

Two pale feet crossed in rest, the race is won.

"Now and Afterwards."

Dinah Mulock Craik.

251 THOU art, O God, the life and light of all this wondrous world we see; its glow by day, its smile by night, are but reflections caught from thee. Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, and all things fair and bright are thine. When day, with farewell beam, delays among the opening clouds of even, and we can almost think we gaze through opening vistas into heaven, those hues that make the sun's decline so soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine. When night, with wings of starry gloom, o'ershadows all the earth and skies, like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume is sparkling with unnumbered eyes, that sacred gloom, those fires divine, so grand, so countless, Lord, are thine. When youthful spring around us breathes, thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh, and every flower that summer wreathes is born beneath thy kindling eye: where'er we turn, thy glories shine, and all things fair and bright are thine.

Moore.

252. THE LESSONS OF NATURE.

OF this fair volume which we World do name
 If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
 Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
 We clear might read the art and wisdom rare:
 Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
 His providence extending everywhere,
 His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
 In every page, no period of the same.
 But silly we, like foolish children, rest
 Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
 Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
 On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
 Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
 It is some picture on the margin wrought.

Drummond.

253. DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here, to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Lincoln.

Problem LXI. Show intense passion or the deep spiritual element of a sublime passage by using pauses to indicate the centres of attention and struggle for control.

254 Now, men of death, work forth your will, for I can suffer, and be still; and come he slow, or come he fast, it is but Death who comes at last.

Constance in "Marmion."

Scott.

255 O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou searchest out my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, and the light about me shall be night; even the darkness hideth not from thee, but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Psalms CXXXIX.

256 Nor from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought,
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome

Wrought in a sad sincerity;
 Himself from God he could not free;
 He builded better than he knew;—
 The conscious stone to beauty grew. . . .
 These temples grew as grows the grass;
 Art might obey, but not surpass.
 The passive Master lent his hand
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned.

Emerson.

XXXII. MOVEMENT.

PAUSE as a method of emphasis is important because it is a modulation of time. Time is the sphere of all histrionic expression; so it is the medium in vocal expression, as space is the medium in painting. Painting emphasizes by making an object salient through a suggestion of space; but an art in time must emphasize by showing some means of valuing time. But pause is not the only means of measuring time. It belongs to individual words or phrases; it is confined more or less to specific ideas. There is another method which does not apply so much to specific ideas as to clauses, sentences, and even paragraphs. This is what is called movement.

Man's means of measuring time is rhythm. Movement does not mean merely going slower or more rapidly; it is a suggestion of the rhythmic pulsation of force. Rhythm is proportion in time, as symmetry is proportion in space.

Two serious defects of vocal expression are hurry on the one hand, and tediousness on the other. Movement is the revelation of the pulsation of force in such a way as to avoid either of these extremes. True movement is continually varying. Sameness or monotony of movement is the negation of movement and the worst of faults. Movement is the immediate effect of the propulsion of a living, present force.

Movement or change in the rhythmic pulsation of the voice is an important means of expression. Man moves slowly when

he carries a heavy load, and rapidly when he is free or light of heart. So man moves slowly in the delivery of his thought in proportion to his sense of its importance, its dignity, intensity, and weight, or to the element of control. He moves rapidly, on the contrary, over that which is trivial and relatively unimportant, and in proportion to the uncontrolled excitement that may dominate him.

Thus movement can contrast one thought or sentence with another thought or sentence. It can show one to be weighty and the other to be light; one to be the point at issue, and the other to be illustrative or a side issue; one to be important, and the other trite and familiar. It can show one part in the realm of the commonplace, and the other in the realm of wonder. By movement, the subjective is contrasted with the objective, the spiritual with the physical, the known with the unknown, the insignificant with the significant.

257 AND there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar, —
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star; —
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips — “The foe! they come! they come!”

Movement is directly expressive, as well as expressive by contrast. Take for example, the first line of the above illustration, “There was mounting in hot haste.” This can be read so as to suggest an individual going on a hunt; going for a doctor; going to give warning; to save a life; to make an escape; as a part of a mock parade or play: but it can also be read so as to suggest that it is a part of the battle of Waterloo. These various conceptions are shown by the difference in the movement. It is chiefly the rhythmic pulsation which gives the sense of the breadth of the situation.

Problem LXII. Show by change of rhythm change in situation, in the nature and importance of thought, in the kind of excitement, depth of feeling, or in degree of control over passion.

258 WHAT is time?—the shadow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand, day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries? These are but arbitrary and outward signs,—the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul. If not this,—then tell me, what is time?

259 "By the God that made thee, Randolph,
Tell us what mischance hath come!"
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

"Flodden Field."

Aytoun.

260 A KING sat on the rocky brow which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
and ships by thousands lay below, and men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—and when the sun set, where were they?
And where are they? And where art thou, my country? On thy voiceless shore the heroic lay is tuneless now—the heroic bosom beats no more! And must thy lyre, so long divine, degenerate into hands like mine?

"Song of the Greek."

Byron

261 THE friar crawled up the mouldy stair
To his damp cell, that he might look
Once more on his beloved Book.
And there it lay upon the stand,
Open!—he had not left it so.
He grasped it with a cry; for, lo
He saw that some angelic hand
While he was gone had finished it!

"Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book."

T. B. Aldrich.

262 CURSED is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, a salt land and not inhabited. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is. For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out his roots by the river, and shall not fear when heat cometh, but his leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.

Jeremiah, XVII. 5-8.

Problem LXIII. Contrast something familiar and in the ordinary line of thought with something unusual, — something that is a matter of faith or wonder.

263 FOR now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known.

First Corinthians, XIII. 12.

Problem LXIV. Read some description involving a conception of some physical movement, and by sympathetic identification suggest the spirit of this movement by the voice.

264 NOW the world slopes away to the afternoon sun — steady one! steady all! The down grade has begun. Let the engines take breath, they have nothing to do, for the law that swings worlds will whirl the train through. Streams of fire from the wheels, like flashes from the fountains; and the dizzy train reels as it swoops down the mountains: and fiercer and faster, as if demons drove tandem, engines "Death" and "Disaster." . . From dumb winter to spring in one wonderful hour; from Nevada's white wing to creation in flower! December at morning tossing wild in its might — a June without warning and blown roses at night!

"Overland Train."

Taylor.

265 LISTEN to the water-mill; through the livelong day, how the clicking of its wheel wears the hours away! Languidly the autumn wind stirs the forest leaves, from the fields the reapers sing, binding up their sheaves; and a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast; "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past." Autumn winds revive no more leaves that once are shed, and the sickle cannot reap corn once gathered; flows the ruffled streamlet on, tranquil, deep and still; never gliding back again to the water-mill: truly speaks that proverb old, with a meaning vast, — "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past."

"Lesson of the Water-mill."

Downey.

266 AWAY, away! for the stars are forth, and on the pure snows of the valley, in a giddy trance, the moonbeams dance — come, let us our comrades rally!

"Skater's Song."

Peabody.

267. CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star, and one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark;
 For tho' from out our bourne of time and place the flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crost the bar.

Tennyson.

268. O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But, O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies, fallen, cold and dead.
 O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here Captain! dear father! this arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck, you've fallen cold and dead.
 My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My Captain does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage is closed and done;
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells! but I with mournful tread
 Walk the deck my Captain lies, fallen cold and dead.

"On Lincoln."

Walt Whitman.

269 A FOOL, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
 As I do live by food, I met a fool,
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms.
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
 "Good morrow, fool!" quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he.
 "Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune."
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock.
 Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags,
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,

And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial — O noble fool!
 A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Shakespeare.

XXXIII. TEXTURE AND TONE-COLOR.

- 270 SOME murmur when their sky is clear and wholly bright to view,
 If one small speck of dark appear in their great heaven of blue:
 And some with thankful love are filled, if but one streak of light,
 One ray of God's good mercy gild the darkness of their night.
 In palaces are hearts that ask, in discontent and pride,
 Why life is such a dreary task, and all good things denied:
 And hearts in poorest huts admire how Love has in their aid,
 Love that not ever seems to tire, such rich provision made.

Trench.

ANY change or modulation of the voice may be made a means of expression by being made salient in relation to thought or feeling. The possible changes seem infinite, but may be reduced to a few elementals, each of which discharges a specific function in expression. The modulation of the texture and color of the voice reveal the tenderness and delicacy of feeling. It emphasizes changes of emotion and sympathy.

Tone-color is the emotional modulation of resonance. Resonance is the result of sympathetic vibrations in the production of tone; a voice is resonant in proportion to the richness of its over-tones. On the one hand the resonance of the voice is the source of the greatest pleasure to the hearer, and on the other hand the destruction or perversion of the harmony of the sympathetic vibrations or over-tones causes faults of voice, and is always associated with the most disagreeable of all qualities.

The resonance of the voice is capable of almost infinite vari-

ation and modulation. Among the many causes of these changes, the chief is the diffusion of emotional energy through the muscles of the body, especially those controlling the breath. Thus emotion changes the texture of the muscles, and necessarily the resonance of the voice. As every part of a violin vibrates sympathetically, the beauty of the tone depending upon the texture of the wood, so the beauty and resonance of the voice are caused by the modulation texture of the muscles by emotion.

If any one doubts the influence of the expressive actions of the body over the voice, let him try an illustration suggested by Dr. Taylor in his book, "Researches into the Early History of Mankind." Laugh heartily, then keep all the ordinary vocal conditions the same as nearly as possible, and draw down the corners of the mouth into the attitude of displeasure, and then laugh again; the result will convince any one. This change is more extreme and harsh than the ordinary contrasts and natural changes in true vocal expression. But though ordinary changes are more subtle, they are none the less real. Every emotion causes a texture of the muscles peculiar to itself. Love softens the muscles and so the voice; anger hardens the muscles, and so makes harsh the tone. Thus resonance is simply the material of tone-color. Tone-color is only its emotional modulation; at least that is the sense in which the word is here used.

While the resonance of the violin is fixed and constant, the resonance of the voice is continually being modulated by emotion. Hence, tone-color, or the modulation of this resonance, is one of the most important means of vocal expression. It is, however, the most unconscious and the least voluntary of all modes of vocal expression. A mechanical, artificial, or even deliberative use of tone-color is often offensive, as when a clergyman, in rendering the Litany, in some imaginary transition goes down suddenly into sepulchral tones, and tries to make it very impressive and solemn. Thus the least mechanical of modes can be made the most artificial.

Tone-color is most subtle and unconscious; it cannot be regulated by rule. Hence it is entirely overlooked in mechanical and artificial systems of elocution, such as that of Rush. It is the crowning glory, however, of true vocal art. It is that in vocal expression which reveals culture and imagination, nobleness of vision, and delicacy of feeling. It is the least intellectual of all modes of emphasis. It is not a means of manifesting the idea which is the centre of attention and the logical sequence of thought. It reveals rather the sympathy and point of view.

As a mode of emphasis it is emotional, — a change in the texture or color of the voice shows a change in the emotional conditions or situations. It manifests the man's point of view, the relations of the truth he utters to his ideals and his character; it expresses his sympathetic response to thought.

The function of tone-color is most important. A change in texture and a change in color may suggest marvellous changes in situation, and even the character of the subject of the mind's contemplation. Not only so, but it is always used in connection with the other modes of emphasis and displaces none that are sufficiently noble and dignified, ideal and suggestive.

Notice how Shakespeare expresses the two lines of passion swaying Queen Catherine. Not only is each made more emphatic by contrast with the other, but the immediate grasp of each situation in direct contrast enables the reader to express each more easily.

271 *Queen Catherine.* PRAY you keep your way;
When you are called, return. Now the Lord help me;
They vex me past my patience! Pray you pass on.

Problem LXV. Read and enter into definite sympathy with each successive situation, and allow the texture of the voice to change so as to emphasize strongly the contrasts the author wishes to make.

272 "O FATHER! I see a gleaming light; O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word, a frozen corpse was he.

273 A LITTLE spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern; a passing stranger scooped a well, where weary men might turn; he walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink: he thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink. He passed again — and lo! the well, by summers never dried, had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

274 Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like base-born slaves beneath your master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle."

Kellogg.

275 THE gay will laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee.

276 THEY grew in beauty side by side, they filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed far and wide, by mount, and stream, and sea.
"The Graves of a Household."

Mrs. Hemans.

277 WHEN the tide comes in, at once the shore and sea begin together to be glad. What the tide has brought no man has asked, no man has sought: what other tides have had the deep sand hides away; the last bit of the wrecks they wrought was burned up yesterday.

When the tide goes out, the shore looks dark and sad with doubt. The landmarks are all lost. For the tide to turn, men patient wait, men restless yearn. Sweet channels they have crossed, in boats that rocked with glee, stretch now bare stony roads that burn and lead away from sea.

When the tide comes in in hearts, at once the hearts begin together to be glad. What the tide has brought they do not care, they have not sought, all joy they ever had the new joy multiplies; all pain by which it may be bought seems paltry sacrifice.

When the tide goes out, the hearts are wrung with fear and doubt: all trace of joy seems lost. Will the tide return? In restless questioning they yearn with hands unclasped, uncrossed, they weep, on separate ways. Ah! darling, shall we ever learn love's tidal hours and days?

Helen Hunt Jackson.

Problem LXVI. Show by the texture and color of the voice the difference between the objective and the subjective, the literal and the figurative, or the spiritual.

278 COME down, ye graybeard mariners, unto the wasting shore!
 The morning winds are up, — the gods bid me to dream no more.
 Come, tell me whither I must sail, what peril there may be,
 Before I take my life in hand and venture out to sea!
 "We may not tell thee where to sail, nor what the dangers are;
 Each sailor soundeth for himself, each hath a separate star:
 Each sailor soundeth for himself, and on the awful sea
 What we have learned is ours alone; we may not tell it thee."
 Come back, O ghostly mariners, ye who have gone before!
 I dread the dark impetuous tides; I dread the farther shore.
 Tell me the secret of the waves; say what my fate shall be —
 Quick! for the mighty winds are up, and will not wait for me.
 "Hail and farewell, O voyager! thyself must read the waves;
 What we have learned of sun and storm lies with us in our graves:
 What we have learned of sun and storm is ours alone to know.
 The winds are blowing out to sea, take up thy life and go."

Ellen M. Hutchinson.

279 THE day is dark and the night to him that would search their heart, no lips of cloud that will part, nor morning song in the light: only, gazing alone; to him wild shadows are shown, deep under deep unknown, and height above unknown height. . . .

The sky leans dumb on the sea aweary with all its wings -- and oh! the song the sea sings is dark everlastingly. Our past is clean forgot, our present is and is not, our future's a sealed seed-plot, and what betwixt them are we? We who say as we go, "Strange to think by the way, whatever there is to know, that we shall know one day."

Rossetti.

280 THE ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully: and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have not where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my corn and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night is thy soul required of thee; and the things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God. And he said

unto his disciples, Therefore say I unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. For the life is more than the food, and the body than the raiment. Consider the ravens, that they sow not, neither reap; which have no store-chamber nor barn; and God feedeth them: of how much more value are ye than the birds! And which of you by being anxious can add a cubit unto his stature? If then ye are not able to do even that which is least, why are ye anxious concerning the rest? Consider the lilies, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you, Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass in the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more shall he clothe you, O ye of little faith?

XXXIV. FORCE AND LOUDNESS.

EMPHASIS has been defined as "a greater stress of voice placed upon a word or syllable." This, however, except when stress is used in the sense of touch, is an undignified form of emphasis. To emphasize by merely increasing the stress of voice upon a word is the way a dog emphasizes a bark or a growl. It is a mode of emphasis common to all ranters and demagogues. The use of loudness or a thrust of force is a method employed by undisciplined and uncultured men.

Hamlet's speech to the players, the noble words of Henry Fifth at Harfleur, or the most dignified sentences of a prince or king, delivered with mere stress are made those of a vulgar clown. Loudness is a purely physical element, and does not manifest thought. It is not even the chief means by which a speaker makes himself heard. Support, purity of tone, good vocal quantity, changes of pitch between words, resonance, and distinct articulation are much more important.

Emphasis by loudness is an appeal to the animal instinct. It is expressive of anger, uncontrolled excitement, and the lower emotions. But inflection, changes of pitch, pause, and movement appeal to the rational nature of man. The extension of the conversational melody or form is the most dignified and

most normal method of emphasis. In proportion to the dignity of any character, the sincerity and nobleness of any human being, will these elements predominate over loudness and mere force in delivery. In proportion to the nobleness of an emotion or thought, we find a tendency to accentuate these elements. Such a method of emphasis is appropriate to all forms of literature. The highest is not degraded but exalted by it; the most sublime and most tender are made more noble.

Force and loudness, however, degrade any form of literature which is not already low. These modes of emphasis, therefore, are used by undignified characters, and manifest that which is degraded. Such methods, therefore, are only appropriate in the dramatic representation of that which is ignoble. They may be adopted by an actor or a reader to show a moment of uncontrolled passion, where there is no appeal to reason but an aim to awaken fear or to dominate another by force; to contrast a vulgar man with one who is noble. But even here they must be only suggestive. Loudness of itself will divert and not win attention. Its use as a mode of emphasis must be rare.

Problem LXVII. Give a noble speech first with stress and force, as directed in many books on elocution, then give it with a simple natural tone, accentuating the inflections, and extending the changes of pitch, range, and pauses, and note the difference.

281 *SPEAK* the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, — trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.

282 *CONSIDER* all that lies in that one word, *Past!* What a pathetic, sacred, in every sense *poetic*, meaning is implied in it; a meaning growing ever the clearer, the farther we recede in Time, — the *more* of that same Past we have to look through! . . . History, after all, is the true Poetry; Reality, if rightly interpreted, is grander than Fiction; nay, even in the right interpretation of Reality and History does genuine Poetry consist.

Problem LXVIII. Take the speech of a queen or a prince and see how easily the dignity may be destroyed by the use of force as a means of emphasis; and how indignation can be given by pause, inflection, and change of pitch without losing the character.

283 I WILL not tarry; no, nor ever more, upon this business my appearance make in any of their courts.

Queen Catherine in "Henry VIII."

Shakespeare.

284 ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage. . . .
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! — on, on, ye noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument. . . .
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
Cry — Heaven for Harry! England! and Saint George!

"Henry V."

Problem LXIX. Show how an ignoble speech may be ennobled by giving it the emphasis by form and inflection; and show also the difference in expression between anger and indignation.

285 PALE, trembling coward! there I throw my gage.

286 *Hotspur.* I'LL keep them all, — by Heaven! he shall not have a Scot of them: no, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not: I'll keep them, by this hand!

287 If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife; if ye are men, follow me! strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain-passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylae!

- 288 "HALT!" once more came the voice of dread;
 "Halt! or your blood be on your head!"

Problem LXX. Show how a noble passage may be perverted by loudness and force, and how the most exquisite passage may be emphasized by form without perverting its spirit.

289. A LOST LOVE.

I MEET thy pensive, moonlight face; thy thrilling voice I hear;
 And former hours and scenes retrace, too fleeting, and too dear!
 Then sighs and tears flow fast and free, though none is nigh to share;
 And life has naught beside for me so sweet as this despair.
 There are crush'd hearts that will not break; and mine, methinks, is one;
 Or thus I should not weep and wake, and thou to slumber gone.
 I little thought it thus could be in days more sad and fair—
 That earth could have a place for me, and thou no longer there.
 Yet death cannot our hearts divide, or make thee less my own:
 'Twere sweeter sleeping at thy side than watching here alone.
 Yet never, never can we part, while Memory holds her reign;
 Thine, thine is still this wither'd heart till we shall meet again.

H. F. Lyte.

XXXV. MODES OF EMPHASIS.

THERE are many ways by which a word or phrase may be made salient, or an idea emphatic. Among these the most important have been discussed: inflection, change of pitch, pause, movement, texture, and tone-color. These express mental, imaginative, or emotional activity. There are others which show merely physical action, that tend to degrade thought, such as stress, loudness, and muscular force.

Rarely, if ever, is one of the true psychic modes of emphasis found isolated from the others. They are found in free and complex combination; often all of them are present at the same time. Each of them manifests some special aspect of the human being; some, degree of earnestness, or intensity; some, special action or attitude of the man.

It is helpful in the development of emphasis to analyze and study each mode separately, and to practise extracts that illustrate each of them separately and successively, in order to realize and develop the special expressive power of each. This practice develops these various forms and secures an increased vocabulary of vocal actions.

It is well also to practice occasionally some of the undignified modes of emphasis in contrast with the nobler modes, in order to develop a sense of their nature and place in expression, and also to make us realize the effectiveness of inflection, change of pitch, pause, and tone-color, as compared with mere force and volume of voice.

When the practice of all these various modes is neglected, there is a tendency to drift into a monotonous use of one form of emphasis; one mode is exaggerated, and that generally the most undignified one. But even the noblest of these modes, when used to the exclusion of the others, will deteriorate into an artificial and ineffective mannerism. Many have lost the use of the several modes of expression through neglect, and have become totally unconscious of them as natural modes of emphasis. Training stimulates and awakens what is latent; it builds upon nature; it develops nature's highest possibilities according to her own laws and principles.

Artistic power is not the necessary result of mere artistic impulses; a sense of correct form must be awakened, and the ability to manifest this form must be developed. Practice is requisite to master the use of all the modes of expression, but their employment should be spontaneous and natural, and in accordance with the requirements of the thought. Therefore training is preliminary to expression. We may be analytic, and exaggerate in consciousness one specific element in training, but in the act of expression there must be harmonious co-operation. The mind, for example, except in practice for a special aim or need, should not dwell too much upon the length of inflections

or the degree of their abruptness. The attention in expression must be upon the progress of the ideas. There must be developed an instinctive command of form and technical means, and the mind must be concentrated upon the central ideas; otherwise there will be self-consciousness and artificiality. But this facility in the employment of technical actions can only be gained by the faithful practice of definite and adequate exercises.

There are three general ways by which emphasis may be improved. First, by developing flexibility and responsiveness of the voice so that every act of the mind or change of attitude shall cause a change in the voice. Second, by acquiring the use of all the natural modes of emphasis and by developing the ability to distinguish those which are noble from those which are ignoble in significance. Third, by cultivating the penetrative instinct or the proper method of the mind in thinking; by securing earnestness, sincerity, and simplicity; in short, by developing the right action of the powers concerned in expression.

Let the student take the extracts and problems already given and practice them with each mode of emphasis successively, and also with various combinations of these modes. Such practice is helpful, because it does not confine the student to one mode and cause him to become conventional and artificial, but awakens his instincts, and gives him consciousness of his powers and control over his natural modes of expression.

Problem LXXI. Render some strong passage by the harmonious union of all possible modes of emphasis, and also show that by using any one mode exclusively the thought may not only lose its force and beauty, but may be rendered obscure and indefinite.

290. EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO.

At the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time,

When you set your fancies free,

Will they pass to where — by death, fools think, imprisoned —

Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,

Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
 What had I on earth to do
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel,
 Being who?

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday, in the battle of man's work-time,
 Greet the unseen with a cheer!
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
 "Strive and thrive!" cry, "Speed, — fight on, fare ever
 There as here!"

Browning.

Problem LXXII. Contrast passages entirely different, and show that the modes of emphasis and all the various elements of vocal expression must also vary according to the character of the thought.

291. A DEAD MAN'S MESSAGE.

He who died at Azan sends this, to comfort faithful friends.

FAITHFUL friends! It lies, I know, pale and cold, and still as snow; and you say, "*Abdullah's dead!*" weeping at its feet and head. I can see your falling tears, I can hear your sighs and prayers; yet I smile and whisper this, "I am not the thing you kiss; cease your wail and let it lie, it was mine; — it is not I!" Sweet friends! what the women lave for its last bed in the grave was a hut which I am quitting — was a garment, no more fitting — was a cage, wherefrom, at last like a bird, my soul hath past. Love the inmate, not the room, the wearer, not the garb — the plume of the eagle, not the bars which kept him from the splendid stars. Loving friends! be wise and dry straightway every weeping eye! What you lift upon the bier is not worth a single tear; 'tis a simple sea-shell, one out of which the pearl is gone; the shell is nothing — leave it there — the pearl, the soul, the all is here! 'Tis an earthen pot, whose lid Allah sealed, the while it hid that treasure of His treasury — a mind that loved Him; let it be! Let the shard be earth's once more, since the gold goes to His store! Allah glorious, Allah good, now Thy world is understood! Now the long, long wonder ends; yet you weep, my foolish friends,

while the man you say "is dead" in unspoken bliss instead lives and loves you;—lost, 'tis true, for any light that shines with you; but, in that light you do not see, raised to full felicity, in a perfect Paradise, and a life which never dies. Farewell friends! yet not farewell: where I am you too shall dwell; I am gone beyond your face, a moment's march, a single pace. When you come where I have stepped, you will wonder why you wept; you will see by true life taught, that *here* is all, and *there* is nought. Weep a while, if you are fain, sunshine still must follow rain, only *not at death*; for death now, I see, is that long breath which our souls draw when they enter life that is of all life centre. Be ye certain—all seems love viewed from Allah's seat above; be ye stout of hope, and come bravely onward to your home. From its happy gate my ken sees you, struggling "souls," not "men," all for nameless joys decreed, which your wills may stay or speed; but not one—at last—to fail, since at last Love must prevail. "*La Allah, illa Allah,*" yea, thou Love divine! thou Lord alway! He that died at Azan gave this—to those who made his grave.

Edwin Arnold.

- 292 UNDER the slighting light of the yellow sun of October,
 Close by the side of the ear track, a gang of Dagos were working;
 Pausing a moment to catch a note of their liquid Italian,
 Faintly I heard an echo of Rome's imperial accents,
 Broken-down forms of Latin words from the Senate and Forum,
 Now smoothed over by use to the musical lingua Romana.
 Then the thought came, why, these are the heirs of the Romans;
 These are the sons of the men who founded the empire of Cæsar;
 These are they whose fathers carried the conquering eagles
 Over all Gaul and across the sea to Ultima Thule.
 The race-type persists unchanged in their eyes and profiles and figures.
 Muscular, short and thick-set, with prominent noses, recalling
 "Romanes rerum dominos, gentemque togatam."
 See, Labienus is swinging a pick with rhythmical motion;
 Yonder one pushing the shovel might be Julius Cæsar,
 Lean, deep-eyed, broad-browed, and bald, a man of a thousand;
 Further along stands the jolly Horatius Flaccus;
 Grim and grave, with rings in his ears, see Cato the Censor.
 On the side of the street, in proud and gloomy seclusion,
 Bossing the job, stood a Celt: the race enslaved by the legions,
 Sold in the markets of Rome to meet the expenses of Cæsar.
 And, as I loitered, the Celt cried out: "Warruk, ye Dagos!"
 "Full up your shovel, Paythro, ye hathen! I'll dock yees a quarther."

This he said to the one who resembled the great imperator;
 Meekly the dignified Roman kept on patiently digging.
 Such are the changes and chances the centuries bring to the nations;
 Surely the ups and downs of the world are past calculation.
 "Possibly," thus I thought to myself, "the yoke of the Irish
 May in turn be lifted from us, in the tenth generation.
 Now the Celt is on top; but time may bring his revenges,
 Turning the Fenian down, once more to be bossed by a Dago."

Hartford Courant.

XXXVI. DEGREES OF EMPHASIS.

THE word 'emphasis' is used in at least two different senses. The term is applied to the manifestation of the successive centres of the mind's attention; it names the process of revealing the method of the mind in thinking, the logical sequence of ideas through inflection and other modulations of the voice. This usage of the word applies to the intellectual aspects of vocal expression in the simplest conversation as well as in the highest oratory.

But the term 'emphasis' is also employed to designate some unusual development of this vocal form in revealing the process of thought, or to degrees higher than are required to manifest the actions of the mind in ordinary conversation. To use emphasis in this sense is to make the central ideas more salient; it enlarges the conversational form in order to show or win greater attention, to make manifest some deeper meaning or broader relation, or to give saliency to a sentence or phrase or word. According to this view a sentence may be spoken naturally and simply but without emphasis, or the same sentence may be spoken with emphasis.

In any art it is best to confine a word to a specific idea. Hence is it not best to use the word 'emphasis' as the name of the manifestation through the voice of the sequence of the mind in thinking, but to employ the phrase 'degrees of emphasis' in the second sense of the enlargement of conversational form?

Emphasis can be increased in proportion to the extension or enlargement of the elements of conversational form. The inflections and changes of pitch are lengthened, the pauses are extended, the rhythmic movement is more varied according to the degree of earnestness or emphasis. The emphatic words are made more prominent, and those not emphatic are made more subordinate, normally by greater range of voice.

It is important to study and to practice degrees of emphasis, because it is the endeavor to increase the degree of emphasis that causes a great many faults in delivery. There is often a tendency to submerge all the elements of form in mere loudness; to throw all the energy into some abnormal push or swell, and to eliminate change of pitch, inflection, and range; this tendency is the cause of rant and stilted delivery, and develops the declamatory and unnatural methods so common among speakers.

A young speaker who aims to correct these defects or to avoid the formation of obnoxious mannerisms should read some of the simple, dignified passages which have been illustrated, with conversational ease and repose, and then give them so they can be heard by a thousand people, being careful to increase emphasis by simply extending the range, length of inflection, changes of pitch, and pauses.

The contrasts which have already been mentioned between the simplest and plainest conversation and the largest and most emphatic extension of the elements of vocal form, preserving naturalness in both cases, constitute also an important exercise for practice.

Of course, with increase of emphasis there is increase of intensity. Intensity is manifested by means of simple decisiveness of touch, inflections, and changes of pitch, or by extending the pauses and the range of voice. Dignity and intensity in emphasis are destroyed by loudness. They are preserved in direct proportion as the increase in degrees of emphasis is obtained by extending range, and not by increase of loudness.

In order to prevent declamatory stiltedness and to develop sensitiveness to the nobleness and dignity of naturalness and simplicity, it is a good practice to give the speech of a king, prince, or other exalted personage without lowering his dignity or losing the character, or acting in any way inconsistent with its spirit. Though the royal speech be excited or earnest, it should be in harmony with his dignity and bearing.

Problem LXXIII. Read a most emphatic passage with its true spirit of earnestness and energy, but by increasing the touch and extending the range, without increasing the volume of tone above the ordinary conversational degree of loudness.

293 BUT, my lords, who is the man that, in addition to the disgrace and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitants of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment.

Pitt.

294 WE are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs; march to the bridge.

295 ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.

Lowell.

Problem LXXIV. Read a series of extracts, giving the first as if to only one friend, and increase or vary the audience and the earnestness, till at last a passage can be given to a vast audience of the representatives of a great nation upon an important issue.

296 EXCELLENCE, in human art as in human character, has from the beginning of things been even more uniform than Mediocrity, by virtue of the closeness of its approach to Nature.

Palgrave.

297 A DEWDROP, falling on the wild sea-wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And, happy, now the grave did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die;

Until again, "I perish quite!" it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed.
Oh, unbelieving! So it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

"Life Through Death."

Richard Chenevix Trench.

298 WE sit as in a boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-coloured visions flit round our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake!

Carlyle.

299. THE CONVENTION OF FRANCE, 1789.

I HEAR much said of patriotism, appeals to patriotism, transports of patriotism. Gentlemen, why prostitute this noble word? Is it so very magnanimous to give up a part of your income in order to save your whole property? This is very simple arithmetic; and he that hesitates, deserves contempt rather than indignation.

Yes, gentlemen, it is to your immediate self-interest, to your most familiar notions of prudence and policy, that I now appeal. I say not to you now, as heretofore, beware how you give the world the first example of an assembled nation untrue to the public faith. I ask you not, as heretofore, what right you have to freedom, or what means of maintaining it, if, at your first step in administration, you outdo in baseness all the old and corrupt governments. I tell you, that unless you prevent this catastrophe, you will all be involved in the general ruin; and that you are yourselves the persons most deeply interested in making the sacrifices which the government demands of you.

I exhort you, then, most earnestly, to vote these extraordinary supplies; and God grant they may prove sufficient! Vote them, I beseech you; for, even if you doubt the expediency of the means, you know perfectly well that the supplies are necessary, and that you are incapable of raising them in any other way. Vote them at once, for the crisis does not admit of delay; and, if it occurs, we must be responsible for the consequences.

Beware of asking for time. Misfortune accords it never. While you are lingering, the evil day will come upon you. Why, gentlemen, it is

but a few days since, that upon occasion of some foolish bustle in the *Palais Royal*, some ridiculous insurrection that existed nowhere but in the heads of a few weak or designing individuals, we were told with emphasis, "Catiline is at the gates of Rome, and yet we deliberate." We know, gentlemen, that this was all imagination. We are far from being at Rome; nor is there any Catiline at the gates of Paris. But now are we threatened with a real danger: bankruptcy, national bankruptcy, is before you; it threatens to swallow up your persons, your property, your honor, — and yet you deliberate.

Mirabeau.

XXXVII. FAULTS OF EMPHASIS.

THE chief faults of emphasis are a lack of decision of touch, a lack of directness or straightness of inflection, the substitution of force for form, a lack of range of voice, a constant use of some one mode, no definite centres of attention and the elimination of all emphasis, or the making of too many words emphatic. It is impossible in writing to explain these, or even to enumerate a tenth of the common faults among speakers. The detection of specific faults must be the work of a teacher.

One specific fault may be illustrated: a drop of the voice upon the emphatic word instead of a salient falling inflection from a higher pitch. There is a rising of the voice towards the emphatic word, but when that is reached, the voice drops upon the word, and the interval is not an upward interval before the emphatic falling inflection, but a downward one in the same direction as the inflection. This fault is the chief element in what is called 'ministerial' melody. It gives the impression of a kind of passive sadness. It is caused by a lack of saliency, absence of control, or a vague ecstatic condition of the mind.

In the development of emphasis it is better to be positive rather than negative. The general steps and methods here arranged will tend to prevent as well as to eliminate all faults. In the correction of mannerisms, there must be a definite diagnosis by the teacher and a special application of principles so as to eradicate causes of faults.

The chief causes of faults are found in a lack of definite thinking, a failure to relate ideas to each other, a lack of methodic insight, a failure to concentrate and hold the mind upon a single idea and to subordinate others, the absence of progression toward an idea held in the mind during the sequence of sentences or paragraphs, lack of control over emotion, and inflexibility of the voice.

No amount of technical work, no amount of diagnosis as to the nature of any fault or acquisition of some right mechanical action will correct faults without the removal of the cause. Unless the cause is removed, the fault will return, even though the man may see it and may consciously avoid it for a time. The true secret of naturalness in emphasis is to give each idea specific value in relation to the thought. The student must be true to the process of his mind; he must mean what he says and say what he means, and make each step manifest. Faults often arise from a wholesaling of ideas instead of giving each central idea individual force or in detail. The student must think one idea at a time, and so present it that another mind cannot fail to receive it; he should be simple, sincere and direct in his mental attitude toward each idea and specific in the presentation of it to his auditor.

The mind must be trained to carry what has been given, what is familiar, and to penetrate to the 'additional point,' or to select the right word; and to introduce to the audience the one idea in each clause, and to give the right degree of accentuation that will cause progress towards a purpose.

One of the simplest and most effective methods of correcting defects of emphasis, is to assign dialogues from standard dramas. By this means a student is led to study the action of the mind and its effect upon the voice. Scenes may be chosen with more or less of animation, and with varying degrees of dignity and intensity, to suit each individual need. The student should listen to his interlocutor and relate every word and idea to him.

A monologue is also helpful. It gives a specific character in a specific situation, and speaks to a specific though imaginary hearer. In general, students should be assigned different forms of literature and speaking. All should be made to reproduce simply the thought of good literature.

300. SCENES FROM THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

I.

Sir Peter. LADY TEAZLE, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teazle. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and what's more, I will too. What though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Peter. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teazle. Authority! No, to be sure; if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Peter. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady Teazle. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir Peter. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house.

Lady Teazle. Lud, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Peter. Zounds! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teazle. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Peter. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style,—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle,

when I saw you first sitting at your tabor, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady Teazle. Oh yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led, — my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lap dog.

Sir Peter. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teazle. And then, you know, my evening amusements; — to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinnet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Peter. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach — *vis-à-vis* — and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady Teazle. No — I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Peter. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teazle. Well, then; and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is —

Sir Peter. My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teazle. Hem! hem!

Sir Peter. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teazle. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Peter. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teazle. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir Peter. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teazle. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Peter. Ay; there again — taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teazle. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's?

Sir Peter. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady Teazle. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Peter. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady Teazle. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Peter. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teazle. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Peter. Grace, indeed!

Lady Teazle. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Peter. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady Teazle. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to you. [Exit LADY TEAZLE.]

Sir Peter. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [Exit.]

II.

Lady Teazle. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

Sir Peter. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady Teazle. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir Peter. Two hundred pounds! What, ain't I to be in a good humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it [*gives her notes*]; but seal me a bond of repayment.

Lady Teazle. Oh no; there — my note of hand will do as well.

Sir Peter. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you: — but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady Teazle. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir Peter. Well; then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady Teazle. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you: you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing — didn't you?

Sir Peter. Yes, yes, and you were kind and attentive —

Lady Teazle. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir Peter. Indeed!

Lady Teazle. Ay; and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir Peter. Thank you.

Lady Teazle. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir Peter. And you prophesied right: and we shall now be the happiest couple —

Lady Teazle. And never differ again?

Sir Peter. No, never! — though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady Teazle. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir Peter. Now see, my angel! take care — contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady Teazle. Then don't you begin it, my love.

Sir Peter. There, now! you — you are going on. You don't perceive,

my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady Teazle. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear —

Sir Peter. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady Teazle. No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish —

Sir Peter. There now! who begins first?

Lady Teazle. Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing — but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir Peter. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

Lady Teazle. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir Peter. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady Teazle. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir Peter. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

Lady Teazle. So much the better.

Sir Peter. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you — a pert, rural coquette that had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

Lady Teazle. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you — an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with anyone who would have him.

Sir Peter. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady Teazle. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir Peter. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful — but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are — not without grounds.

Lady Teazle. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir Peter. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please! Yes, madam, or a divorce! — I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady Teazle. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple — and never differ

again, you know — ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you: so, bye — bye.

Sir Peter. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper.

Sheridan.

301. THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND.

THAT second time they hunted me from hill to plain, from shore to sea, and Austria, hounding far and wide her blood-hounds thro' the country-side, breathed hot and instant on my trace, — I made six days a hiding-place of that dry green old aqueduct where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked the fire-flies from the roof above, bright creeping thro' the moss they love: — how long it seems since Charles was lost! Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed the country in my very sight; and when that peril ceased at night, the sky broke out in red dismay with signal fires; well, there I lay close covered o'er in my recess, up to the neck in ferns and cress, thinking on Metternich our friend, and Charles's miserable end, and much beside, two days; the third, hunger o'ercame me when I heard the peasants from the village go to work among the maize; you know, with us in Lombardy, they bring provisions packed on mules, a string with little bells that cheer their task, and casks, and boughs on every cask to keep the sun's heat from the wine; these I let pass in jingling line, and, close on them, dear noisy crew, the peasants from the village, too; for at the very rear would troop their wives and sisters in a group to help, I knew. When these had passed, I threw my glove to strike the last, taking the chance: she did not start, much less cry out, but stooped apart, one instant rapidly glanced round, and saw me beckon from the ground. A wild bush grows and hides my crypt; she picked my glove up while she stripped a branch off, then rejoined the rest with that; my glove lay in her breast. Then I drew breath; they disappeared: it was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone exactly where my glove was thrown. Meanwhile came many thoughts: on me rested the hopes of Italy. I had devised a certain tale which, when 'twas told her, could not fail persuade a peasant of its truth; I meant to call a freak of youth this hiding, and give hopes of pay, and no temptation to betray. But when I saw that woman's face, its calm simplicity of grace, our Italy's own attitude in which she walked thus far, and stood, planting each naked foot so firm, to crush the snake and spare the worm — at first sight of her eyes, I said, "I am that man upon whose head they fix the price, because I hate the

Austrians over us: the State will give you gold — oh, gold so much! — if you betray me to their clutch, and be your death, for aught I know, if once they find you saved their foe. Now, you must bring me food and drink, and also paper, pen and ink, and carry safe what I shall write to Padua, which you'll reach at night before the duomo shuts; go in, and wait till *Tenebrae* begin; walk to the third confessional, between the pillar and the wall, and kneeling whisper, '*Whence comes peace?*' Say it a second time, then cease; and if the voice inside returns, '*From Christ and Freedom; what concerns the cause of Peace?*' — for answer, slip my letter where you placed your lip; then come back happy we have done our mother service — I, the son, as you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand in the same place, with the same eyes: I was no surer of sunrise than of her coming. We conferred of her own prospects, and I heard she had a lover — stout and tall, she said — then let her eyelids fall, "He could do much" — as if some doubt entered her heart, — then, passing out, "she could not speak for others, who had other thoughts; herself she knew;" and so she brought me drink and food. After four days, the scouts pursued another path; at last arrived the help my Paduan friends contrived to furnish me: she brought the news. For the first time I could not choose but kiss her hand, and lay my own upon her head — "This faith was shown to Italy, our mother; she uses my hand and blesses thee." She followed down to the sea-shore; I left and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought concerning — much less wished for — aught beside the good of Italy, for which I live and mean to die! I never was in love; and since Charles proved false, what shall now convince my inmost heart I have a friend? However, if I pleased to spend real wishes on myself — say, three — I know at least what one should be. I would grasp Metternich until I felt his red wet throat distil in blood thro' these two hands. And next, — nor much for that am I perplexed — Charles, perjured traitor, for his part, should die slow of a broken heart under his new employers. Last — ah, there, what should I wish? For fast do I grow old and out of strength. If I resolved to seek at length my father's house again, and scared they all would look, and unprepared! My brothers live in Austria's pay — disowned me long ago, men say; and all my early mates who used to praise me so — perhaps induced more than one early step of mine — are turning wise: while some opine "Freedom grows license," some suspect "Haste breeds delay," and recollect they always said, such premature beginnings never could endure! So, with a sullen "All's for best," the land seems settling to its rest. I think

then, I should wish to stand this evening in that dear, lost land, over the sea the thousand miles, and know if yet that woman smiles with the calm smile; some little farm she lives in there, no doubt: what harm if I sat on the door-side bench, and, while her spindle made a trench fantastically in the dust, inquired of all her fortunes—just her children's ages and their names, and what may be the husband's aims for each of them. I'd talk this out, and sit there, for an hour about, then kiss her hand once more, and lay mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how it steals the time! To business now.

Browning.

XXXVIII. DEVELOPMENT OF METHOD.

THE penetrative logical or methodic action of the mind is an element in all expression. It is both conscious and unconscious. It is not only a characteristic of reason but of instinct. Method is simply the mode of action or the natural sequence of ideas in the human mind. It belongs to all thinking. It is a characteristic not only of oratory but of all poetry, of all dramatic composition, of all stories, of all literature.

Chaotic action of the mind in reading and speaking is very common and takes many forms. One violation of true logical action, in Vocal Expression, consists in confused wandering off upon tangents during the calling of words, with occasional images, but without a definite sequence of thought. Reading may be only the repeating of words, or the giving of each idea without any relation to other ideas.

Natural and effective speaking and reading is primarily dependent upon the logical sequence of the mind in thinking. The conceptions must succeed each other according to the law of association of ideas, and must dominate the feeling and the act of expression.

The development of this power is very important. All the steps so far taken are intended for the development of the method of the mind. The orderly sequence of ideas, the relation of ideas to each other, and the relation of this to conversation, is a practical study of a most important phase of logic.

Logical method cannot be developed, however, by mere analysis; it must be developed practically by speaking upon the feet, by conversation, and by the simple and natural rendering of the best literature.

There are many exercises which furnish simple and effective means of practically developing the logical actions of the mind in relation to expression. Logical method is primarily an instinct, and must be trained in connection with the presentation of thoughts to other minds. Hence there should be long continued practice and strict discipline in logical conversation or discussion and various kinds of speaking.

Aside from the steps already given, a few problems may be enumerated for the development of this action of the mind.

Problem LXXV. Tell some simple story in as few words as possible, with the events arranged in a natural order.

Problem LXXVI. Give, after careful observation, an adequate but simple and brief description of some object or scene, some historical building, or battle-field.

Problem LXXVII. Visit some great picture or work of art, study it contemplatively and sympathetically, and suggest in a few words its meaning and its spirit.

Problem LXXVIII. Give the argument of some great poem as definitely and adequately as possible, but in a few words.

Problem LXXIX. Give the argument of a Greek play, or that of some strong drama, retaining as much as possible its dramatic spirit and movement.

Problem LXXX. State the arguments on both sides of some vital question of the day.

Problem LXXXI. State the arguments and their order in Æschines' oration against Ktestiphon, and those which Demosthenes used in his defense in his great Oration on the Crown.

Problem LXXXII. Debate with another, stating definitely but courteously every argument. Be sure to recognize and state with their true force the arguments of an opponent.

Such exercises as these will test and train the insight of a student into fundamentals and cultivate his power of observation. They will also test his ability to awaken interest in other minds. They will also reveal the student's mind more clearly to the teacher and to himself, and steps can be taken to improve any weak action. They also develop self-possession and power to think upon his feet. Such methods test the range of the reading of the student. They bring him into close contact with the greatest and best thoughts of his race.

There is no need to speak of the mental discipline to be acquired from such work as this, or of its aid in the study of literature. Much of the study of literature is too mechanical and artificial, and tends merely to be philological. This method will lead to deeper participation in the fundamental spirit, and secure a broader comprehension and appreciation of a poem or work of literary art. A student by this means may be led to a practical study of the literature of all times; he may be given a drama of the Greeks, or some book in French or German. The teacher of elocution may also in this case use the studies the student is pursuing with other teachers. The teacher of expression will strive to study the minds of students in expressing those things in which they are most interested. For this reason, he needs often to seek advice from teachers in other departments, to find the real needs of students; and if he has done his duty, he may also be able in turn to give counsel of great value to other teachers.

The subjects for discussion can be taken from a great many sources. Students should often be left to select for themselves. As in most colleges they do not have a great deal of time to prepare for Vocal Expression and speaking, it is important that they should speak upon something in which they are most interested. The teacher's business is to criticise, to give the student practice, and to see that his ideas have logical sequence and that he is thinking upon his feet.

Nothing, however, in the development of the penetrative action of the mind in Vocal Expression can take the place of the thorough study of the best authors. There must not only be a study of the process of the thought in all forms of literature, but there must be a practical interpretation of this thought in the author's own words through Vocal Expression.

The student may also be led by this means to study an author who will be essentially helpful to him. An author can be selected who is strong where the student is weak. By an earnest endeavor to give the thought of such an author, to express the process of his mind, his manner will be more or less unconsciously assimilated, and the weaknesses corrected.

Problem LXXXIII. Study the method of different authors, the logical sequence of their ideas, and their selection of the right words to express these ideas, and interpret the spirit of each author truthfully in vocal expression.

302. JOHN HAMPDEN.

IN Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which at such a crisis were necessary to save the state—the valor and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney.

Others might possess all the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; Hampden alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions, ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge, it was when the vices and the ignorance which the old tyranny had generated had threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

Macaulay.

303. EFFECT OF DISTANCE.

ARE not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? By no means. Look at the clouds and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded lustre of their magnificent rolling. They are meant to be beheld far away: they are shaped for their place high above your head: approach them and they diffuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapor. Look at the crest of the Alp from the far-away plains over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communed with it by myriads. It was built for its place in the far-off sky: approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundations, and the tide of human life is met at last by the eternal "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed," the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness; its purple walls are rent into grisly rocks, its silver fretwork saddened into wasting snow; the stormbrands of ages are on its breast, the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.

If you desire to perceive the great harmonies of the form of a rocky mountain, you must not ascend upon its sides. All there is disorder and accident, or seems so. Retire from it, and as your eye commands it more and more, you see the ruined mountain world with a wider glance; behold! dim sympathies begin to busy themselves in the disjointed mass: line binds itself into stealthy fellowship with line: group by group, the helpless fragments gather themselves into ordered companies: new captains of hosts, and masses of battalions, become visible one by one; and far-away answers of foot to foot and bone to bone, until the powerless is seen risen up with girded loins, and not one piece of all the unregarded heap can now be spared from the mystic whole.

Ruskin.

304 HE faced his audience with a tranquil mien, and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and feigned emotion. It was simple colloquy — a gentleman conversing. How was it done? Ah! how did Mozart do it — how Raphael? The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory — that is the secret of genius and eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion, and happy anecdote, and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram, and limpid humor,

like the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odors, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his

"Pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say his body thought."

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips? It was an American patriot, a modern son of liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity.

"Wendell Phillips."

Curtis.

XXXIX. CLEARNESS.

THE cause of language and expression is the desire to communicate with other minds. Hence, the essential requisite of all writing, speaking, or reading is that everything shall be clear. Delivery aims to make people hear, understand, and feel. The clear comprehension of meaning lies at the foundation of all expression. Without this there can be no true feeling or adequate thought.

Clearness in Vocal Expression, aside from the mechanical elements of articulation and the right qualities of voice, is dependent chiefly upon the saliency of the central words and the subordination of adjunctive words or phrases. There must be such a variety of inflections and changes of pitch, emphasis, and subordination, that the logical sequence of the thought shall be clearly shown. All ideas must be brought into right relationship with each other. There must be a simple and definite progression from idea to idea. One idea must be introduced at a time, however complex its relations as an object of specific attention. Every antithesis, comparison, or logical sequence of ideas must be made definitely manifest through the voice. All the elements of Vocal Expression, all modulations of the voice, must have direct relationship to the process of thinking.

There are many causes of a lack of clearness. Emphasis of too many words, a lack of emphasis, and a lack of subordination are among the most common.

In general, clearness in Vocal Expression is dependent upon clearness of thinking and the enlarged and clear accentuation of the processes of thought and its direct domination of the modulations of the voice. An idea may be clear to the speaker; but on account of the failure to think slowly and to modulate his voice according to his thought, he may confuse the minds of his hearers.

Problem LXXXIV. Take a passage which is full of depth and subtlety of thought, and by definite thinking and emphasis make it clear to another mind.

305. THE FUNCTION OF ART.

Our human speech is naught,

Our human testimony false, our fame
And human estimation words and wind.
Why take the artistic way to prove so much?
Because, it is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine, at least.
How look a brother in the face and say
"Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou, yet art blind,
Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite their length,
And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!"
Say this as silvery as tongue can troll —
The anger of the man may be endured,
The shrug, the disappointed eyes of him
Are not so bad to bear — but here's the plague,
That all this trouble comes of telling truth,
Which truth, by when it reaches him, looks false,
Seems to be just the thing it would supplant,
Nor recognizable by whom it left;
While falsehood would have done the work of truth.
But Art, — wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind, — Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,

Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
 So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
 Beyond mere imagery on the wall, —
 So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
 Deeper than ever the Adante dived, —
 So write a book shall mean, beyond the facts,
 Suffice the eye, and save the soul besides.

"The Ring and the Book."

Browning.

306 JUST in proportion as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work *fine art*; and good art in proportion to the truth of his presentment of that sense. Truth! there can be no merit, no craft at all, without that. And further, all beauty is in the long run only *fineness* of truth, or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within.

Walter Pater.

307. NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM.

SWEET away the illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far-distant Mover: The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? O, could I transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind's eye as well as with the body's, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never so much as look into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and as authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the threescore years into three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that

fade away again into Air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific fact: we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years and aeons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls? And again, do not we squeak and gibber; and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar, and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead, — till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the Steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle-shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him; or have they all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must? Napoleon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns! Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt; which has now, with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away? — Ghosts! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the Earth openly at noontide; some half-hundred have vanished from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch ticks once.

O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow-system gathered round our Me; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth, as if it were a firm substance: fool! the Earth is but a film; it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond plummet's sounding. Plummet's? Fantasy herself will not follow them. A little while ago, they were not; a little while, and they are not, their very ashes are not.

So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven's mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow: — and then the Heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MAN-KIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur,

through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage: can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Carlyle.

XL. EARNESTNESS.

THE word 'earnestness' comes from a root meaning to 'excite.' It means an eager desire of the heart for the cause of truth; the deep longing that other men shall accept a truth which is realized by the speaker. The earnest man feels so intensely the importance of a truth that he longs to share it with his race.

Earnestness is the secret of success in any department of life. It is only the earnest man who wins his cause. The indifferent or passive waiting for things to happen, failure to realize the deep importance of truth or to have conviction, are marks of a man who has no power over his fellow men.

The vivid conception, the intense realization of truth, awakens the impulse to express. Noble expression is the manifestation of the whole man. Its fundamental condition must be that all the faculties and powers be awake; hence, earnestness of thought lies at the basis of all naturalness and power.

In all speaking earnestness is essential, because expression is the conveying of a truth, and if a truth is conveyed without any desire to have it accepted, it becomes insipid and lifeless. One who sees and realizes a truth has an earnest desire that others shall realize it. Earnestness in life and art is the desire for

achievement, it is the longing to accomplish something better, to actualize something ideal.

Earnestness can be developed. One step for its improvement is meditation; he who meditates or holds an idea or truth before the mind awakens every faculty. The whole nature responds so that he speaks with life and power. It is only by continuous dwelling upon ideas that we feel their importance. Earnestness implies that there is an ideal as well as an actual, that there are possibilities to be attained. Meditation over an ideal, or a comparison of the ideal with the actual, awakens a desire to modify and transform the actual.

Earnestness is important in all speaking, because it implies purpose. It is the yearning desire to accomplish a purpose. Animation results from an intense realization of an idea for its own sake; earnestness adds to this the realization of a purpose or desire to express so as to sway the hearts of men.

All speaking is in time; earnestness gives the rhythmic pulsations to mind and voice, and thus develops movement,—the highest characteristic of art.

Every noble speaker must have a cause: he may desire to teach or to rouse men; he may desire simply to cause them to realize a truth, to persuade them. His appeal may be to some special part of man's nature, to his head or to his heart, to intellect, emotion, or will. Sometimes it is to all of these. Earnestness is that intense and instinctive reaching out for the part in the nature of another man which is awake in our own.

All expression is dependent upon awakening the same faculty in another man which is active in ourselves. Expression cannot give a truth; it only draws it out. Expression shows the action of a faculty or set of faculties in one man to another in such a way as to awaken the same faculties or powers in another soul. Earnestness is thus the secret of magnetism.

The opposite of earnestness is indifference. An indifferent man cares no more for one thing than for another. All things

to him are the same ; he does not care whether men around him are better or worse.

Earnestness has been called the moral quality of art, because it corresponds to sincerity and nobleness. An earnest man means what he says and says what he means. He so realizes a truth that he sacrifices himself and his manner for a cause.

There is a tendency at the present time, and there always has been, for culture to end in indifference. A cultivated man tends to separate himself from the world, to look on merely as a spectator, and to take an interest in things merely from the outside. He has no pity for the unfortunate, no great desire for the amelioration of the race. There is also a tendency to regard all art as having an element of moral indifference, as having nothing to do with right or wrong. Art must be for Art's sake ; its highest aim is simply beauty. Whatever is pleasing is the fundamental law of right art.

This is not wholly true. Art deals with the ideal, and in pleasing, man seeks to please with what is highest. It makes a distinction between what is low and what is high, because that which pleases merely the physical is not artistic. That which appeals to the imagination and the higher faculties of men is the more artistic. Art is thus concerned with the aspirations of men.

There are other opposites to earnestness besides indifference. Doubt of any kind, uncertainty as to the thought or to the truth, a lack of conviction, all these tend to destroy earnestness. Earnestness implies a simple attitude of soul towards truth ; it implies loyalty, truthfulness, sincerity ; it implies the giving of the man's whole nature for truth ; it implies the willingness to suffer for the cause of truth.

There are many misconceptions of earnestness. Some regard all earnestness as merely synonymous with loudness or violence, an exaggerated use of gestures, or an extravagant amount of force.

It is very important to distinguish between muscular earnestness and mental earnestness. An earnestness which is merely

assumed, which merely aggregates outward extravagant actions, which tries to show signs of energy, — this is not the true earnestness. All true earnestness must be in the man.

308. WHAT the poet has to cultivate above all things is love and truth; — what he has to avoid, like poison, is the fleeting and the false. He will get no good by proposing to be in earnest at the moment. His earnestness must be innate and habitual; born with him, and felt to be his most precious inheritance.

Leigh Hunt.

True earnestness is not manifested by loudness, not shown by rant, not revealed by noise. It is shown by the development of the intensity of touch, the changes of pitch and the inflections, or the range of the voice.

Hence, in the development of emphasis, we must give attention to the nature of true earnestness. Professor Monroe once said, "Earnestness covers a multitude of elocutionary sins." It does not so much cover them, however, as it prevents them.

There are certain faults of emphasis, such as declamation and rant, which are due to a perversion or a misconception of earnestness. In declamation the earnestness is assumed, or at any rate, there is a desire to make the earnestness visible. Genuine earnestness does not waste itself or its energy in trying to show itself to others. Genuine earnestness unites thought and feeling; the whole man is harmoniously aroused. There is, of course, an emotional earnestness as well as an intellectual earnestness, but both are united in the highest and most genuine earnestness.

In the development of emphasis the student should practise those passages which he most truly believes and most intensely feels. He should take a thought which he himself firmly believes, and endeavor to convey it so as to convince other minds who do not realize it.

Earnestness must not be confounded with vague impulsiveness or wild extravagance. Genuine earnestness is a co-operative activity of the whole man. Hence, it is self-contained and re-

strained. Like all great energy it proceeds without great show. Nor must earnestness be confounded with antagonism. True earnestness is sympathetic and kindly disposed towards all men and all phases of truth.

Problem LXXXV. Study a passage of noble literature full of earnestness and intensity until its spirit is fully assimilated and made adequately manifest through the voice.

309. ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide, —
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask: — But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest: —
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Milton.

310 OH, we're sunk enough here, God knows! But not quite so sunk that moments, sure tho' seldom, are denied us, when the spirit's true endowments stand out plainly from its false ones, and apprise it if pursuing or the right way or the wrong way, to its triumph or undoing. There are flashes struck from midnights, there are fire-flames noondays kindle, whereby piled-up honours perish, whereby swollen ambitions dwindle, while just this or that poor impulse, which for once had play unstifled, seems the sole work of a life-time that away the rest have trifled.

"Cristina."

Browning.

311 LET our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

Daniel Webster.

312 WE know not what we are, any more than what we shall be. It is a high, solemn, most awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end! What is done is done; has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working Universe, and will also work there for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time.

Carlyle.

313. THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.*

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons! Liberty, thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
 And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Byron.

314. SHAKESPEARE AND GOETHE.

THIS theory of the moral indifference of art originated, I believe, in great measure, with Goethe, and has been propagated chiefly by his too exclusive admirers. I should be content to rest the whole question on a comparison of the moral spirit that pervades the dramas of Goethe and those of Shakespeare. It has been asserted, I believe with truth, that it was the existence of this very theory in Goethe, or rather of that element in him whence this theory was projected, which shuts him out from the highest place as a dramatist, and marks the vast interval between him and Shakespeare. Goethe's moral nature was, it has been said, of a somewhat limp texture, with few strong "natural admirations," so that his dramas are wanting in those moral lights and shadows which exist in the actual world, and give life and outline to the most manly natures.

* Bonnivard, a Genevese, was imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy in Chillon for the defence of his country against the tyranny with which Piedmont threatened it during the first half of the seventeenth century.

His groups of characters are most of them morally feeble and shadowy. Shakespeare, on the other hand, being a whole, natural man, "the moral, imaginative, and intellectual parts of him do not lie separate," but move at once and all together. Being wholly unembarrassed with æsthetic theories, his "poetical impulse and his moral feelings are one." He does not conceal or explain away the great moral elevations and depressions that you see in the world. He paints men and women as they are, with great moral differences, not withholding admiration from the noble, contempt and aversion from the base. Therefore, though we do not say that he is faultless, do not deny that there are things in him we could wish away, yet, taken as a whole, there breathes from his works a natural, healthy, bracing, elevating spirit, not to be found in the works of Goethe. Every side, every phase of human nature is there faithfully set down, but to the higher and better side is given its natural predominance. With the largest tolerance ever man had for all human infirmity, the widest sympathy with all men, seeing even the soul of good that may lie in things evil, there is in him nothing of that neutral moral tint, which is weakness in poetry as truly as in natural life.

Poetry refuses to be made over as the handmaid of any one philosophy or view of life or system of belief. But it is equally true that it naturally allies itself only with what is highest and best in human nature; and in whatever philosophy or belief this is enshrined, thence poetry will draw its finest impulses.

"Aspects of Poetry."

Shairp.

315. THE RIVER DUDDON.

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide,
As being past away. — Vain sympathies!
For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
I saw what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall forever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish; — be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

Wordsworth.

316 HEAR a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh
 When the Cause shall call upon us — some to live, and some to die!
 He that dies shall not die lonely, many an one hath gone before,
 He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life they bore.
 Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the sunlight leaves the earth,
 And they bless the day beloved, all too short for all their mirth,
 Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
 Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the curse of gold;
 Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall rise;
 We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise;
 Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
 When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live and some to die!
"All For The Cause."

Morris.

317. ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
 Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
 Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
 Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
 The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
 Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:
 Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver; Hear, oh, hear!
 Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
 Angels of rain and lightning, there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
 Of some fierce Mænad, ev'n from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height —
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
 Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth;

And, by the incantation of this verse,
 Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
 Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
 Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
 The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
 If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Shelley.

318 ALL the processes of the ages are God's science; all the flow of history is his poetry. His sculpture is not in marble, but in living and speech-giving forms, which pass away, not to yield place to those that come after, but to be perfected in a nobler studio. What he has done remains, although it vanishes; and he never either forgets what he has once done, or does it even once again. As the thoughts move in the mind of a man, so move the worlds of men and women in the mind of God, and make no confusion there, for there they had their birth, the offspring of his imagination. Man is but a thought of God.

"The Imagination."

MacDonald.

319

THY tyranny,

Together working with thy jealousies, —
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine, O, think, what they have done,
 And then run mad indeed, — stark mad! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betrayedst Polixenes, 'twas nothing; . . .
 Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honor,
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter
 To be or none or little, — though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire ere done't,
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts —
 Thoughts high for one so tender — cleft the heart
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer: but the last, — O lords,
 When I have said, cry, Woe! — the Queen, the Queen,
 The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for 't
 Not dropp'd down yet.

"Winter's Tale."

Shakespeare.

III.

MODES OF DEVELOPMENT.

XII. FORMS OF EXPRESSION.

SOME of the elemental actions of the mind which cause modulations of the voice have been studied for the better understanding of the true nature of Vocal Expression. We have found that the actions or attitudes of the mind directly, and more or less spontaneously, cause these modulations, and that no artificial system of vocal signs or system of rules can be arranged independent of the direct domination of mind over voice.

The question now arises, what method should be adopted to develop the right actions of the voice, or secure right processes?

Some of the leading elemental acts of expression are these: to talk, to read, to recite, to address an audience, to act and to write, to draw and to sing. Which of these is most effective in developing the expressive power of the man? All should be used. The reason for this is that each of them calls into more immediate activity some special set of the faculties. Practice merely upon one is apt to develop one-sidedness; besides the development of the greatest power in any one of them cannot be attained without some mastery of the others. Not only must the well-rounded man have all of them in some degree, but the special master of each one of them must also have more or less knowledge and command of each of the others. The good speaker, for example, must be able to write, or he will lack accuracy. A little acting also will help him to develop naturalness, and reading and reciting will give a more all-sided discipline to his powers. These exercises will cause him to realize the processes

of the greatest writers and speakers, and will develop the power to see from a different point of view, and even to think in a foreign language.

Exercise in each of these various acts tends to develop that command of the special powers which are necessary for special forms of expression. For instance, to develop the greatest power in acting, the actor must be able to read well and to recite well. A reader, unless he is able to act, will be led into exaggeration, without power to modulate his positions or to make his character think. He must also be able to understand every point of view: he must be able to appreciate the speaker's attitude of mind as well as that of the actor. Even the writer, since all style is founded upon conversation, will receive great help from speaking. Exercise in speaking will enable him to feel the fundamental qualities of naturalness; for the spoken word brings man nearest to a realization of one mind in a state of active communication with another.

The greatest artists have always sought for more than one point of view. The best artists have always studied, and have been noted for their power of appreciating, other arts. In fact, many great artists have practised more than one form of art. The art faculty is broadened by this comparative study. This is true of all the arts, but it is especially true of all forms of speaking. The student should converse, speak, read, recite, debate, and act. Work in all of these acts will develop a flexible and versatile use of the faculties of the mind. Such union of different acts will develop the power to see truth from every possible point of view, to modulate all modes of expression, and to fit every kind of subject and experience, and to adapt them to every kind of audience.

Again, work in all modes of expression tends to prevent artificiality and mannerisms. Work in recitation alone often tends to develop stiltedness; practice in speaking alone often tends to develop an unsympathetic action relative to subject and audi-

ence ; reading alone tends to eliminate the process of progressive thinking ; acting alone tends to develop staginess. As has been already shown, all work in Vocal Expression tends to artificiality and affectation, and to a lack of genuineness in thinking. The same is true of Rhetoric. The reason for this is the tendency of most minds to separate form from thought. The practice in different modes of expression tends to prevent this superficiality and one-sidedness, and to develop simplicity, genuineness and power. It gives greater discipline of the faculties, greater self-control, and greater ability to vary and adapt as well as to employ all modes of expression.

Again, such a method prevents the tendency to mere imitation. If a student is made to read only, he will tend, possibly, to read like his teacher ; but if he is made to speak on familiar subjects, his vocal modulations in conversation are so spontaneous, so freely natural, that he rarely imitates. By having him converse upon his feet to the class, and then read or recite, he can be made to feel when he is natural, and when unnatural. Thus the student, as well as the teacher, will be enabled to recognize his fundamental needs and difficulties.

Again, work in different forms of expression will develop originality. The student is not only enabled to study himself, not only prevented from imitation and made natural, but his faculties and powers are stimulated to act in their own way. Some of them will necessarily call for the expression of his own views and convictions.

The method for Vocal Expression here unfolded seeks to keep continually before the student the thought, and especially the process of its creation or realization, as well as modes of delivery. Such a method can be easily applied to speaking or to any form of Vocal Expression. It is notorious that mechanical elocution can only be applied to certain forms of recitation and to a certain kind of literature, and cannot be applied to extemporaneous speaking. This fact proves that such a method is inadequate,

and that the whole subject needs to be placed upon a different basis and lifted to a higher.

Every one of the steps which have been laid down applies to all of these modes of expression, and nearly every one of the problems may be illustrated by speaking, reading, recitation, and in fact by all the elemental acts of Vocal Expression.

XLII. CONVERSATION.

THE question arises, with which of these several modes of expression should work begin in the development of delivery?

A child learns to speak before it learns to recite or to write. Conversation is the first and fundamental mode by which one man reveals himself to another. It is also the simplest and most direct. It brings the mind into immediate contact with another mind. The speaker himself can realize the nature of the action of his own mind, and its relations to the modulations of his voice. Conversation also gives the teacher the best possible means of judging the mental, as well as the vocal action of his pupil. Hence, one of the first exercises which the teacher should use is conversation. Students should speak to the teacher and the class upon the simplest subjects. They should discuss, in the simplest possible way, those topics in which they are the most vitally interested.

An important means of developing the power of conversation is story-telling. Stories are the first form of literature that the child learns to love; and the very latest development of art uses stories as the highest means of embodying the conceptions of the imagination. Men rarely, if ever, outgrow their love for them. There must be something in them, therefore, of fundamental importance to the development of the human mind. A story that pleases a child is nearly always full of vivid pictures, and has a simple movement of events or scenes which awakens the association of ideas in the mind. A good story must be simple,

real, without affectation or stiltedness; its sequence of ideas should move with genuine life. These are the very qualities that should characterize conversation.

The sources from which stories may be drawn, suited to the age and needs of a student or a class, are boundless. Folk-lore, personal experience, current literature, some particular phase of history or art, are among those which come at once to mind. One method is to assign poems, adapted to the needs and advancement of the student, and have the student give the argument or meaning in his own language. Such problems may be selected from poems as simple as Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," or from those as difficult as the "Faery Queen," or "The Ring and the Book."

Poems may be selected to meet the needs of the student; for example, to a student who has no love for poetry, and who lacks imagination, can be given some beautiful poem the story of which he cannot help but like; his imagination may be thus quickened, and he be started in the right path to reach a higher plane of culture. Sometimes a student should be left to his own selection, that his tastes and tendencies may be observed and studied by the teacher.

There are many advantages in this use of stories. The student will be brought into contact with the greatest literary art. He will be enabled to feel the real characteristics of true expression in the best authors, their simplicity, ease, repose, and power. His literary taste will be stimulated, and he will unconsciously assimilate these qualities in his own execution. Again, he will have something to say, something a class will desire to hear, and he will be stirred to do his best.

Another advantage is to bring the work of expression into contact with literature. As a matter of fact, poetry and literature are the highest modes of expression, and in the development of all art a sense of a right standard can be best gained by contact with them. Besides, conversation may be made an impor-

tant aid in studying literature; not in a mechanical or analytic way, but in accordance with the principles of all true education; not on a basis of gaining information merely, but also power to execute. It obeys the principle that "to know any thing we must do it,"—the principle which underlies all manual training and all reforms in education. Instead of being crammed with facts about a poem, the student will be enabled to enter directly into sympathy with its spirit. Literature must be studied by direct contact and assimilation. Whatever keeps us away from reading literature itself is bad. Whatever brings us into direct, sympathetic contact with the ideas of a literary work is good. Such a course, in short, develops that true literary appreciation which lies at the basis not only of all criticism, but of all artistic power and of all culture and development.

While story-telling is one of the simplest forms of expression, it is one of the most difficult. A good story-teller is rare. Carlyle says that this power is a sign of a great mind. Simplicity is always difficult, for it is the charm of the greatest art, and simplicity is the fundamental characteristic of a good story. Students should, therefore, often be led to study the great story-tellers, such as Chaucer, so as to learn from example the power of simple truth when told in the most direct way.

The preparation of a story should vary with each individual; but it should consist chiefly in deciding upon where to begin, and upon the fundamental points or purpose. A good story must be definite and concise. There will always be great temptation to wander, or to take up too much time. It is very important, therefore, that a student should be timed, that he may present just what is interesting, just what is important, and may begin to have the power of pre-conceiving his thought in form and of knowing the amount of time each part will take. All art must be founded upon just such foresight.

In the act of telling a story, all the powers of the mind must be active. Every true story is dramatic, and the imagination and

sympathy, as the two elements of the dramatic instinct, must especially be awake. There should be little theorizing about conversation; all should be as free and simple as possible. The student should not feel that he is getting up to make a speech, but that he is simply facing his class to speak of something in which he is interested. His heart must burn with his thought, and he must make them feel and see what he feels and sees, and awaken their interest in the poem so that they will themselves be led to read it.

It would be an invaluable discipline for parents or teachers from the earliest years to lead children to tell the stories about that which they are reading. If steps were taken to interest children in reading books, and in talking about them from early years, their education and culture would be more satisfactory.

Many hints have been thrown out as to the educational value of telling stories, and of discussions; but in general it may be said, that there is no step which has been shown, no problem which has been laid down in the last lessons, to which some form of speaking, conversation, or discussion cannot be applied.

XLIII. EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

STUDENTS should be trained as early as possible to present their thoughts and ideas upon their feet. All conversation, of course, is extemporaneous speaking. Conversation, however, is more free and simple than speaking; and while work should begin with the simple forms of conversation, it should be lifted as early as possible into systematic logical discussion.

What is meant by extemporaneous speaking? It does not mean speaking without preparation, without study or arrangement of ideas; the words only are impromptu. It means that free action of the mind in speaking in which the words and the form of presentation are more or less modified by the presence of an audience.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale makes two valuable suggestions for extemporaneous speaking. First: speak whenever any one asks you; and, secondly, no one will ever make a speaker until he is ready to make a fool of himself for the sake of his subject. He has given also the following points:—

“Study carefully what you have to say, and put into words in writing, or by speaking aloud to an imaginary person.

“Say nothing about yourself, least of all in the introduction.

“Arrange your points in order.

“Stick to your order.

“Divide your time among your points according to their importance.

“Give each point the time you have appointed for it.

“Stop when you are through.”

These points are similar to Professor Monroe's “Laws” of Extemporaneous Speaking:—

“Have something to say.

“Say it.

“Stop.”

Dr. Hale advises a student to sit down and write a letter to a friend, and to say, “I am to speak on a certain subject, and I wish to make these points;” then let him enumerate the points and put them into words. “If the student finds he has nothing to say in his letter, he had better write to the committee that invited him, and say that the probable death of his grandmother will possibly prevent his being present on the occasion.”

“The first great temptation of a speaker is to begin with himself and to talk about himself. Another temptation is to dwell upon the points which are most difficult to him, or upon something in which he is personally interested, and not upon that which is most important to his theme.” A speaker rises to accomplish a certain end. He wishes to drive home a certain point, and to win the conviction of his audience. For this reason he must divide his time, not according to his own pleas-

ure, but according to the importance of his subject, or according to the relation of his discussion to the accomplishment of the end.

The importance of holding to the order of thought cannot be over-estimated, because there are many temptations for the mind to wander from the path it has laid down; but yielding to such temptations will destroy all power in speaking.

All art requires the artist to foresee results. He must conceive an ideal, and then hold it until he embodies it as definitely as possible. The speaker must be able in his calm moments to foresee just what he has to say. In the heat of passion he is apt to be one-sided, and, in pursuing a train of ideas of interest only to himself, to neglect those which are most important to his theme. Hence the speaker must be able in cold blood to choose what he has to say, and the order of his points. His own personal interest and enjoyment must be sacrificed to his cause.

It is still more difficult and important to cling to the time previously appointed. Many a speech consists in a long discussion of the first point. If the result could be compared with the speaker's intention, it would be found one-sided, and his real aim wholly lost from view.

Speakers generally think they have occupied a very short time. Dr. Hale says, that if you ride home with six or eight people who have just spoken on the same platform, and consult each one separately, each man will think he made the shortest speech. This is because every man enjoys so much his own speaking. Hence there is a universal tendency to speak too long.

After a speaker has spoken he should compare what he has done with what he intended, and rigidly rein himself up the next time to achieve exactly what he intends.

The preparation for extemporaneous speaking is of great importance. A subject needs meditation. It is astonishing how the mind goes on working in meditation, arranging illustrations and points, and gradually probing to the very depth of the most complex theme.

XLIV. DISCUSSION AND DEBATE.

ONE of the most important exercises for the development of delivery is discussion upon subjects of the student's own choice, which may be simple and commonplace, or the greatest and most important of living issues. Such exercises develop the insight and general knowledge of students. They form one of the most important aids in inspiring them to keep posted upon current events. Newspapers at the present time are so large, and the scope of news so extended, that it is difficult to keep up with the leading events of the world. Some, however, do keep posted by reading only a few paragraphs in the papers daily. By giving students the leading topics of national or international interest, a means is found to develop their power to select and to grasp broad living questions; the mind is set to work upon complex problems, and trained to right methods of selection and arrangement. The same exercise may also be made an aid in training students to make investigations in libraries.

Another exercise in speaking, which is also very important in developing the right mental action and stimulating natural delivery, is debate.

In preparing for debate the student should study carefully both sides of the question. Webster, the ablest of debaters, was always prepared on every question that arose. The reason was, that whenever any question came up in Congress, he was accustomed to debate to himself both sides. Webster, with his great mind, could state the arguments for either side better than any one else. Having therefore argued it out to himself, and stated both sides, when any opponent stated an argument, he was prepared to answer it. It is said that he often stated an opponent's position better than that opponent did himself.

One who wishes to debate must not blind himself, or endeavor to ignore the other side of the question. He must be fair; he

must recognize all legitimate arguments. He must debate for truth's sake; he must himself look upon all sides of the question before he ventures to speak upon any one side.

Often the best way to win the audience to his cause, is to speak frankly and to recognize the arguments of the other side. All men love frankness and honesty. Such a course awakens the judicial faculty in the minds of his auditors; it disarms antagonism and leads them to look calmly or with sympathy upon his arguments. But one who refuses to see any but his own side, and tries to blind the minds of his auditors to the fact that there are other sides, will be likely to find that they rebel against all the arguments he may offer. The first great object in debate is to disarm this tendency of the hearer to oppose and to argue against a speaker; in starting out the debater should often touch those points upon which all agree, or in some way cause the audience to look fairly at all sides of any question. There are very few propositions which can be stated which have not more than one side. There are some who seem to think that no man who is honest, no lawyer who is really true can undertake the case of a man whom he knows to be guilty. But this is a misconception of the nature of an advocate, or even of justice. Even the law requires that the criminal shall not be condemned without counsel; some one must take his side or injustice may be done him. He must have an advocate to state those conditions and circumstances which soften the severity of the sentence of the most hardened criminal.

All goes by approximation in this world, and no statement of any truth is completely perfect. For this reason, all minds should be led to debate and discuss the different sides of any given subject in order to judge where lies the preponderance of truth in this approximation, and thus be enabled to see where lies the real depth of truth.

The subject of debate has been so often discussed that it is only necessary to add a few words regarding its power to develop

naturalness in delivery. Debate disciplines the antithetic action of the mind. It disciplines the mind also to penetrate to fundamentals. As there is a present point to win, there is a tendency to cause the speaker to make salient his central ideas, to endeavor to give them clearly. The speaker is helped, too, by being compelled to speak to some one.

Debate tends to prevent declamation and stiltedness. The speaker soon learns that in order to win his case he must be simple, concise, and direct. Debate thus not only awakens mental energy and develops the logical sequence of ideas, but it also gives self-possession, and tends to discipline the man to speak with his whole nature and with all his body and with every language. Thus it becomes one of the most effective exercises in developing directness of delivery.

XLV. RECITATION.

THE importance of Recitation can hardly be over-estimated. The universal custom in the schools of the Greeks was to recite continually from their poets. Many assign this as the chief cause of the high development of the artistic nature of the Greeks. Recitation has always been held as one of the most important means of developing the imagination, and especially the memory. In the recitation, however, of any form of literature from memory there are many dangers. One of the chief of these is, the tendency to repeat mere words, thus developing accidental or verbal memory. All memory should be of ideas. The thought should be reproduced, idea should follow idea by a natural and logical sequence, that is to say, true recitation must always use the philosophic memory. A mechanical use of memory will make all expression artificial.

The custom in our schools and colleges of mechanically reciting extracts often half learned, cannot be too strongly condemned. The mind is simply recalling words, and does not

re-create the ideas ; such practice encourages the student to speak without thought, causes his voice to become cold, his memory to become superficial, and his relation to literature to become one of indifference.

The first requisite, therefore, in the recitation of poetry or literature, must be an endeavor to stimulate philosophic rather than mechanical or verbal memory. Consciousness, in delivery, must centre in the thought. "Ideas, not words," must be the motto. A recitation must simply reproduce the process of the mind. Idea must follow idea according to the law of association of ideas. The mind must be concentrated successively upon each idea by a natural and simple progressive transition. Too much importance cannot be attached to a proper method of preparation. To prepare a poem or any form of literature for recitation requires careful meditation. The student must read it over to himself, and get its meaning and the sequence of ideas. If the methods and steps so far explained have been properly practised, the mind has formed the habit of giving attention primarily to ideas and not to mere words.

Poor memories can be improved by this method. The memory, when exercised philosophically, will grow normally and rapidly, and furnish material for the imagination ; when exercised mechanically and artificially it will become dissociated from the imagination. All of the patent methods for improving the memory which have been advanced in the last few years are vicious, because they violate the laws of mental action. When the mind remembers merely by accidents, the power of thinking is stifled. Memory can only truly act according to the great law of association of ideas.

The benefits of the best work in recitation can be seen at once. As the student practises a good piece of literature, with clear ideas, simply and progressively expressed, he will find his logical power improved. The law of association of ideas will begin to dominate him and affect his expression ; he will find the meth-

odie transitions of his mind clearer, his power to concentrate his faculties stronger. Expression will begin to be the result of an act of thought, and not a mere mechanical act. While artificial and mechanical methods of recitation develop verbal or accidental memory, true methods of vocal expression are the best modes of developing the power of philosophic memory. Besides, the teacher, with an understanding of the proper action of the mind and its relation to expression, will be able to test the mental action of the student. He can see whether the student is merely repeating words, whether all attention is upon accidents, or whether he really thinks each idea adequately.

Thus, true work in Vocal Expression can be made an important aid to education. There is no process of recitation, no form of explanation in any department which does not, more or less, use Vocal Expression. It is, in fact, a phase of all departments of education rather than a department in itself. But it is also a separate department, and though it is so universally misunderstood and neglected, it must find a definite place in any true educational system.

The teacher of Vocal Expression must be broad enough to give general counsel on the evil tendencies in the thought processes of students. He can be an aid to other teachers in other departments, and they to him. When such evil tendencies are pointed out to him, he is the one to eradicate them most directly. While the correction of such evils belongs in a secondary sense to all forms of education, the work belongs primarily and essentially to the teacher of expression.

With what subject, what form of literature, and what kind of literature should a student begin? With the simplest and best; the simplest lyrics. Songs are the first, most essential, and most fundamental expression of the spontaneous action of the creative faculties and emotional powers of man. The lyrics of a people show their spirit more adequately than any other means; their loves and hates, their patriotism and ambitions, their ideas

and aims. Next to this is the story. The latest popular movement in literature, the short story, is a very important one in its bearing upon Vocal Expression. These short stories can be easily abridged, or arranged for recitation. They are often simple and truly dramatic.

Forms of literature can of course be selected for the student so as to meet his needs; yet ordinarily, for criticism, the work chosen should be the student's own; at any rate, the arrangement of it. His own taste must guide him. The teacher can thus see his needs and note his growth and progress, and the development of his taste for the best literature. Care must be taken, however, that the selections are not too difficult. A selection too subtle or complex to be assimilated by the student may cause stiltedness and destroy simplicity.

Ballads, too, are well adapted for practice in Vocal Expression. Old ballads are simple in form, dramatic in spirit, and are the fountain-head of modern English poetry. The events of the story in all true ballads, ancient or modern, are simply told. Old ballads may be made the means of leading the student to appreciate later and higher literary art. For example, a study of the old ballad on the death of Arthur may lead the student to a higher appreciation of "The Passing of Arthur," by Tennyson, which is a species of translation of the old story into modern imagery and modern poetry.

Longfellow is a good author to study for poetic stories. His language is beautiful and easy to understand. The "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and many of his other narrative poems are simple and universally popular. No one who has any love for poetry whatever will fail to appreciate them. Students whose imaginations have been repressed may have their love of poetry stimulated by the study of such simple work.

One important point must not be forgotten; the student must have little or no help in the preparation of selections for criticism. Specific lessons must be given, and definite steps in

training taken ; to these too much attention can hardly be given. A line or a part of a poem may be required to be given at times in a specific way. But when a student is preparing a recitation, he must be absolutely free from all rules and restraints ; he must be alone. Each heart must commune with poetry and art, as far as possible, without dictation.

One chief cause of the degradation of elocution is the custom of coaching. If a student wishes to make a speech, he immediately goes to some teacher. He must be told when and where to make a gesture ; he must be told every inflection he is to make ; he must be told even what piece to select ; he must be told everything. He pays his teacher to give him these that he may obtain this or that prize. So long as elocution allows itself to be a slave to such a custom as coaching, so long as some of our leading institutions expect the teacher of elocution to prepare a show at the close of school, by coaching and cramming the students for a special occasion, instead of developing their personality and power, so long will elocution be despised. It cannot rise above such shackles ; for as long as the public holds success in coaching as the highest conception of the practice of elocution ; so long will it be considered outside of the realm of true education ; it will be recognized simply as a necessary evil, something to be tolerated, but not encouraged beyond a certain point ; as something which may serve at a pinch as a substitute for poor work in other departments, but of no real educational advantage in itself.

Of course there is a form of coaching where the teacher carefully observes and shows the student the effort and conception of his own mind. But he never dictates, — he draws out. He gives no gesture, no inflection ; he simply observes the student, and shows him where he fails to actualize his own conceptions and ideals. He does not cram, does not dominate ; never demands of the student to imitate him. He lets the student select his own extract, arrange it himself, and study it alone. The

work must be the student's own; he must be true to his own temperament and to his own personality. The teacher only tries to awaken his instincts, to inspire him with a conception of his highest possibilities.

But such work is rare, and students are often impatient with it. Such a method, however, is the only one in accord with true principles of education; the only one that will truly develop the man, and be of permanent value.

XLVI. CRITICISM AND APPRECIATION.

AFTER execution comes the necessity of suggestion and criticism on the part of the teacher. Here we come to a very important phase of the subject. No word is more abused than criticism; no work is more misconceived.

Criticism is not fault-finding. Of course, there are a few external faults, such as pronunciation, qualities of the voice, the hand behind the back, or in the pocket, on which almost anyone can make suggestions. But these are not important faults; they are only accidental, and do not belong to the real problem of delivery. But even in these things there is great danger of confusing peculiarities with faults. If every imperfect feather was removed from the most beautiful oriole, there would not be one feather left. There is no such thing as absolute perfection except in mechanical work. Things may be made alike; mechanical work may be made so as to seem absolutely perfect; but a measuring rod of correctness cannot be applied to anything in nature. The limbs of a tree cannot be measured. The diameter of the tree or the height may possibly be given; but to measure the angles, the directions, and multitudinous variations of the million little twigs is wholly impossible. There is no such thing as a perfect leaf among all the forests of earth. "All goes by approximation in this world."

Thus artistic criticism cannot be judicial. Judicial criticism,

or comparing one thing with another, is of very little consequence. It is not a question even with the student himself as to how he ranks with other students. The entire idea of ranking must be forgotten in the work of recitation. The fact is, "prize declamations" and other "contests" do more harm than good. All students cannot be measured by one standard.

The teacher must appreciate first of all the temperament and special powers, the intention, and the ideals of the student. True criticism is a comparison of the actual with the ideal. It is first necessary to understand the possibilities of a student. The greatest faults may be signs of the greatest power. Criticism is not finding fault, nor passing judgment. It is an endeavor to show the student wherein he actualizes his own ideal, and wherein he fails to do his best.

There are two great dangers in criticising; first, finding fault; and second, trying to compare judicially everything with an abstract general standard. But there are other faults, one of which is flattery; this is one of the greatest dangers in elocution. It is an endeavor to encourage the student; but there is no greater discouragement to an earnest pupil than the fact that there is a failure to appreciate his effort and struggle, or the possibility and necessity of his growth. The fundamental desire of the student is to have his teacher penetrate through his struggles, failures as well as successes, to his ideal intention. To be told that all is well is most discouraging to the one who has a noble ideal. He knows that this is not true; he longs to know why his grasp fell so far short of his reach. Browning's expression, "A man's reach should exceed his grasp," states a universal experience. One of the first requisites of criticism is to show the student the direction of his own reach and the character of his grasp: wherein they agree, and wherein they are antagonistic. If the grasp is in the direction of the reach, and the reach is in the right direction, or if it is in accordance with the student's own instinct, intuition, and ideal, then a recitation is a great

success. But the greatest hindrance to the student is passing over faults, tempting him to lower his ideal, to feel that he has reached his highest possibilities. The true student's desire is criticism. He hungers for it. He begins to recognize his own ideal, and he will criticise himself more severely than anyone else, because he begins to realize his failure to actualize his ideal. The true teacher penetrates to this consciousness of shortcoming, and the causes of the lack of grasp, and here begins to work. He inspires the student to feel his own ideal, and helps him to struggle toward it. At times the teacher must make him more conscious of the place where he did his best; but never fail to show where he did his worst. Then, and then only, will there be growth and progress.

Teachers and students should, if possible, learn how painters and sculptors criticise each other, how severely they criticise themselves. They should learn the true spirit of art criticism, or of dramatic criticism, such as that of Mr. William Winter. In some way students must be made to feel the true nature of art work: that it is a continual struggle, that the highest compliment is an appreciation of the struggle. There must never be blindfold admiration, but an admiration that is founded on insight. When a student is not satisfied with himself, it only vexes him the more to have some one flatter him and try to prove to him that his work is all right. He knows it is not all right. His discontent is the despair that has stirred every artistic soul. When a student feels an echo of his own needs coming to him from another soul, a recognition of what he intended, then he is most encouraged, because he knows that at some time he will reach and achieve that conception. Our struggle is mirrored to us; we *know* more fully, and then we try to *do*, and then we *become*.

These few principles at the start will enable the student to begin properly. It is the hardest work to secure a right beginning. There are so many misconceptions, so many side-tracks

by which we are apt to be led astray in work in Vocal Expression, that it is very important first of all to remember that it is art work; and that though, like all art work, it is very discouraging, yet a certain sense of oft recurring discouragement is necessary to all true progress in art, and naturally precedes all true artistic satisfaction.

320. NATURE.

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
 Let it not be among the jumbled heap
 Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep, —
 Nature's observatory — whence the dell,
 In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
 May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
 'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
 Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
 But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
 Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
 Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
 Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
 Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
 When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

Keats.

321. THE TWO VOICES.

Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea,
 One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice:
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him, — but hast vainly striven:
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 — Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left —
 For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee!

W. Wordsworth.

SING loud, O bird in the tree ! O bird, sing loud in the sky !
And honey-bees, blacken the clover seas ! there are none of you glad as I.

LIFE is no idle dream, but a solemn reality, based upon Eternity and
encompassed by Eternity.

Carlyle.

DAY is dying ! Float, O song, down the westward river !
Requiems chanting to the Day — Day, the mighty Giver.

OH, Brignall banks are wild and fair, and Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there would grace a summer queen.

HIGHER still and higher from the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire the blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

STILL, through our paltry stir and strife glows down the wished Ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life carves in the marble Real.

Lowell.

OH ! the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

THE last link is broken that bound me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken have rendered me free.

MERRILY, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free :
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.

Scott.

MARCH to the battle-field ! the foe is now before us ;
Each heart is Freedom's shield, and heaven is shining o'er us.

O'Meara.

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

AH ! that lady of the villa — and I loved her so —
Near the city of Sevilla — years and years ago.

Waller.

NEVER pay any attention to the understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of the mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else.

WHAT ho, my jovial mates ! come on ! we'll frolic it
Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine !

I COULD not love thee half so much, loved I not honour more.

AH, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

Whittier.

UP ! comrades, up ! in Rokeby's halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.

ONE morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

A SONG, oh a song for the merry May !
The cows in the meadow, the lambs at play,
A chorus of birds in the maple-tree,
And a world in blossom for you and me.

THE mossy marbles rest on the lips that he has press'd in their bloom ; and
the names he loved to hear have been carved for many a year on the tomb.

Holmes.

THE cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
 My oldest force is good as new;
 And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
 Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

Emerson.

SHALL I, wasting in despair, die because a woman's fair? Or my cheeks
 make pale with care 'cause another's rosy are? Be she fairer than the day,
 or the flowery meads in May—if she be not so to me, what care I how fair
 she be?

George Withers.

HENCE! home, you idle creatures! get you home!

We can show you where he lies, fleet of foot, and tall of size;
 You shall see him brought to bay: waken, lords and ladies gay.

The Hunters.

Scott.

AND so beside the Silent Sea I wait the muffled oar;
 No harm from him can come to me on ocean or on shore.
 I know not where His islands lift their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I cannot drift beyond His love and care.

MODEST and shy as a nun is she; one weak chirp is her only note:
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he, pouring boasts from his little throat.

BACK, ruffians! back! nor dare to tread
 Too near the body of my dead.

— WAKE! oh, wake! and utter praise!
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

Mont Blanc.

Coleridge.

OH, and proudly stood she up! Her heart within her did not fail:
 She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes, and told him all her nurse's tale.

THE silent organ loudest chants the master's requiem.

Emerson.

OUR birds of song are silent now; few are the flowers blooming;
 Yet life is in the frozen bough, and Freedom's Spring is coming.

Massey

FIRM-FACED and slow, a horrid front they form,—
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come — but why have they muffled the lance and the drum? . . . Ye saw him at morning how gallant and gay! in bridal adorning the star of the day: now weep for the lover, — his triumph is sped; his hope it is over! the chieftain is dead! But, oh for the maiden who mourns for that chief, . . . she sinks on the meadow, — in one morning-tide a wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!

CHANGE as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Black-eyed Susan.

Gay.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west, through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget the love of life's young day.

Motherwell.

I TOLD her how he pined: and ah! the deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love, interpreted my own.

Too low they build who build below the stars.

Young.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust, so near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*, the youth replies, *I can*.

Emerson.

THE bee to the heather, the lark to the sky, the roe to the greenwood, and whither shall I? Oh, Alice! ah, Alice! so sweet to the bee are the moorland and heather by Cannock and Leigh! Oh, Alice! ah, Alice! o'er Teddesley Park the sunny sky scatters the notes of the lark! Oh, Alice! ah, Alice! in Beaudesert glade the roes toss their antlers for joy of the shade! But Alice, dear Alice! glade, moorland, nor sky without you can content me, and whither shall I?

Sir Henry Taylor.

WHERE shall the lover rest, whom the fates sever, from his true maiden's breast parted forever? Where, through groves deep and high, sounds the far billow, where early violets die, under the willow. There, through the summer day, cool streams are laving; there, while the tempests sway, scarce are boughs waving; there, thy rest shalt thou take, parted forever, never again to wake, never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest, he, the deceiver, who could win maiden's breast, ruin, and leave her? In the lost battle, borne down by the flying, where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying. Her wing shall the eagle flap o'er the false-hearted; his warm blood the wolf shall lap ere life be parted. Shame and dishonour sit by his grave ever, blessing shall hallow it never, O never!

Scott.

Roll on, and with thy rolling crust
 That round thy poles thou twirlest,
 Roll with thee, Earth! this grain of dust,
 As through the Vast thou whirlest :
 On, on through zones of dark and light
 Still waft me, blind and reeling,
 Around the Sun, and with his flight
 In wilder orbits wheeling.

Tennyson.

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND THE TOWN.

The ladies of St. James's go swinging to the play ;
 Their footmen run before them, with a "Stand by ! Clear the way !"
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida ! she takes her buckled shoon,
 When we go out a-courting beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's wear satin on their backs ;
 They sit all night at *Ombre*, with candles all of wax :
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida ! she dons her russet gown,
 And runs to gather May dew before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's ! they are so fine and fair,
 You 'd think a box of essences was broken in the air :
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida ! the breath of heath and furze,
 When breezes blow at morning, is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's ! they 're painted to the eyes ;
 Their white it stays for ever, their red it never dies :
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida ! her color comes and goes ;
 It trembles to a lily, — it wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's ! You scarce can understand
 The half of all their speeches, their phrases are so grand :
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida ! her shy and simple words
 Are clear as after rain-drops the music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's ! they have their fits and freaks ;
 They smile on you — for seconds, they frown on you — for weeks :
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida ! come either storm or shine,
 From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide, is always true — and mine.

My Phyllida ! my Phyllida ! I care not though they heap
 The hearts of all St. James's, and give me all to keep ;
 I care not whose the beauties of all the world may be,
 For Phyllida — for Phyllida is all the world to me !

Austin Dobson.

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
 O Earth, what changes hast thou seen !
 There where the long street roars, hath been
 The stillness of the central sea.
 The hills are shadows, and they flow
 From form to form, and nothing stands ;
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,
 Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

GENEVIEVE.

MAID of my Love, sweet Genevieve !
 In Beauty's light you glide along ;
 Your eye is like the star of eve,
 And sweet your Voice as Seraph's song.
 Yet not your heavenly Beauty gives
 This heart with passion soft to glow :
 Within your soul a Voice there lives !
 It bids you hear the tale of Woe.
 When sinking low the Sufferer wan
 Beholds no hand outstretch'd to save,
 Fair, as the bosom of the Swan
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,
 I've seen your breast with pity heave,
 And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve !

Coleridge.

SONG.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingrati-
 tude ; thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen, although thy
 breath be rude.

FREEZE, freeze, thou bitter sky, that dost not bite so nigh as benefits for-
 got : though thou the waters warp, thy sting is not so sharp, as friend
 remembered not.

HEIGH, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly : most friendship is
 feigning, most loving mere folly : then, heigh, ho ! the holly ! this life is
 most jolly.

Shakespeare.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

OFT in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, fond Memory
 brings the light of other days around me : the smiles, the tears of boyhood's
 years, the words of love then spoken ; the eyes that shone, now dimm'd and
 gone, the cheerful hearts now broken ! Thus in the stilly night ere slumber's
 chain has bound me, sad Memory brings the light of other days around me.

When I remember all the friends so link'd together I've seen around me
 fall like leaves in wintry weather, I feel like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but he departed ! Thus in the stilly night ere slumber's chain has bound me, sad
 Memory brings the light of other days around me.

Moore.

WE wander'd underneath the young gray dawn,
 And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
 Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
 Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

O ROME ! my country ! city of the soul !
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone Mother of dead empires ! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye !
 Whose agonies are evils of a day !
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe,
 An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness ?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress !

Byron.

WE have not wings, we cannot soar ;
 But we have feet to scale and climb
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.

Longfellow.

By wells and rills, in meadows greene,
 We nightly sing our heydey guise ;
 And to our fairy king and queene
 We chant our moonlight minstrelsies :
 When larks 'gin sing, away we fling ;
 And babes new-borne steal as we go,
 And elfe in bed we leave instead,
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho !

HARK ! hark ! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies ;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes ;
 With everything that pretty bin,
 My lady sweet, arise !
 Arise ! arise !

*Cymbeline.**Shakespeare.*

New voices come to me where'er I roam ;
 My heart, too, widens with its widening home :
 The former songs seem little ; yet no more
 Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore,
 Tell what the earth is saying unto me :
 The secret is too great.

George Elliot.

In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making of others suffer
 for us, did nobleness ever lie. Every noble crown is, and on Earth will ever
 be, a crown of thorns.

Carlyle.

THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the West —
 Out into the West as the sun went down ;
 Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town :
 For men must work, and women must weep ;
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down ;
 And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown.
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are watching and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come back to the town :
 For men must work, and women must weep —
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep —
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley

IN my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God : he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry before him came into his ears. Then the earth shook and trembled, the foundations also of the mountains moved and were shaken, because he was wroth. There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured : coals were kindled by it. He bowed the heavens also, and came down ; and thick darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub and did fly : yea, he flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his hiding-place, his pavilion round about him ; darkness of waters, thick clouds of the skies. At the brightness before him his thick clouds passed, hailstones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Most High uttered his voice ; hailstones and coals of fire. And he sent out his arrows, and scattered them ; yea, lightnings manifold, and discomfited them. Then the channels of waters appeared, and the foundations of the earth were laid bare, at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils. He sent from on high, he took me ; he drew me out of many waters. He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them that hated me ; for they were too mighty for me. They came upon me in the day of my calamity : but the Lord was my stay.

From Psalm xviii.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night !
 Seven hundred years and fifty-three
 Had Rome been growing up to night,
 And now was Queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars ;
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,
 Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and solemn night !
 The senator of haughty Rome
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home.
 Triumphal arches gleaming swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;
 What reck'd the Roman what befell
 A paltry province far away,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago ?

VOCAL EXPRESSION.

Within that province far away
 Went plodding home a weary boor :
 A streak of light before him lay,
 Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
 Across his path. He passed — for nought
 Told what was going on within ;
 How keen the stars ! his only thought ;
 The air how calm and cold and thin,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago.

O strange indifference ! — low and high
 Drows'd over common joys and cares :
 The earth was still — but knew not why ;
 The world was listening — unawares.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world forever !
 To that still moment none would heed
 Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago.

It is the calm and solemn night !
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness, charmed and holy now.
 The night that erst no name had worn,
 To it a happy name is given ;
 For in that stable lay new-born
 The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago.

Domett.

DOMESTIC ASIDES.

I REALLY take it very kind — this visit, Mrs. Skinner —
 I have not seen you such an age — (the wretch has come to dinner !)
 Your daughters, too — what loves of girls ! what heads for painters' easels !
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears — (and give it, p'rhaps, the measles !)

Your charming boys I see are home from Reverend Mr. Russell's —
 'T was very kind to bring them both — (what boots for my new Brussels !)
 What ! little Clara left at home ? well, now, I call that shabby !
 I should have loved to kiss her so — (a flabby, dabby baby !)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well? but, though he lives so handy,
 He never once drops in to sup — (the better for our brandy!)
 Come, take a seat — I long to hear about Matilda's marriage;
 You've come, of course, to spend the day (thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go? — next time I hope you'll give me longer measure.
 Nay, I shall see you down the stairs — (with most uncommon pleasure!)
 Good bye! good bye! Remember, all, next time you'll take your dinners —
 (Now, David — mind, I'm not at home, in future, to the Skinners.)

Hood.

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

THE sun had set; the leaves with dew were wet; down fell a bloody dusk on the woods that second of May, where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey, tore through with angry tusk. "They have trapped us, boys!" rose from our flank a voice. With a rush of steel and smoke, on came the thousands straight, eager as love and wild as hate; and our line reeled and broke, — broke and fled; no one stayed — but the dead! With curses, shrieks, and cries, horses, wagons, and men tumbled back through the shuddering glen, and above us the fading skies.

There's one hope still, — those batteries parked on the hill! "Battery wheel [mid the roar]! Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire a bugle rings "Trot!" — and no more. The horses plunged, the cannon lurched and lunged, to join the hopeless rout. But suddenly rode a form calmly in front of the human storm, with a stern, commanding shout, "Align those guns" [We knew it was Pleasanton's]! The cannoneers bent to obey, and worked with a will, at his word; and the black guns moved as if they had heard. But, ah, the dread delay! "To wait is crime; O God, for ten minutes' time!" The general looked around; there Keenan sat, like a stone, with his three hundred horse alone, — less shaken than the ground. "Major, your men?" — "Are soldiers, General." "Then, charge, Major! Do your best; hold the enemy back at all cost, till my guns are placed, — else the army is lost. You die to save the rest!"

By the shrouded gleam of the Western skies brave Keenan looked in Pleasanton's eyes for an instant, — clear, and calm, and still; then, with a smile, he said, "I will. — Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank. Their sharp full cheer, from rank on rank, rose joyously, with a willing breath, — rose like a greeting hail to death. Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed; shouted the officers crimson-sash'd; rode well the men, each brave as his fellow, in their faded coats of the blue and yellow; and above in the air, with an instinct true, like a bird of war their pennon flew. With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds, and blades that shine like sun-lit reeds, and strong brown faces bravely pale, for fear their proud attempt shall fail, three hundred Pennsylvanians close on twice ten thousand foes.

Line after line the troopers came to the edge of the wood, that was ring'd with flame, — rode in and sabred and shot and fell ; nor came one back his wounds to tell. And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall in the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall, while the circle stroke of his sabre, swung 'round his head, like a halo there luminous hung. Line after line ; ay, whole platoons, struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons by the maddened horses were onward borne and into the vortex flung, trampled and torn. As Keenan fought with his men side by side, so they rode, till there were no more to ride. But over them, lying there shattered and mute, what deep echo rolls ? — 'T is a death salute from the cannon in place ; for, heroes, you braved your fate not in vain : the army was saved !

Over them now — year following year — over their graves the pine cones fall, and the whip-poor-will chants his spectre call ; but they stir not again, they raise no cheer, they have ceased. But their glory shall never cease, nor their light be quenched in the light of peace ; for the rush of that charge is resounding still that saved the army at Chancellorsville.

THE HUNT.

In the bright October morning Savoy's duke had left his bride.
From the castle, past the drawbridge, flow'd the hunters' merry tide.
Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering, gay her smiling lord to greet,
From her mullion'd chamber-casement smiles the Duchess Marguerite.
From Vienna, by the Danube, here she came, a bride, in spring,
Now the autumn crisps the forest ; hunters gather, bugles ring.
Hounds are pulling, pricklers swearing, horses fret, and boar-spears glance.
Off, — they sweep the marshy forests, westward on the side of France.
Hark ! the game's on foot ; they scatter, — down the forest-ridings lone,
Furious, single horsemen gallop. Hark ! a shout, — a crash, — a groan.
Pale and breathless came the hunters — on the turf dead lies the boar.
Ah ! the duke lies stretched beside him senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening, down the leaf-strewn forest-road,
To the castle, past the drawbridge, came the hunters with their load.
In the hall, with sconces blazing, ladies waiting round her seat,
Clothed in smiles, beneath the dais sate the Duchess Marguerite.
Hark ! below the gates unbarring, tramp of men, and quick commands.
" 'T is my lord come back from hunting," — and the duchess claps her hands.
Slow and tired came the hunters ; stopp'd in darkness in the court.
" Ho ! this way, ye laggard hunters. To the hall. What sport ! what sport !"
Slow they entered with their master ; in the hall they laid him down.
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains, on his brow an angry frown.
Dead her princely youthful husband lay before his youthful wife,
Bloody 'neath the flaring sconces : and the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna, by the Danube, kings hold revel, gallants meet.
 Gay of old amid the gayest was the Duchess Marguerite.
 In Vienna, by the Danube, feast and dance her youth beguiled :
 Till that hour she never sorrow'd, but from then she never smiled.

The Church of Brou.

Matthew Arnold.

YE sons of Freedom, wake to glory !
 Hark ! hark ! what myriads bid ye rise !
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears and hear their cries.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn, clear in the cool September morn,
 the clustered spires of Frederick stand green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
 Round about them orchards sweep, apple and peach tree fruited deep, fair as
 the garden of the Lord to the eyes of the famished rebel horde, on that pleas-
 ant morn of the early fall when Lee marched over the mountain-wall, — over
 the mountain winding down, horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars, forty flags with their crimson bars,
 flapped in the morning wind : the sun of noon looked down, and saw not
 one. Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then, bowed with her fourscore years
 and ten ; bravest of all in Frederick town, she took up the flag the men
 hauled down ; in her attic window the staff she set, to show that one heart
 was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread, Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
 Under his slouched hat left and right he glanced : the old flag met his sight.
 "Halt !" — the dust-brown ranks stood fast. "Fire !" — out blazed the
 rifle-blast. It shivered the window, pane and sash ; it rent the banner with
 seam and gash. Quick, as it fell, from its broken staff dame Barbara snatched
 the silken scarf. She leaned far out on the window-sill and shook it forth
 with a royal will. "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, but spare your
 country's flag," she said. A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, over the face
 of the leader came ; the nobler nature within him stirred to life at that
 woman's deed and word. "Who touches a hair of yon gray head dies like a
 dog ! March on !" he said.

All day long through Frederick street sounded the tread of marching feet ;
 all day long that free flag tost over the heads of the rebel host. Ever its
 torn folds rose and fell on the loyal winds that loved it well ; and through
 the hill-gaps sunset light shone over it with a warm good-night. Barbara
 Frietchie's work is o'er, and the Rebel rides on his raids no more. Honor to
 her ! and let a tear fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier. Over Barbara
 Frietchie's grave, flag of Freedom and Union, wave ! peace and order and
 beauty draw round thy symbol of light and law ; and ever the stars above
 look down on thy stars below in Frederick town !

Whittier.

Move eastward, happy Earth ! and leave
Yon orange sunset waning slow :
From fringes of the faded eve,
O happy planet ! eastward go ;
Till over thy dark shoulder glow
Thy silver sister-world, and rise
To glass herself in dewy eyes
That watch me from the glen below.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner Hesperus that sail'd the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter to bear him company.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax, her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds that ope in the mouth of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm, his pipe was in his mouth,
And he watch'd how the veering flaw did blow the smoke now west, now south.
Then up and spake an old sailor, — had sail'd the Spanish main, —
“ I pray thee, put into yonder port, for I fear a hurricane.

“ Last night the Moon had a golden ring, and to-night no Moon we see ! ”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe, and a scornful laugh laugh'd he.
Colder and louder blew the wind, a gale from the north-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine, and the billows froth'd like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain the vessel in its strength ;
She shudder'd and paused, like a frighten'd steed, then leap'd her cable's
length.

“ Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter, and do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale, that ever wind did blow.”

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar, and bound her to the mast.

“ O father ! I hear the church-bells ring, O say, what may it be ? ”

“ 'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast ! ” and he steer'd for the open sea.

“ O father ! I hear the sound of guns, O say, what may it be ? ”

“ Some ship in distress, that cannot live in such an angry sea ! ”

“ O father ! I see a gleaming light, O say, what may it be ? ”

But the father answer'd never a word, a frozen corpse was he.

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark, with his face turn'd to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow on his fix'd and glassy eyes.
Then the maiden clasp'd her hands and pray'd, that sav'd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who still'd the wave on the Lake of Galilee.

And fast thro' the midnight dark and drear, thro' the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept towards the reef of Norman's Woe.
And ever, the fitful gusts between, a sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf on the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows, she drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew like icicles from her deck.
She struck where the white and fleecy waves look'd soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice, with the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank. Ho ! ho ! the breakers roar'd !
At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach, a fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast, the salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed, on the billows fall and rise.
Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, in the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this, on the reef of Norman's Woe !

Longfellow.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

TRAMPLE ! trample ! went the roan, trap ! trap ! went the gray ;
But pad ! pad ! PAD ! like a thing that was mad, my chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town, and but one hour to day.

Thud ! thud ! came on the heavy roan, rap ! rap ! the mettled gray ;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare, that she showed them all the way.
Spur on ! spur on ! I doffed my hat, and wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool, splintered through fence and rail ;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate — I saw them droop and fail.
To Salisbury town — but a mile of down, once over this brook and rail.

Trap ! trap ! I heard their echoing hoofs past the walls of mossy stone ;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace, but blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur, for I knew it was all my own.

But trample ! trample ! came their steeds, and I saw their wolf's eyes burn ;
I felt like a royal hart at bay, and made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may, and deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat, — one blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed ; I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate, *fast, fast to Salisbury town !*

Pad ! pad ! they came on the level sward, thud ! thud ! upon the sand ;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match, and a shaking of flag and hand :
But one long bound, and I passed the gate, safe from the canting band.

George Walter Thornbury.

To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;
 To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
 That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish ; . . . thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
"Poor deer," quoth he, *"thou mak'st a testament*
As worldings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much ;" then, being there alone,
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friends :
"'T is right," quoth he, *"thus misery doth part*
The flux of company ;" anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him : *"Ay,"* quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
'T is just the fashion : wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?"
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
 In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Shakespeare.

ADAM AND ORLANDO.

Orlando. Who's there ?
Adam. What, my young master ? — O my gentle master !
 O my sweet master ! O you memory
 Of old Sir Rowland ! why, what make you here ?
 Why are you virtuous ? Why do people love you ?
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant ?
 Why would you be so fond to overcome
 The bony priser of the humorous duke ?
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
 No more do yours : your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it !

Orl. Why, what 's the matter ?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors ; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother — (no, no brother ; yet the son —
Yet not the son — I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father), —
Hath heard your praises ; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you used to lie,
And you within it : if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off :
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place ; this house is but a butchery :
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go ?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What ! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food ?
Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road ?
This I must do, or know not what to do :
Yet this I will not do, do how I can ;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown :
Take that ; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age ! Here is the gold ;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant :
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion ;
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways ; we'll go along together ;
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty. —
 From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
 But at fourscore it is too late a week ;
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Shakespeare.

PAIN IN A PLEASURE BOAT.

Boatman. Shove off there ! — ship the rudder, Bill — cast off ! she's under way !

Mrs. F. She's under what ? — I hope she's not ! good gracious, what a spray !

B. Run out the jib, and rig the boom ! keep clear of those two brigs !

M. I hope they don't intend some joke by running of their rigs !

B. Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft — she's rather out of trim !

M. Great bags of stones ! they're pretty things to help a boat to swim !

B. The wind is fresh — if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault !

M. Wind fresh, indeed ! I never felt the air so full of salt !

B. That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts.

M. If seas have roads, they're very rough — I never felt such ruts !

B. It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and could n't pass the bar.

M. The bar ! what, roads with turnpikes too ? I wonder where they are !

B. Ho ! Brig ahoy ! hard up ! hard up ! that lubber cannot steer !

M. Yes, yes — hard up upon a rock ! I know some danger's near !

Lord, there's a wave ! it's coming in ! and roaring like a bull !

B. Nothing, ma'am, but a little slop ! Go large, Bill ! keep her full !

M. What, keep her full ! what daring work ! when full, she must go down !

B. Why, Bill, it lulls ! ease off a bit — it's coming off the town !

Steady your helm ! we'll clear the *Pint* ! lay right for yonder pink !

M. Be steady — well, I hope they can ! but they've got a pint of drink !

- B.* Bill, give that sheet another haul — she'll fetch it up this reach.
M. I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they know it by that speech!
 I wonder what it is, now, but — I never felt so queer!
B. Bill, mind your luff — why, Bill, I say, she's yawing — keep her near!
M. Keep near! we're going farther off; the land's behind our backs.
B. Be easy, ma'am, it's all correct, that's only 'cause we tacks;
 We shall have to beat about a bit — Bill, keep her out to sea.
M. Beat who about? keep who at sea? — how black they look at me!
B. It's veering round — I knew it would! off with her head! stand by!
M. Off with her head! whose? where? what with? — an axe I seem to spy!
B. She can't keep her own, you see; we shall have to pull her in!
M. They'll drown me, and take all I have! my life's not worth a pin!
B. Look out, you know, be ready, Bill — just when she takes the sand!
M. The sand — O Lord! to stop my mouth! how everything is planned!
B. The handspike, Bill — quick, bear a hand! now, ma'am, just step ashore!
M. What! ain't I going to be killed — and weltered in my gore?
 Well, Heaven be praised! but I'll not go a-sailing any more!

Hood.

HOTSPUR'S DEFENCE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners,
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
 He was perfum'd like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and thumb he held
 A pouncet-box which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again; —
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff; — and still he smil'd and talk'd;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He called them — untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holyday and lady terms
 He question'd me; among the rest demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,

Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
 He should, or he should not ; — for he made me mad
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark !),
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald, disjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Shakespeare

Henry IV. Part I.

'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN

Elizabeth. Methinks I see my England, like the eagle,
 Pruning her unchained wing for freer flight,
 Fuller in focus of the glorious sun
 Than e'er she flew till now. Great deeds, great words,
 That make great deeds still greater ! Poesy
 Fired with new life ; her soldiers conquering,
 Her sailors braving unknown seas, to plant
 The germ of a new England in the West —
 Acorn, it may be, of a daughter oak,
 Broader and stronger than the parent tree !
 But I speak wildly, yet speak what I think,
 As friend may speak to friend, and not be children.

Paget. Ashes of age are gray upon my head.
 Methought they had smothered my heart's fires as well :
 But something glows beneath them, hearing you.
 May Heaven speed the good time, and guard you, madam,
 To make our England great and glorious
 In man's deeds, as your words. For what 'tis now
 I lay most charge upon the Spanish match.
 Pray Heaven your Highness lend no ear to those
 That work on you to wed a foreign prince.

Eliz. Elizabeth mates not — or she mates in England.
I have a vow for that.

Payet. Heaven grant you keep it,
And me to bless your mating, when it come.
And now, farewell, sweet lady. I will take
Much comfort to our friends from this good news
Of your fair health and firm fix'd resolution.

[He bows, kisses her hand, and exit.]

Fare you well !

Eliz.
Ah, Courtenay, he dreams not that 't is love's vow
I hold, not policy's ! Oh, my true lord,
How heavy drags the time, waiting for thee !
Three whole months, and no tidings ! I am sick
Of longing for his letter — but this audience
Of Master Renard. I see in his coming
Ill omen to my peace ; but I am armed,
I think, against him, and all enemies,
With love and loyalty for talisman. *[Enter RENARD and three of his suite.]*

Renard. *[Kneeling.]* Most gracious lady ! — . . .
There's nothing stands between the crown and you
But a few sad hours of a sick Queen's life —
Which, let's pray, may be mercifully shortened !
It is that crown Philip would help you bear
With strength of policy and stay of love.

Eliz. *[With bitter irony.]* Even such love as he has showed my sister,
Turning from her untended bed of death
With this unnatural tender of his hand ! *[With contempt, rising to wrath.]*
Say, did you take me for a fool or beast ?
A monster without brains or without heart ?
To come to me — you, and your worthy master,
With offers so accursed, and gifts so vile !
Out of my sight, lest I forget my sex
And strike thee !

Ren. Have a care, my passionate madam.
The Queen still lives, and a Queen's dying arm
Can strike, when others guide. Even now a warrant
Of treason hangs suspended o'er your head.

Eliz. Treason !

Ren. Aye, treason. Courtenay is in England —
Has raised all Suffolk, in your name and his.
His treason is your treason ; the first stroke
That Courtenay strikes finds echo in the fall
Of your head on the scaffold !

Eliz.

So be it !

When Courtenay strikes that blow, let my head fall.
My life upon his loyalty !

Ren.

You have staked

And lost ! Without there !

*[One of his suite advances.*This to Lord Chandos ! *[Gives warrant.] . . . [Enter SUSSEX.**Eliz.*My Lord of Sussex ! *[SUSSEX kneels.*

Rise, my good lord ! Your face of gloom but tells
What we have heard already — the Queen's dead.

Sussex. The Queen ne'er dies, and so long live the Queen !

Eliz. You come in time ; an hour, and you had met us,
Escorted to the tower.

Sussex.

The Tower ?

Eliz.

For treason —

In aiding and abetting Edward Courtenay,
Who, Master Renard late declared, has landed
And risen in arms in Suffolk.

Sussex.

So 't was bruited.

Eliz. But 't is not true ?*Sussex.*

No. 'T was one Thomas Cleobury,

Who took my Lord of Devonshire's arms and title.
His levies are dispersed, and himself ta'en.

Eliz. Ha ! said I not ? Courtenay was not in England !

See a post straight dispatched to him at Padua.

We would he first had news of our accession.

Sussex. My liege, no post can reach him now !*Eliz.* What mean you ?*Sussex.*

He is dead.

Eliz.

Dead ! Nay, my Lord,

Here's too much death : one death that crowns a queen,
And one that robs a woman's heart of more
Than crowns can give. Dead ! When ? Where ? tell me all.

Sussex. He died at Padua. His servants brought
The tidings to the court just as I left.

Eliz. Dead ! Was there naught — no word for me — no token ?*Sussex.* Pardon, madam.

This ring and letter —

[Holds them out.

Eliz. *[Passionately grasping them.]* And thou keep'st them from me,
And let'st me prate and pule when I might hold

Something he has touched, and breathed upon,

And warmed with his last breath of dying love !

[Looking at the letter.

True friend ! lost lord ! sole love ! 't is thy dear hand ;

And these blurred spots are tears methinks — or kisses.

Thus let me put my tears and kisses to them.

[Kisses letter.

Thus only are we fated to be joined.

[*Reads.*] Dear love and lady, — When thou read'st these lines

The hand that scarce can trace them will be cold.

My last breath went to pray all blessings on thee :

For thee my heart beat, till it beat no more.

They that severed hands have wedded souls :

We are one now and forever — aye, one now —

And ever — and no separation more ! [*Sinks into chair. Burst of trumpets.*

What's that ? [*Enter Harrington.*

Harrington. The Lords of the Council and the great ones
Of the City come to hail their gracious Queen Elizabeth.

Eliz. [*Sadly.*] — What love is left to me now

But their love ? What to live for but to make

Them happier than their Queen can ever be. [*Trumpets. Enter procession.*

Omnes [*Kneeling*]. Long live Elizabeth ! Long live the Queen !

Eliz. [*Rising with great emotion — lays her hand upon the crown.*]

Great King of Kings ! 't is thou hast willed it me.

Guide me that I may wear it, by thy will.

[*Trumpets and cheering.*

Taylor.

UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY.

[*As distinguished by an Italian Person of Quality.*]

HAD I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square ;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there !

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least !
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast ;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa ! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain's edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull !
— I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh the city — the square with the houses ! Why ?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye !
Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry !
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by :
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high ;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

What of a villa ? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'T is May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off the heights.
You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen steam and wheeze,
And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive trees.

Is it better in May, I ask you ? you 've summer all at once ;
 In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns !
 'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
 The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red ball,
 Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square ? There 's a fountain to spout and splash !
 In the shade it sings and springs ; in the shine such foam-bows flash
 On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and pash
 Round the lady atop in the coach — fifty gazers do not abash,
 Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash !

All the year long at the villa, nothing 's to see though you linger,
 Except you cypress that points like Death's lean lifted forefinger.
 Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix in the corn and mingle
 Or thrud the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
 Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
 And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.
 Enough of the seasons, — I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ere opening your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin :
 No sooner the bells leave off, than the diligence rattles in :
 You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
 By and by there 's the travelling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth ;
 Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.
 At the post-office such a scene-picture — the new play, piping hot !
 And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
 Above it, behold the archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
 And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's !
 Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-so
 Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero,
 "And moreover," (the sonnet goes rhyming,) "the skirts of Saint Paul
 has reached,

Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous than ever he
 preached."

Noon strikes, — here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and
 smart

With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart !
Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum, *tootle-to-tootle* the fife ;
 No keeping one's haunches still : it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear — it's dear ! fowls, wine, at double the rate.
 They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the gate
 It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city !
 Beggars can scarcely be choosers — but still — ah, the pity, the pity !

Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles.
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of
scandals.

Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.
Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life!

Browning.

BASSANIO AND SHYLOCK.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats, — well.

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, — well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall be bound, — well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your
answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no; — my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to
have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposi-
tion; he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I un-
derstand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for
England; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are
but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves
and water-thieves, — I mean, pirates: and then there is the peril of waters,
winds, rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand
ducats; — I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me.
May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the
Nazarite conjured the Devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk
with you, walk with you and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink
with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? — Who is he comes
here?

[*Enter ANTONIO.*]

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian;

But more, for that in low simplicity

He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him !

Bass. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shy. I am debating of my present store ,

And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up
 the gross

Of full three thousand ducats : What of that ?

Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

Will furnish me. But, soft ; how many months

Do you desire ? — [*To ANT.*] Rest you fair, good Signior ;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Merchant of Venice.

Shakespeare.

STORY OF ELIJAH.

AND it came to pass after many days, that the word of the Lord came to Elijah, in the third year, saying, Go, shew thyself unto Ahab ; and I will send rain upon the earth. And Elijah went to shew himself unto Ahab. And the famine was sore in Samaria. And Ahab called Obadiah, which was over the household. (Now Obadiah feared the Lord greatly: for it was so, when Jezebel cut off the prophets of the Lord, that Obadiah took an hundred prophets, and hid them by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water.) And Ahab said unto Obadiah, Go through the land, unto all the fountains of water, and unto all the brooks : peradventure we may find grass and save the horses and mules alive, that we lose not all the beasts. So they divided the land between them to pass throughout it : Ahab went one way by himself, and Obadiah went another way by himself. And as Obadiah was in the way, behold, Elijah met him : and he knew him, and fell on his face, and said, Is it thou, my lord Elijah ? And he answered him, It is I : go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here. And he said, Wherein have I sinned, that thou wouldest deliver thy servant into the hand of Ahab, to slay me ? As the Lord thy God liveth, there is no nation or kingdom, whither my lord hath not sent to seek thee : and when they said, He is not here, he took an oath of the kingdom and nation, that they found thee not. And now thou sayest, Go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here. And it shall

come to pass, as soon as I am gone from thee, that the spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not ; and so when I come and tell Ahab, and he cannot find thee, he shall slay me : but I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth. Was it not told my lord what I did when Jezebel slew the prophets of the Lord, how I hid an hundred men of the Lord's prophets by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water ? And now thou sayest, Go, tell thy lord, Behold, Elijah is here : and he shall slay me. And Elijah said, As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely shew myself unto him to-day. So Obadiah went to meet Ahab, and told him : and Ahab went to meet Elijah. And it came to pass, when Ahab saw Elijah, that Ahab said unto him, Is it thou, thou troubler of Israel ? And he answered, I have not troubled Israel ; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed the Baalim. Now therefore send, and gather to me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the Asherah four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table. So Ahab sent unto all the children of Israel, and gathered the prophets together unto Mount Carmel. And Elijah came near unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions ? If the Lord be God, follow him : but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word. Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, am left a prophet of the Lord ; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them therefore give us two bullocks ; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on the wood, and put no fire under : and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on the wood, and put no fire under. And call ye on the name of your god, and I will call on the name of the Lord : and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken. And Elijah said unto the prophets of Baal, Choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first ; for ye are many ; and call on the name of your god, but put no fire under. And they took the bullock which was given them, and they dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped about the altar which was made. And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud : for he is a god ; either he is musing, or he has gone aside, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lances, till the blood gushed out upon them. And it was so, when midday was past, that they prophesied

until the time of the offering of the evening oblation; but there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded. And Elijah said unto all the people, Come near unto me; and all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was thrown down. And Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob, unto whom the word of the Lord came, saying, Israel shall be thy name. And with the stones he built an altar in the name of the Lord; and he made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed. And he put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid it on the wood. And he said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt offering, and on the wood. And he said, Do it the second time; and they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time; and they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water. And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening oblation, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, O Lord, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou, Lord, art God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again. Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt offering, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, The Lord, he is God; the Lord, he is God. And Elijah said unto them, Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape. And they took them: and Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon, and slew them there. And Elijah said unto Ahab, Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is the sound of abundance of rain. So Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he bowed himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees. And he said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a cloud out of the sea, as small as a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Make ready thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in a little while, that the heaven grew black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode, and went to Jezreel. And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel.

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